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Celestial Sonnets

BY B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.

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CELESTIAL SONNETS.

A COLLECTION OF

New and Original Songs and Hymns of Peace and Progress.

DESIGNED FOR

PUBLIC GATHERINGS, HOME CIRCLES,
RELIGIOUS, SPIRITUAL, TEMPERANCE,
SOCIAL AND CAMP MEETINGS, ETC.

BY

B. M. LAWRENCE, M.D.

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PREFACE.

In preparing CELESTIAL SONNETS, the desire of the author has been to meet the growing demand for an entirely new and original book of Spiritual, Temperance, and Progressive Songs, with simple, appropriate music easily arranged, having suitable choruses for home, circles, social or public gatherings. While the aim has been to avoid everything of a purely sectarian character, it will be seen that only the highest moral principles have been inculcated, and it is believed that by adopting this plan, the wonderful power of music will become a still greater blessing to mankind; and that the book will more effectively console the sorrowing with the hope of happy reunions; comfort the care-worn toiler with greater assurance of a final full reward; refine and purify the affections; rekindle latent loves of home and country; harmonize conflicting creeds and opinions; counteract the cold chilling waves of materialism; unfold the higher moral and spiritual faculties; assist in developing a scientific religion of evolution, and help eventually to discover the "missing links" in the great chain of human sympathies which will at last unite all nations and people in one grand effort to secure "Peace on earth and good will to men." One feature of the words is the effort made to frequently enforce the teaching of that greatly neglected text: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap;" a grand truth that cannot be too often repeated, either in song or story. This sentiment of absolute justice we have interblended with that most beautiful belief that the soul still lives when the body dies, and that "loved ones gone before us" can, and do return; that they become our guardian angels, inciting us to lead true and noble lives; that by our good works here, we can lay up treasures "over there," and have more beautiful "mansions" prepared for us in "The sweet land of sunshine." When these celestial soul-cheering truths are sung, taught and practiced daily in every home, they will take away the sting of death and banish all fear of the grave; love and peace will reign supreme; heaven will begin on earth, and "The world will be the better for it."

The book contains one hundred and twenty-eight pages, nearly the same number of songs, with about seventy-five entirely new pieces of music, a great many choruses and a few old standard selections. Some of the words are adapted to popular airs, and the tunes to the songs marked G. H., can be found in GOSPEL HYMNS.

We are under great obligations to friends for kindly aiding us, and to those who have contributed to the work, for their valuable compositions. While actively engaged in professional duties, we have taken time and been to great expense in writing and publishing the Sonnets, and would call attention to the fact that we have secured the copyright for both the words and music of almost every piece, and to reprint either, without permission, would be an infringement of the copyright, and treated accordingly.

We desire to express our special thanks to Mess. J. M. ARMSTRONG & Co., for the care and general interest taken in the Music Typography, also to Mr. George Beaverson for much valuable assistance in arranging the music.

DEDICATION. To all who love the truth and desire to promote harmony, health, happiness and peace; the CELESTIAL SONNETS are most cordially inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

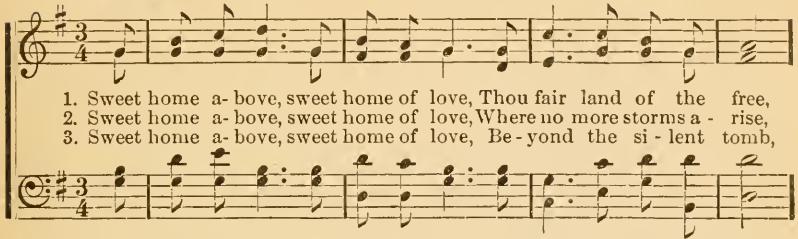
CELESTIAL SONNETS.

Sweet Summer Home.

"In my father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14:2.

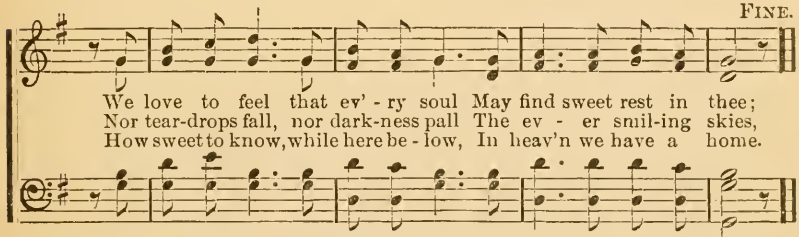
B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.

Moderato.


1. Sweet home a- bove, sweet home of love, Thou fair land of the free,
2. Sweet home a- bove, sweet home of love, Where no more storms a - rise,
3. Sweet home a- bove, sweet home of love, Be - yond the si - lent tomb,

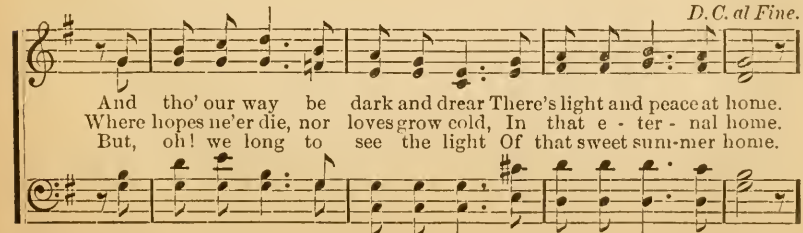
CHO. Sweet home a- bove, sweet home of love, No more shall grief or gloom

FINE.


We love to feel that ev' - ry soul May find sweet rest in thee;
Nor tear-drops fall, nor dark-ness pall The ev - er smil-ing skies,
How sweet to know, while here be - low, In heav'n we have a home.
Nor want nor care dis - turb us there, Where all is peace at home.

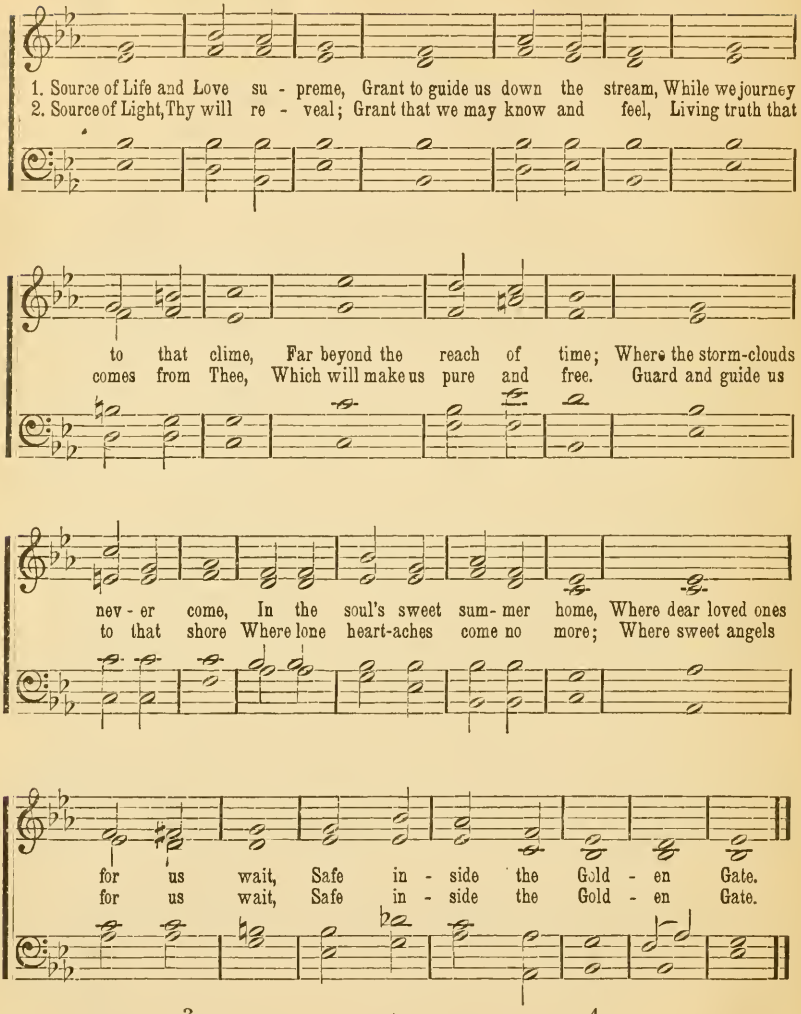
We've no a - bid - ing cit - y here, But seek for one to come,
By faith, the pure in heart be-hold That land where an-gels roam,
The joys of life are oft - en bright, Yet chill - ing blasts will come;

D.C. al Fine.


And tho' our way be dark and drear There's light and peace at home.
Where hopes ne'er die, nor loves grow cold, In that e - ter - nal home.
But, oh! we long to see the light Of that sweet sum-mer home.

Inside the Golden Gate.

B. M. Lawrence, M.D. Miss M. W. M.


1. Source of Life and Love su - preme, Grant to guide us down the stream, While we journey
2. Source of Light, Thy will re - veal; Grant that we may know and feel, Living truth that
to that clime, Far beyond the reach of time; Where the storm-clouds
comes from Thee, Which will make us pure and free. Guard and guide us
nev - er come, In the soul's sweet sum - mer home, Where dear loved ones
to that shore Where lone heart-aches come no more; Where sweet angels
for us wait, Safe in - side the Gold - en Gate.
for us wait, Safe in - side the Gold - en Gate.

3.

Source of Love, in faith we plead,
Grant us this—Thou knowest we need
Trust in Thee, a constant friend,
One on whom we may depend.
In each dark and trying hour,
Make us feel the soothing power
Of dear friends who for us wait,
Safe inside the Golden Gate.

4.

Source of Wisdom, Love and Truth,
Fountain of immortal youth,
Living waters for the mind,
Grant that we may seek and find.
When we help the downcast rise,
We build mansions in the skies,
Where sweet angels for us wait,
Safe inside the Golden Gate.

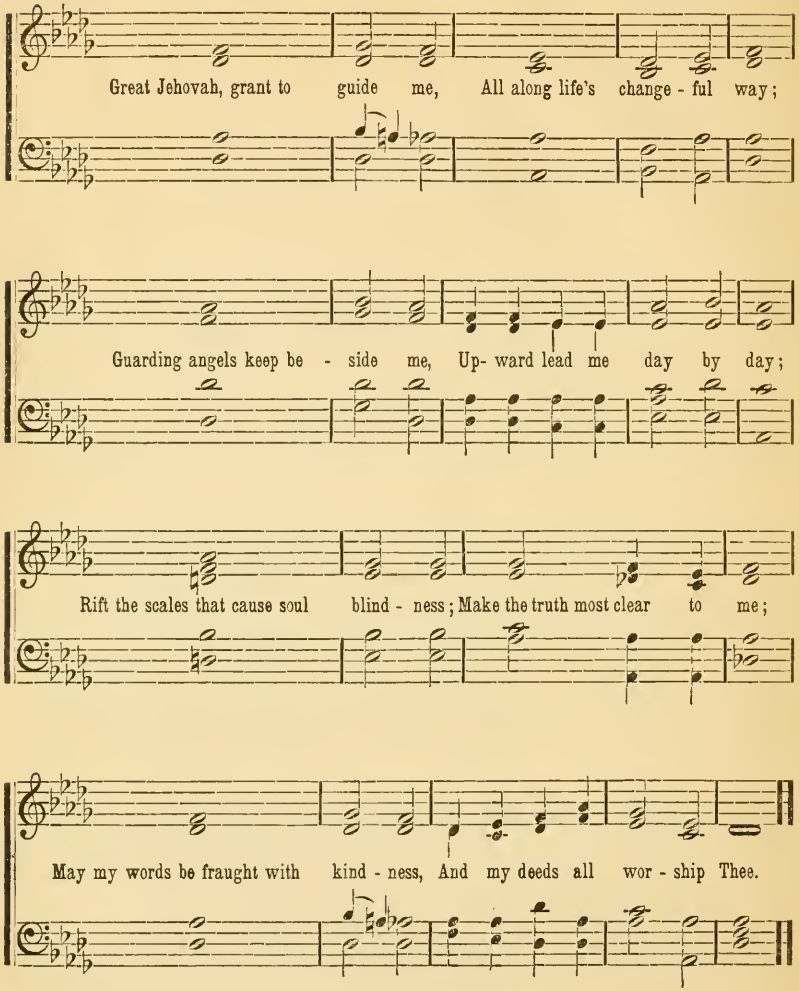
The Sweet Land of Sunshine.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence, M. D.

1. In that sweet land of sunshine, Where love reigns su-preme,
2. In that bright world of sunshine Love can - not de - cay,
3. In that soul - home of sunshine, So peace - ful and blest,
Where the rose blooms im - mor- tal, Where death is a dream,
And the sweet blush of beau-ty Will ne'er fade a - way.
When this earth - life is end- ed, How sweet to find rest.
There, in vest - ments all spot- less, Sweet an - gels re - cline,
There the heart, pure and guile-less, Shall nev - er seem old;
There with all that prove truth- ful, Safe on the bright shore
Sing- ing grand cho - ral anthems With voic - es di- vine.
And the warm grasp of friendship Will nev - er grow cold.
We shall meet some fair morning, Meet to part nev - er more.
Chorus.
O- ver there on that shore We shall meet some fair morning, Meet to part nev- er more

The Pilgrim's Invocation.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D. Miss M. W. M.


Great Jehovah, grant to guide me, All along life's change - ful way;
Guarding angels keep be - side me, Up- ward lead me day by day;
Rift the scales that cause soul blind - ness; Make the truth most clear to me;
May my words be fraught with kind - ness, And my deeds all wor - ship Thee.

2.

Make me feel my heart lies open
To the gaze of loved ones gone;
That before the lips have spoken,
Unto them my thoughts are known.
Every day while drawing nearer
To that land of endless youth,
May Thy voice to me speak clearer,
Words of wisdom, love and truth.

3.

Search my heart, its weakness show me,
Draw it still to Thee more near;
Teach me while on earth to know Thee,
And to find sweet Heaven here.
Grant to guide me, great Jehovah,
Lead me with light from above;
Guide the Pilgrim passing over
To the peaceful land of love.

Angels there will welcome thee.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D. Miss M. W. M.

1. When my soul seemed all forsaken, When my idols all were taken, When my trust in God was shaken,
2. "They have seen thy heart-strings bleeding, Felt thy woes, and heard thy pleading While thy life-way they were leading,
Then sweet an-gels came to me. From the realms of bliss de-scend-ing
Where thy soul shall soon be free. Doubt no more, but cease thy weep-ing,
Lute-like voi-ces, soft-ly blend-ing, Mu-sic made with
Loved ones are not dead nor sleep-ing, Night and day they
sweet-est end-ing; An-gels dear have come to thee.
now our keep-ing An-gels' love-guard o-ver thee.

3

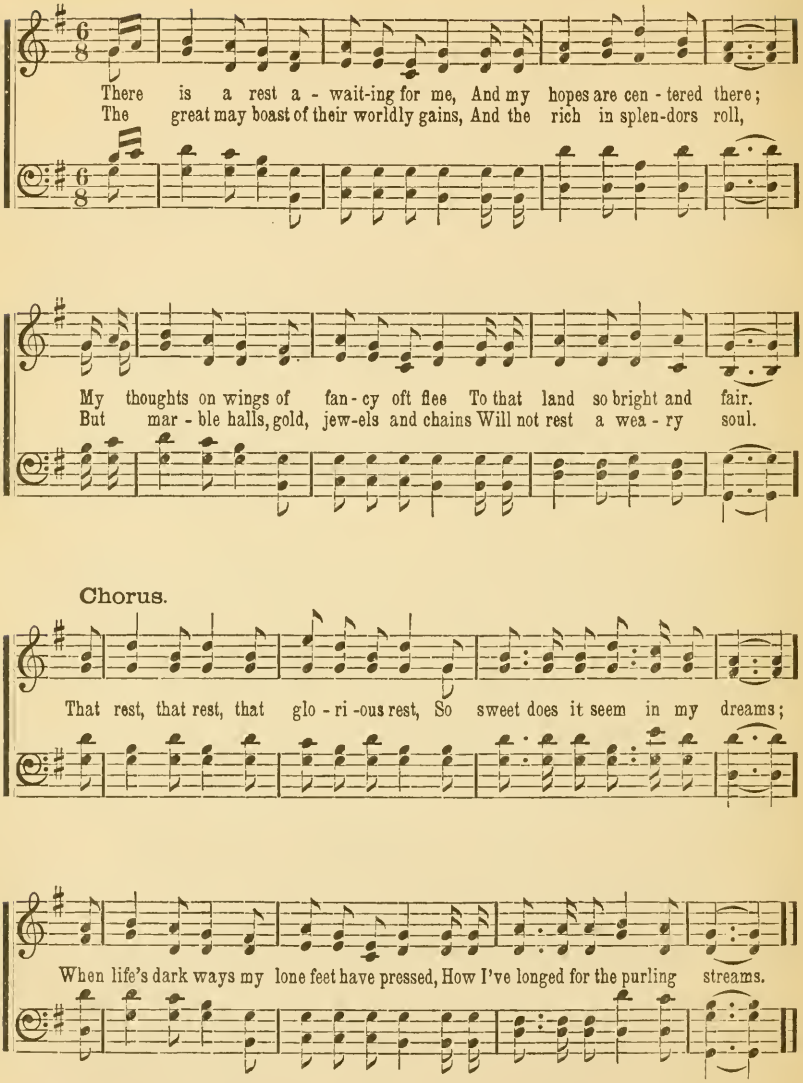
"Check those founts of anguish streaming,
Most of life's ills are but seeming,
Darkest clouds have silver gleaming
If thine eyes could only see,
Far beyond the mystic river,
Where the soul is young forever,
We shall meet to part,—no, never—
Angels bring these thoughts to thee.

4

"Banish all thy grief and sorrow,
Fear not,—trust the coming morrow,
Working, wait and hope on, for oh,
Think what shall the harvest be.
In that land of endless morning,
When the soul shall cease its longing,
Golden days for thee are dawning,
Angels there will welcome thee."

That Glorious Rest.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.


There is a rest a - wait-ing for me, And my hopes are cen - tered there;
The great may boast of their worldly gains, And the rich in splen-dors roll,
My thoughts on wings of fan - cy oft flee To that land so bright and fair.
But mar - ble halls, gold, jew-els and chains Will not rest a wea - ry soul.
Chorus.
That rest, that rest, that glo - ri -ous rest, So sweet does it seem in my dreams;
When life's dark ways my lone feet have pressed, How I've longed for the purling streams.

3

Sweet bards may sing of a sunny clime,
Where the skies are clear and bright,
But there are scenes more grandly sublime
In that land of love and light.

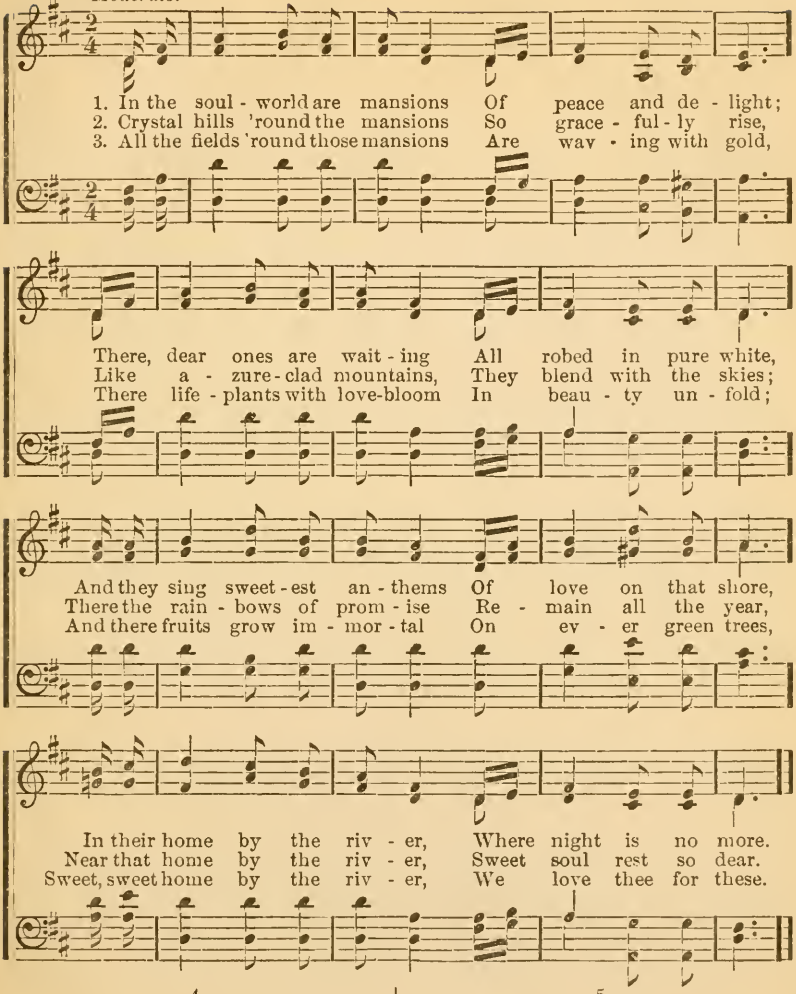
4

Bright land of beauty and sunshine so fair,
Where our friends are with the blest,
And they wait to welcome us over there,
In that world of peace and rest.

Sweet Home by the River.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence, M. D.

Moderato.


1. In the soul - world are mansions Of peace and de - light;
2. Crystal hills 'round the mansions So grace - ful - ly rise,
3. All the fields 'round those mansions Are wav - ing with gold,
There, dear ones are wait - ing All robed in pure white,
Like a - zure - clad mountains, They blend with the skies;
There life - plants with love-bloom In beau - ty un - fold;
And they sing sweet - est an - thems Of love on that shore,
There the rain - bows of prom - ise Re - main all the year,
And there fruits grow im - mor - tal On ev - er green trees,
In their home by the riv - er, Where night is no more.
Near that home by the riv - er, Sweet soul rest so dear.
Sweet, sweet home by the riv - er, We love thee for these.

4

All our friends in those mansions
Are faithful and true,
We love them more dearly
Than blossoms love dew;
Like the field-blooming lilies,
And as free from all care,
In that home by the river
Are the dear loved ones there.

5

For a place in those mansions,
With title made clear,
A mountain of diamonds
Were treasures less dear;
There life is all pleasure,
And the weary find rest
In that home by the river,—
Fair land of the blest.

Angels Sing Once Again.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D. M. W. M.

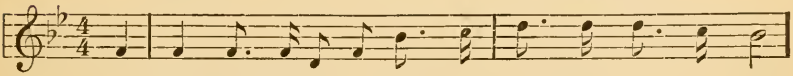
1. Those we love who have passed through the vale
2. They or - dain that the old wrong must die,
Can re - turn; life at death does not cease; This grand
From pure gold all the dross will be burn'd, Time will
truth let the peo - ple all hail, With a
come they pro - claim from on high, When to
Chorus.
shout as the hand- maid of peace.
plowshares the sword shall be turn'd.
An - gels sing once a -
- gain, Oh, how sweet - ly they chant as of yore,

Angels Sing Once Again. Concluded.

3. We are glad that our Father in love,
Kindly grant that His children may know,
That our dear spirit friends from above,
Come to help make a heav'n here below.—CHO.

4. Then rejoice ever more, love shall reign,
Sing the sweet notes of joy once again,
Let all nations now join this refrain,
"Peace on earth and good will to all men."—CHO.

When We Arrive at Home.



1. Come sing for joy as we journey on our way,
Come sing for joy as we journey on our way,
Come sing for joy as we journey day by day,
* For we are going home.

CHORUS.—Glory, glory, hallelujah! etc.

2. A bright angel band will meet us in the air,
A bright angel band will meet us in the air,
A bright angel band will meet us over there,
And take our spirits home.—CHO.

3. Many are the mansions prepared for us above,
Many are the mansions prepared for us above,
Many are the mansions prepared by deeds of love,
In that sweet summer home.—CHO.

4. How sweet it is to know that spirit friends are near,
How sweet it is to know that spirit friends are near,
How sweet it is to know that spirit friends are here,
To cheer our journey home.—CHO.

5. They lift from our hearts the burdens that we bear,
They lift from our hearts the burdens that we bear,
They lift from our hearts the weary load of care,
While on our journey home.—CHO.

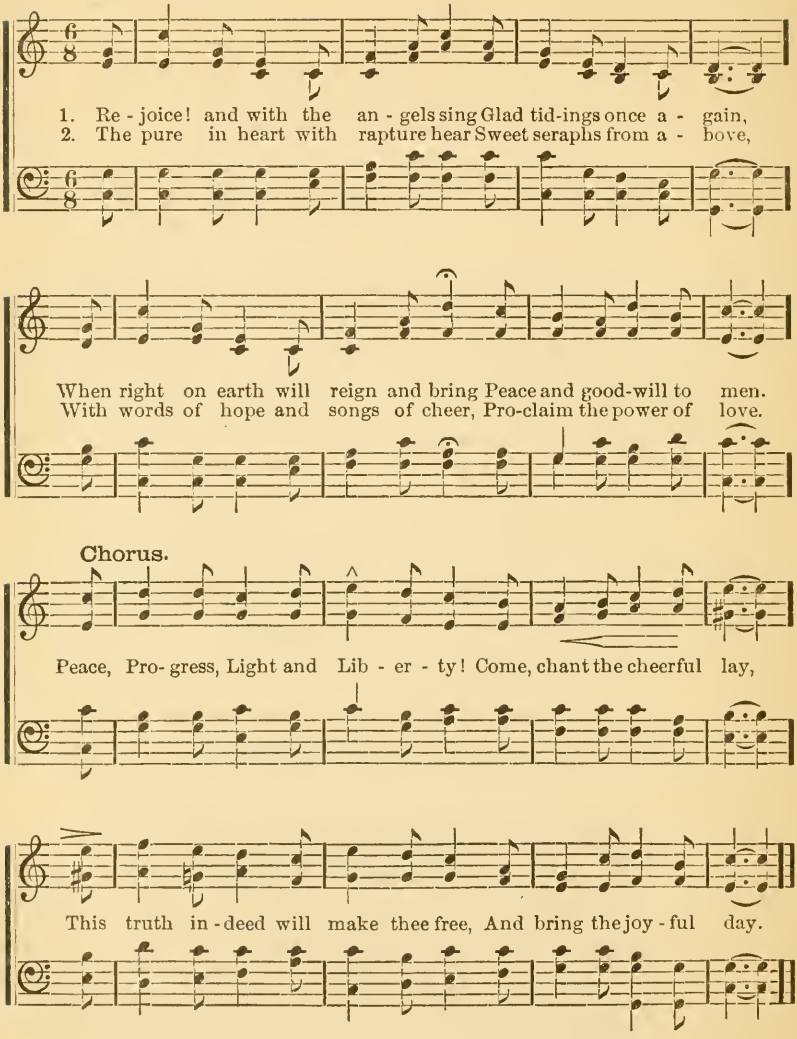
6. All our worthy deeds are by angels written down,
All our worthy deeds are by angels written down,
All our worthy deeds will be jewels in our crown,
When we arrive at home.—CHO.

* Repeat the last line of each verse for last line of CHORUS.

Hymn of Peace and Progress.

B. M. L. GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.

Moderato. cantabile.


1. Re - joice! and with the an - gels sing Glad tid-ings once a - gain,
2. The pure in heart with rapture hear Sweet seraphs from a - bove,
When right on earth will reign and bring Peace and good-will to men.
With words of hope and songs of cheer, Pro-claim the power of love.
Chorus.
Peace, Pro- gress, Light and Lib - er - ty! Come, chant the cheerful lay,
This truth in - deed will make thee free, And bring the joy - ful day.

3.

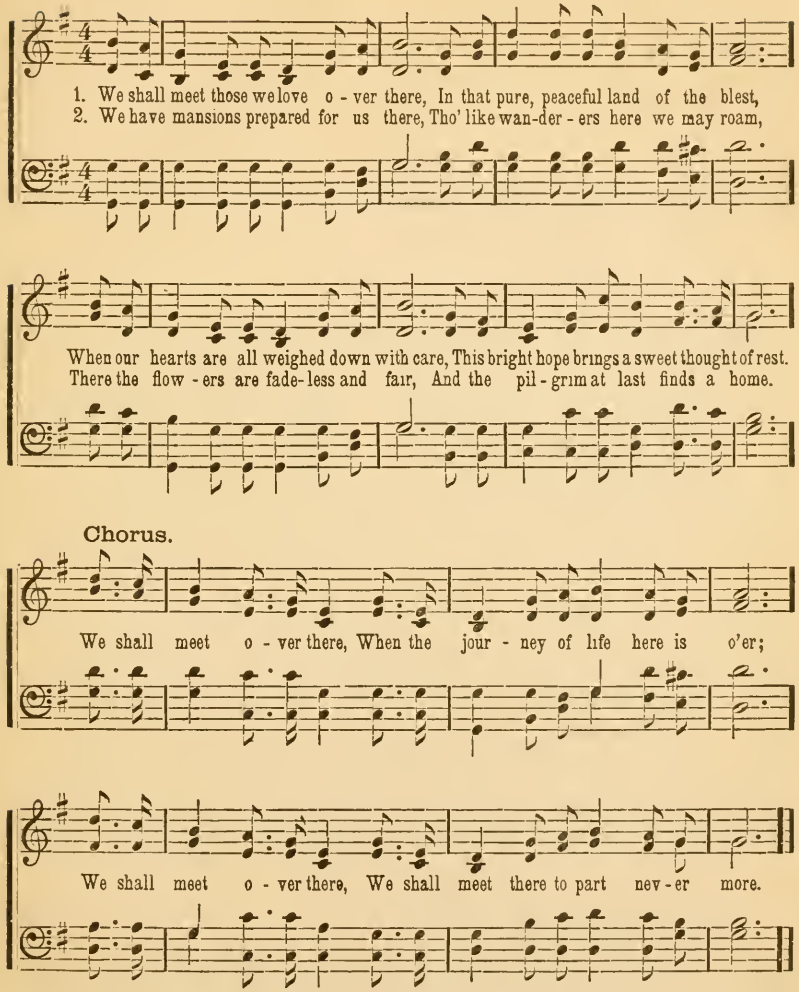
They come to prove man never dies,
We only leave this clay;
When death shall come we only rise
To everlasting day.

4.

There we shall have a just reward
For all our words and deeds;
Our judge will be a righteous Lord,
With no respect for creeds.

We Shall Meet Over There.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.


1. We shall meet those we love o - ver there, In that pure, peaceful land of the blest,
2. We have mansions prepared for us there, Tho' like wan-der - ers here we may roam,
When our hearts are all weighed down with care, This bright hope brings a sweet thought of rest.
There the flow - ers are fade-less and fair, And the pil - grim at last finds a home.
Chorus.
We shall meet o - ver there, When the jour - ney of life here is o'er;
We shall meet o - ver there, We shall meet there to part nev - er more.

3

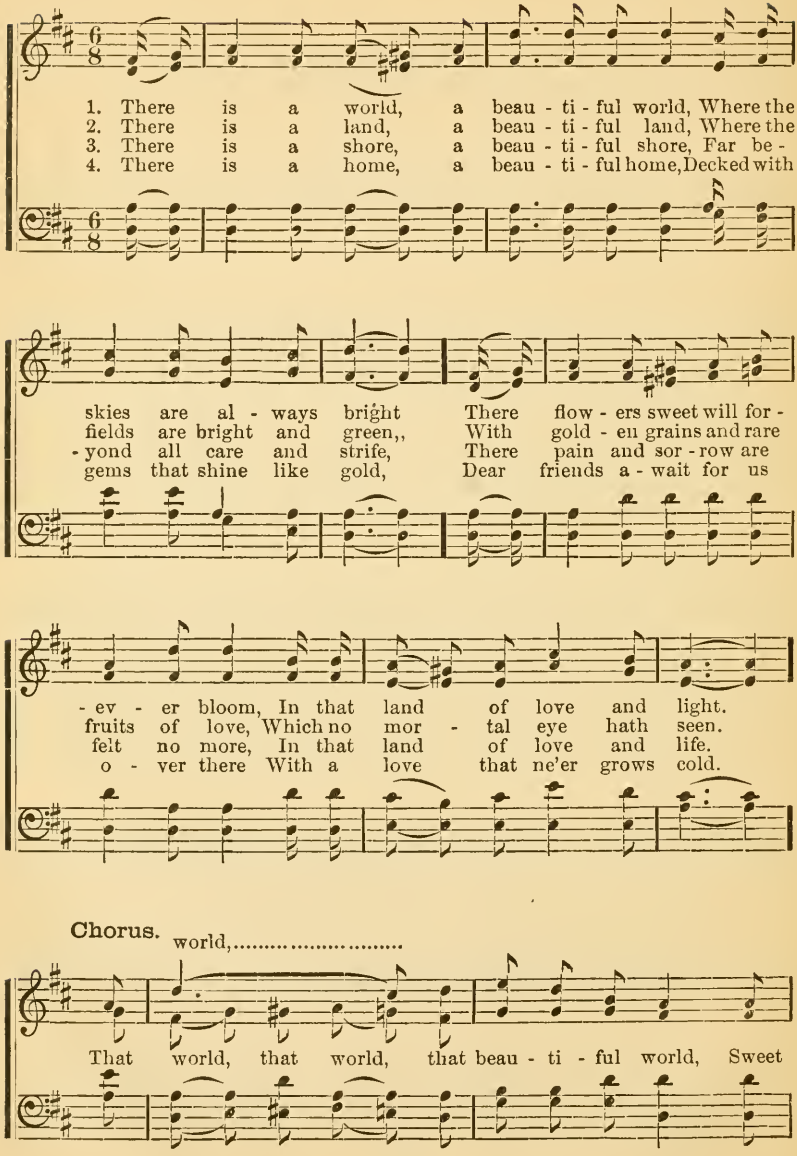
They have music most sweet over there,
And their harps are all brighter than gold,
Spotless white are the robes which they wear,
And the good there have treasures untold.

4

In that home for the soul over there,
All the motives of life will be known,
Then let each for that land now prepare,
Where all reap what on earth they have sown.

Open the Beautiful Gates for me.

B. M. L. Miss. M. W. M.


1. There is a world, a beau - ti - ful world, Where the
2. There is a land, a beau - ti - ful land, Where the
3. There is a shore, a beau - ti - ful shore, Far be -
4. There is a home, a beau - ti - ful home, Decked with
skies are al - ways bright There flow - ers sweet will for -
fields are bright and green,, With gold - en grains and rare
- yond all care and strife, There pain and sor - row are
gems that shine like gold, Dear friends a - wait for us
- ev - er bloom, In that land of love and light.
fruits of love, Which no mor - tal eye hath seen.
felt no more, In that land of love and life.
o - ver there With a love that ne'er grows cold.
Chorus.
world,.....
That world, that world, that beau - ti - ful world, Sweet

Open the Beautiful Gates for Me. Concluded.

5.

There is a place, a beautiful place,
Where they know not grief or care,
To gain that clime, that glorious clime,
We must lay up treasure there.

6.

That heav'n, that heav'n, that beautiful heav'n.
We may reach— not by one bound;
We build the ladder on which we rise,
And we climb up round by round.

Joyfully, Safe at Home.

1. Joyfully, joyfully onward we move,
Bound for the land of the souls that we love;
They can return, and they sing as they come,
"Joyfully, joyfully thou shalt go home.

2. "Soon as thy life-work is ended on earth,
Thou in the bright spirit-land shalt have birth;
There with dear loved ones forever to roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home."

3. Friends we have loved who have passed on before,
Now watch and wait as we draw near the shore;
They come to banish from death all its gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.

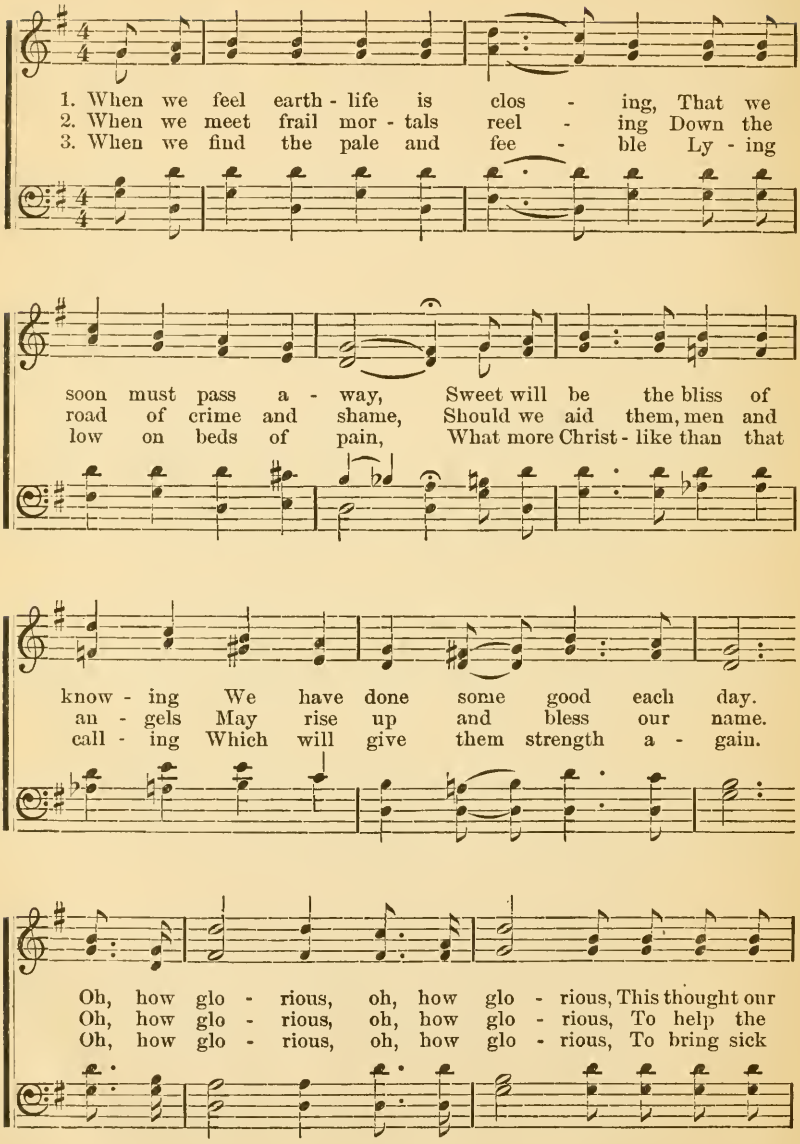
4. Sweet angels' voices we all then shall hear,
Celestial sonnets will fall on the ear;
Those that we love there will sing as they come,
"Joyfully, joyfully come to thy home.

5. "Death with his terror no more shall be King,
Weapons of warfare will then loose their sting;
Spirits who come from beyond the dark tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will lead thee home.

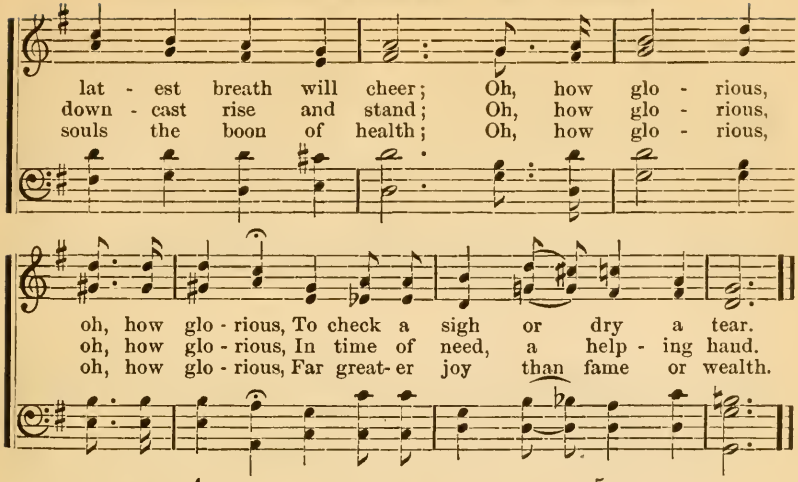
6. "Then while the years of eternity roll,
Thou shalt rejoice in that rest for the soul;
There where the storm-clouds of life never come
Joyfully, joyfully safe, safe at home."

Oh, how Glorious!

B. M. L. Miss M. W. M.


1. When we feel earth - life is clos - ing, That we
2. When we meet frail mor - tals reel - ing Down the
3. When we find the pale and fee - ble Ly - ing
soon must pass a - way, Sweet will be the bliss of
road of crime and shame, Should we aid them, men and
low on beds of pain, What more Christ - like than that
know - ing We have done some good each day.
an - gels May rise up and bless our name.
call - ing Which will give them strength a - gain.
Oh, how glo - rious, oh, how glo - rious, This thought our
Oh, how glo - rious, oh, how glo - rious, To help the
Oh, how glo - rious, oh, how glo - rious, To bring sick

Oh, how Glorious! Concluded.


lat - est breath will cheer; Oh, how glo - rious,
down - cast rise and stand; Oh, how glo - rious,
souls the boon of health; Oh, how glo - rious,
oh, how glo - rious, To check a sigh or dry a tear.
oh, how glo - rious, In time of need, a help - ing hand.
oh, how glo - rious, Far great- er joy than fame or wealth.

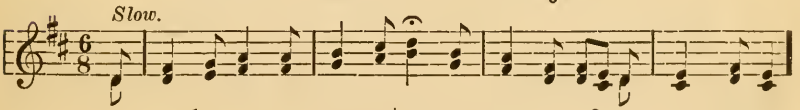
4.

When we think of homeless outcasts,
Famishing for lack of food,
May we feel all men are brothers,
And delight to do them good.
Oh, how glorious, oh, how glorious,
When we remove another's woe;
Oh, how glorious, oh, how glorious,
No sweeter joys the angels know.

5.

When we know loved ones are near us
From the unseen world above,
Sordid aims and schemes will vanish,
Then our souls will blend in love.
Oh, how glorious, oh, how glorious,
This tho't will cheer our latest breath;
Oh, how glorious, oh, how glorious,
When we shall triumph over death.

Sweet Hour of Pray'r.



1.

Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
That calls us from a world of care,
And bids us at the Father's throne
Make all our wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief
Our souls can always find relief,
‖: And thus escape the tempter's snare,
By help from thee, sweet hour of pray'r! :‖

2.

Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
Bring angels down from over there,
And may their tranquil truthfulness
Engage our waiting souls to bless:
May love divine bid passion cease,
And fill each soul with joy and peace,
‖: Let faith and hope remove despair,
Trusting in thee, sweet hour of pray'r! :‖

3.

Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
May all mankind thy solace share
Until the Summer Land of light
To souls on earth shall come in sight;
And, when we drop this form and rise
To worlds of bliss, beyond the skies,
‖: May we, when free from earthly care,
Still cherish thee, sweet hour of pray'r! :‖

One more Loved one Gone.

Miss M. T. SHELHAMAR. M. W. M.

1. One more lov'd one gone be - fore us, Gone to make our path-way straight; Searching
2. One more star in heav-en gleam - ing, Shedding forth a gold - en ray, O'er the
3. An- gels called *him from the mor - tal, Called *him from its sin and strife, From the
through the gloom - y val - ley To the gleam-ing pearl- y gate. One more
path of lov'd ones toil - ing, Up life's rug - ged, wea - ry way. One more
death of liv - ing sor - row To the joy of end - less life. An - gels
saint - ed life trans - plant - ed To the gar - den of our Lord: One more
jew - el in the king - dom, Plac'd by Him who reigns a - bove, In the
whis-per'd: "Come up high - er!" As they led the heav'nward flight, Up the
an - gel joins the cho - rus, Chant-ing songs of sweet ac - cord.
pre- cious roy - al sit - ting Of His pure and per - fect love.
shin - ing gold - en stair - way To that land of peace and light.

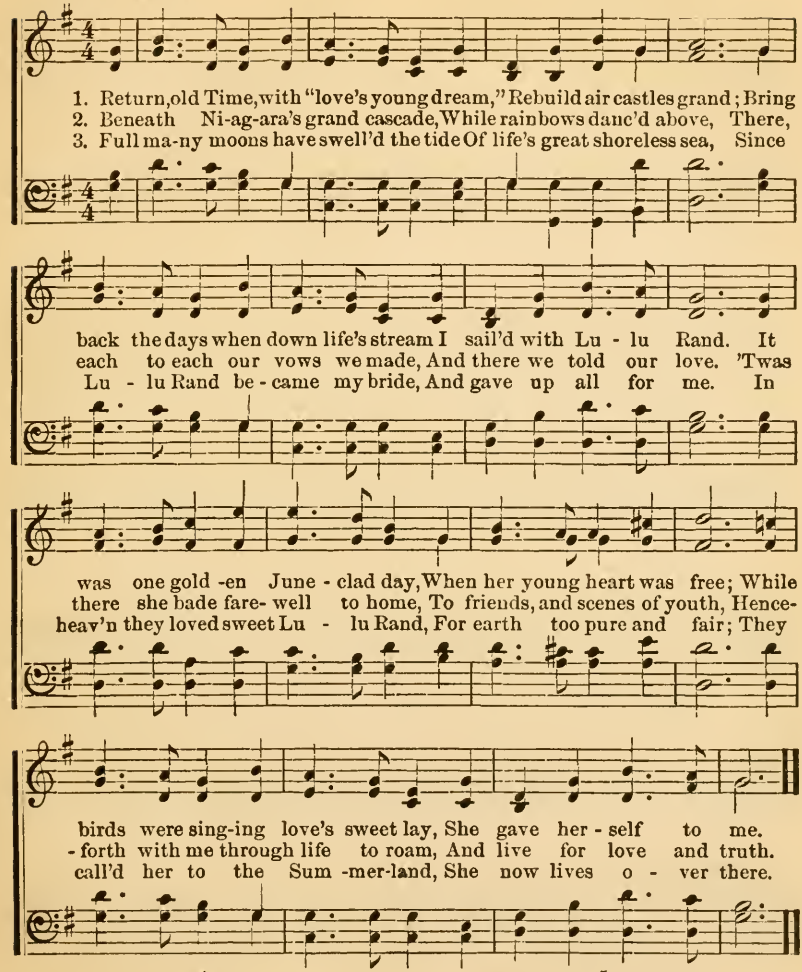
* The word "her" or "them" can be substituted for "him" when occasion requires.

At Rest in Heaven.

"Shall see heaven open and angels."—John 1: 51.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE, M.D.

Dolce doloroso.


1. Return, old Time, with "love's young dream," Rebuild air castles grand; Bring back the days when down life's stream I sail'd with Lu - lu Rand. It was one gold -en June - clad day, When her young heart was free; While birds were sing-ing love's sweet lay, She gave her - self to me.
2. Beneath Ni-ag-ara's grand cascade, While rainbows danc'd above, There, each to each our vows we made, And there we told our love. 'Twas there she bade fare- well to home, To friends, and scenes of youth, Hence- - forth with me through life to roam, And live for love and truth.
3. Full ma-ny moons have swell'd the tide Of life's great shoreless sea, Since Lu - lu Rand be - came my bride, And gave up all for me. In heav'n they loved sweet Lu - lu Rand, For earth too pure and fair; They call'd her to the Sum -mer-land, She now lives o - ver there.

4.

With angels bright she went away,
Her home was in the skies;
Though now unseen, she lives to-day,
For true love never dies.
"At rest" we marked upon the stone
Above her grave so green,
"In heaven." she does not dwell alone,
But lives with "Angeline."

5.

And when my last day's work is done
Sweet Lulu's band will come,
In robes of splendor like the sun,
To bear my spirit home.
An angel now she comes to me
From life's immortal shore;
Her grave is green down by the sea,
But she lives ever more.

From the Other Shore.

"And He shall send His angels with a great sound of a trumpet."—MATT. xxiv: 31.

B. M. L. GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.

With energy.

1. Through the port - als beam - ing, From a world of bliss,
2. Spir - its bright re - turn - ing, Pass - ing to and fro,
Gold - en light is stream - ing From that land to this.
Each have charge con- cern - ing, Dear one's left be - low.
Down to scenes ter - res - trial, Ser - aph's from a - bove,
They our feet are guard - ing Lest we dash a stone;
Chant - ing songs ce - les - tial, Come with hope and love.
No - ble deeds re - ward - ing, None are left a - lone.

From the Other Shore. Concluded.

Chorus.
Heav'n and earth are blend - ing, Blow the trum - pet, blow;
Life is nev - er end - ing, Let all na - tions know;
An - gels now are sing - ing From the oth - er shore,
Hear the sweet notes ring - ing: "Peace on earth once more."

3.

Few has earth of roses,
Thorns and thistles grow;
Scarce we find oasis,
Deserts burn below.
Here, 'mid gloom and sadness,
We have toil and care;
But a world of gladness
Waits us over there.

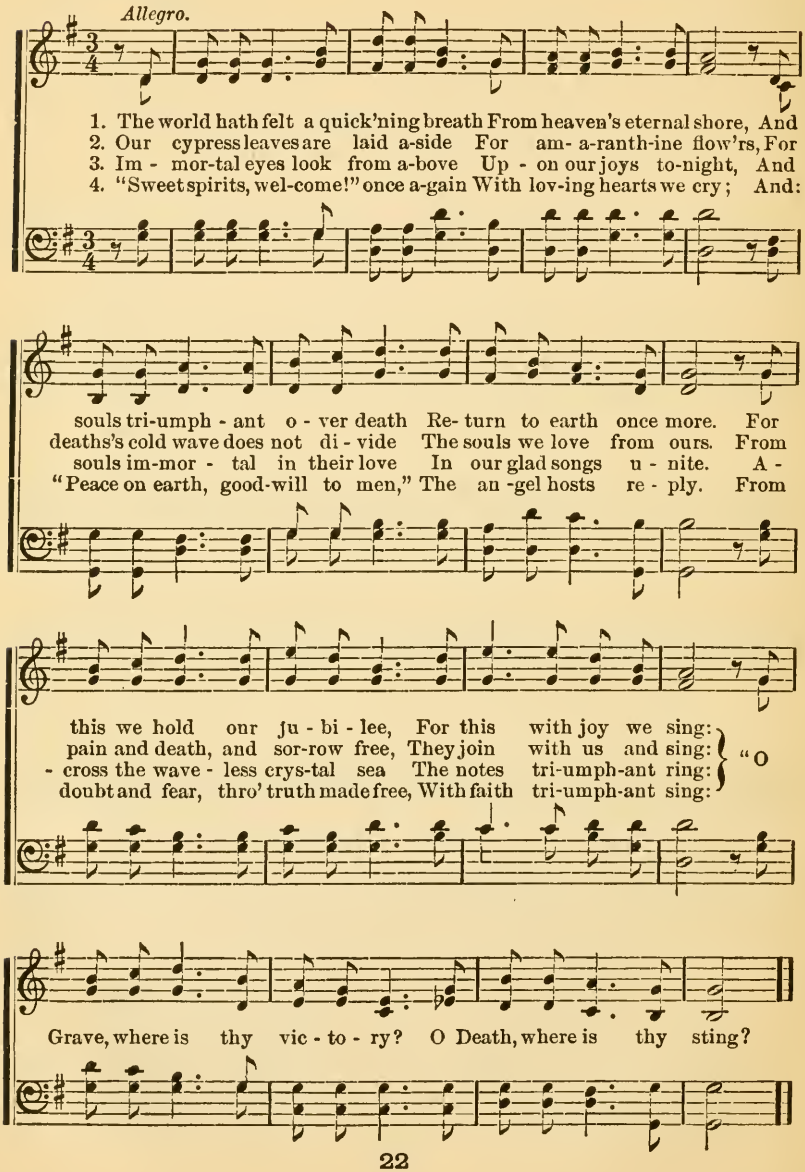
4.

In that blest to-morrow
There is no more night;
And they know no sorrow
In that land of light.
We shall pass the portals
When for us they come;
And with dear immortals
Find sweet rest at home

The World hath Felt a Quick'ning Breath.

"Swallow up death in victory"—Is. 25 : 8.

LIZZIE DOTEN. B. M. LAWRENCE, M.D.


Allegro.
1. The world hath felt a quick'ning breath From heaven's eternal shore, And
2. Our cypress leaves are laid a-side For am- a-ranth-ine flow'rs, For
3. Im - mor-tal eyes look from a-bove Up - on our joys to-night, And
4. "Sweet spirits, wel-come!" once a-gain With lov-ing hearts we cry; And:
souls tri-umph - ant o - ver death Re- turn to earth once more. For
deaths's cold wave does not di - vide The souls we love from ours. From
souls im-mor - tal in their love In our glad songs u - nite. A -
"Peace on earth, good-will to men," The an -gel hosts re - ply. From
this we hold our ju - bi - lee, For this with joy we sing:
pain and death, and sor-row free, They join with us and sing:
- cross the wave - less crys-tal sea The notes tri-umph-ant ring:
doubt and fear, thro' truth made free, With faith tri-umph-ant sing:
"O
Grave, where is thy vic - to - ry? O Death, where is thy sting?

Sweet Angel Home.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—HEB. 4 : 9.

B. M. L.

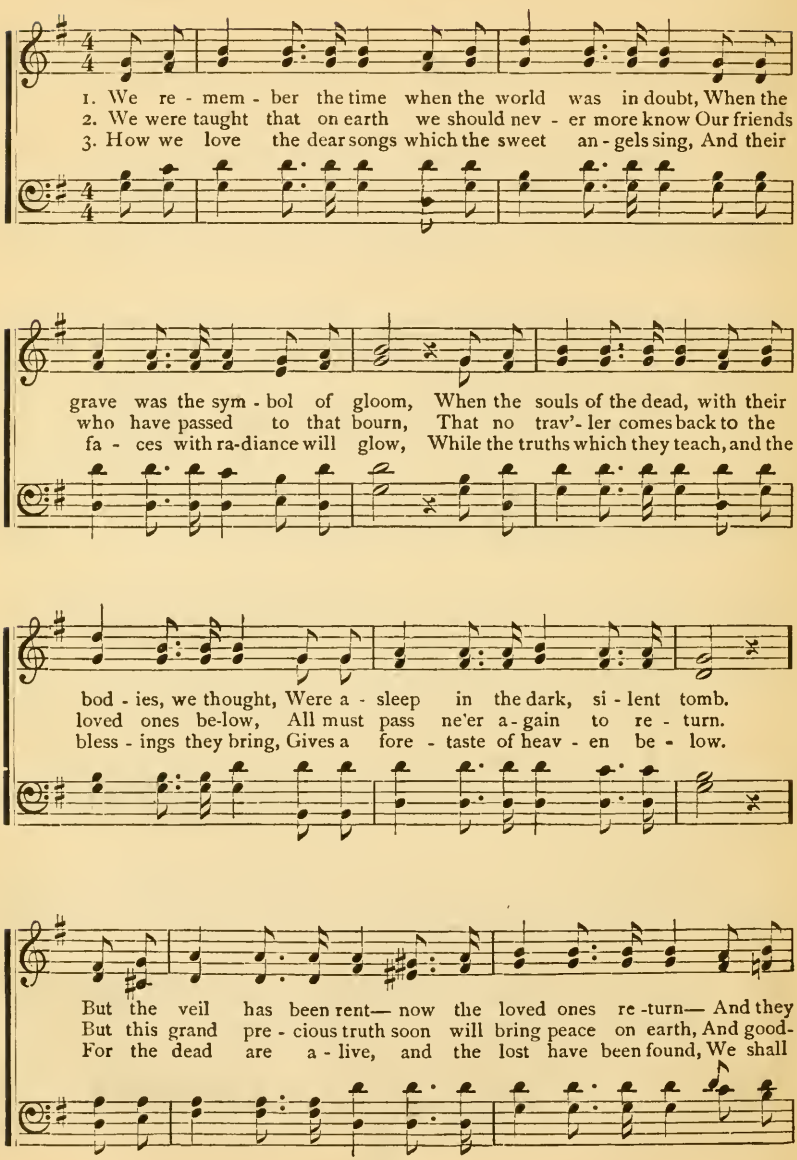
B. M. LAWRENCE.
Arr. by Miss M. B. WILSON.

1. Al-though earth - wea - ry wand' - rers A - lone here we roam, Yet our
2. There in bright gold - en tem - ples Of love and de - light, There they
3. Priceless pearls of first wa - ter, The fin - est of earth, Are but
hearts thrill with rapture When we think of that home In the blest land of beau-ty,
nev - er grow wea-ry Where there is no more night, There the good, pure and peaceful,
dross or base met- al When compar'd with the worth Of those dia-monds su-per-nal,
Far be-yond want and gloom, Where the fruits grow immortal, And the flow'rs ev - er bloom.
When earth life is past, They will find that fair ha-ven Which they long for, at last.
Which deck the grand dome, Of that man- sion our Fath-er Hath prepar'd for our home.
Chorus.
Home, sweet an - gel home, This world hath no splendor To compare with that home.
Home, sweet an - gel home, This world yields no pleasure To compare with that home.
Home, sweet an - gel home, This world hath no grandeur To compare with that home.

We shall Meet them Again.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

B. M. L.

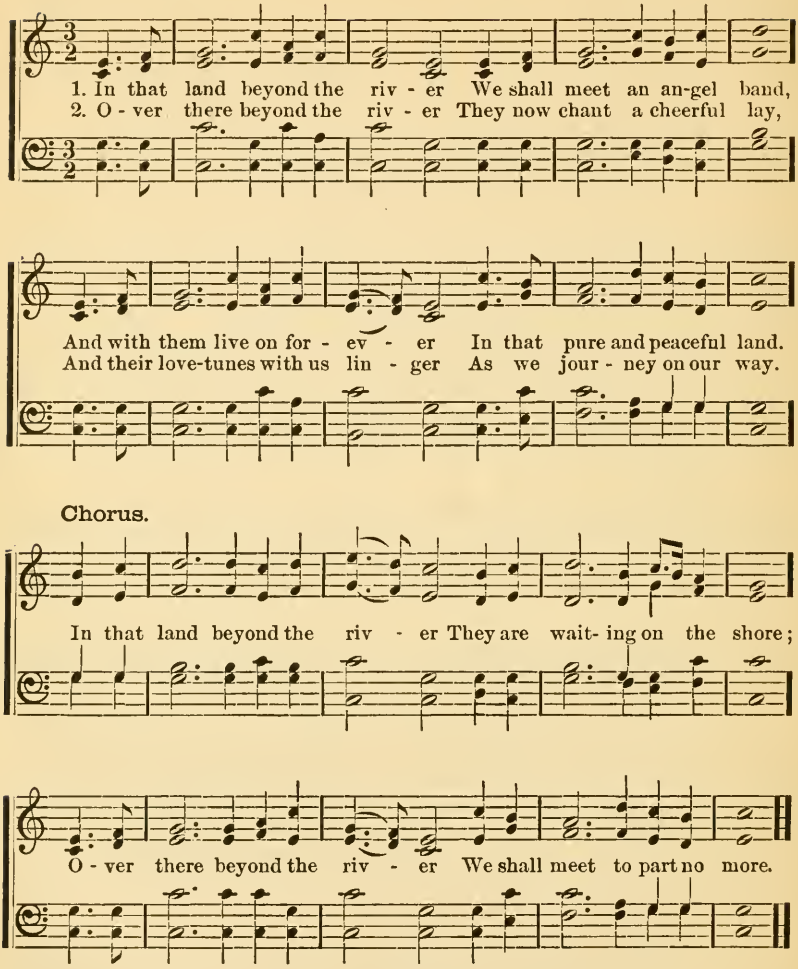

1. We re - mem - ber the time when the world was in doubt, When the
2. We were taught that on earth we should nev - er more know Our friends
3. How we love the dear songs which the sweet an - gels sing, And their
grave was the sym - bol of gloom, When the souls of the dead, with their
who have passed to that bourn, That no trav'- ler comes back to the
fa - ces with ra-diance will glow, While the truths which they teach, and the
bod - ies, we thought, Were a - sleep in the dark, si - lent tomb.
loved ones be-low, All must pass ne'er a - gain to re - turn.
bless - ings they bring, Gives a fore - taste of heav - en be - low.
But the veil has been rent— now the loved ones re -turn— And they
But this grand pre - cious truth soon will bring peace on earth, And good-
For the dead are a - live, and the lost have been found, We shall

We shall Meet them Again. Concluded.

pub - lish these tid - ings a - far, How the grave to the good is the
- will from the soul-world of bliss, Where the loved ones still live, and our
meet them and know them a - gain; From the ev - er-green shore now they
gate - way to bliss, And the gates are now stand - ing a - jar.
hearts leap for joy, For that land has be-come one with this.
sing to us here: "Peace on earth, and good-will to all men!"
Chorus.
Oh, the sweet an - gel voi - ces we hear! Hark! the
love-tones are ring-ing o - ver there; And with joy now we gaze on the
spir - it form so dear, By the light from the oth - er land so fair.

That Land Beyond the River.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D. Arr. by W. B. BRADBURY.


1. In that land beyond the riv - er We shall meet an an-gel band,
2. O - ver there beyond the riv - er They now chant a cheerful lay,
And with them live on for - ev - er In that pure and peaceful land.
And their love-tunes with us lin - ger As we jour - ney on our way.
Chorus.
In that land beyond the riv - er They are wait- ing on the shore;
O - ver there beyond the riv - er We shall meet to part no more.

3.

Over there beyond the river
We shall find our good deeds here
Are recorded, and will ever
Make our robes more white appear,

4.

Over there beyond the river,
When our hearts are torn with grief,
Angels whisper they will never
Leave us when we need relief.

5.

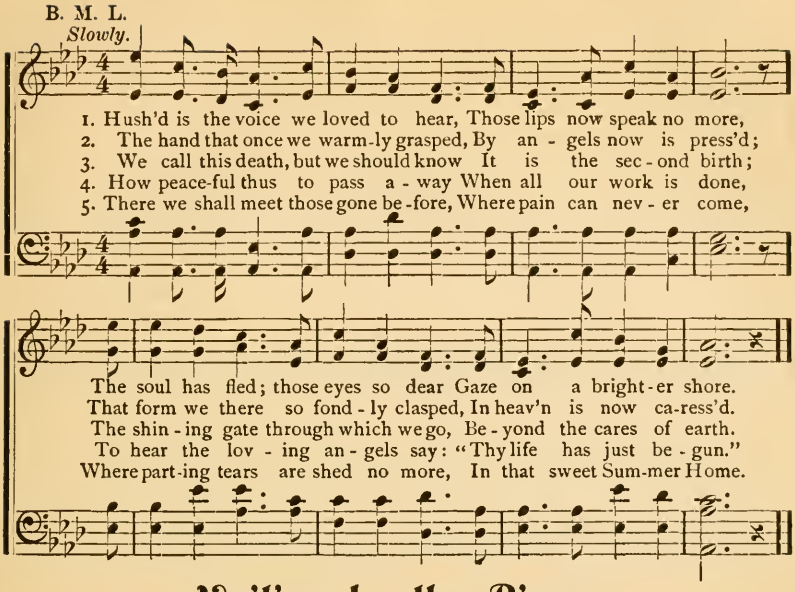
Over there beyond the river,
Save among the loved and blest,
When the cares of life are over,
From all labor we shall rest.

6.

Over there beyond the river
We shall meet dear friends above,
And with them live on forever
In that peaceful land of love.

The Soul Has Fled.

Dr. B. M. LAWRENCE.


B. M. L.
Slowly.
1. Hush'd is the voice we loved to hear, Those lips now speak no more,
2. The hand that once we warm-ly grasped, By an - gels now is press'd;
3. We call this death, but we should know It is the sec - ond birth;
4. How peace-ful thus to pass a - way When all our work is done,
5. There we shall meet those gone be-fore, Where pain can nev - er come,
The soul has fled; those eyes so dear Gaze on a bright-er shore.
That form we there so fond - ly clasped, In heav'n is now ca-ress'd.
The shin - ing gate through which we go, Be - yond the cares of earth.
To hear the lov - ing an - gels say: "Thy life has just be - gun."
Where part-ing tears are shed no more, In that sweet Sum-mer Home.

Waiting by the River.

Page 145, G. H.

TUNE,— See opposite page.

1 We are waiting by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman
In his bark to bear us o'er.

Chorus.—We are waiting, waiting, waiting,
Watching, waiting on the shore,
Only waiting, waiting, waiting
Till the boatman bears us o'er.

2 While the mists hang o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
We can hear celestal sonnets
Wafted from the other shore.

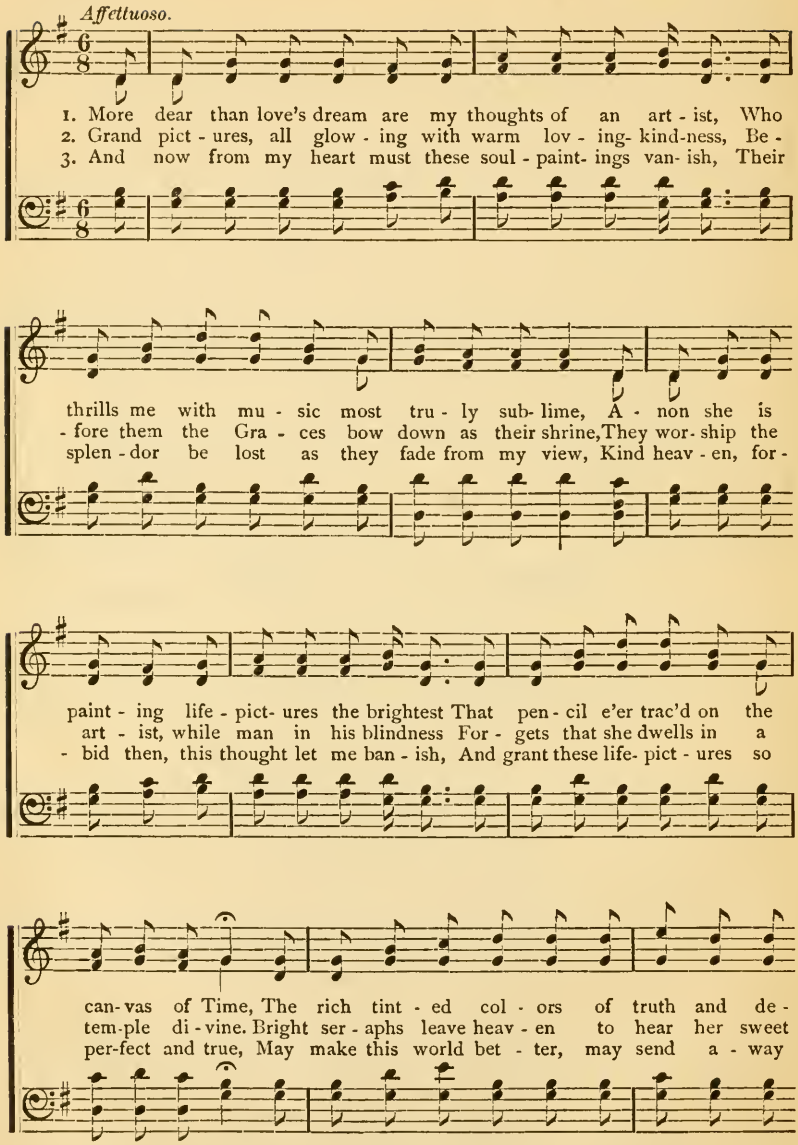
3 Of that summer land of glory,
We have caught such radiant gleams,
Earth cannot compare in splendor
With its peaceful vales and streams.

4 Over there are all the loved ones
Who have faded from our side,
With what joy we there shall meet them
When we too shall cross the tide.

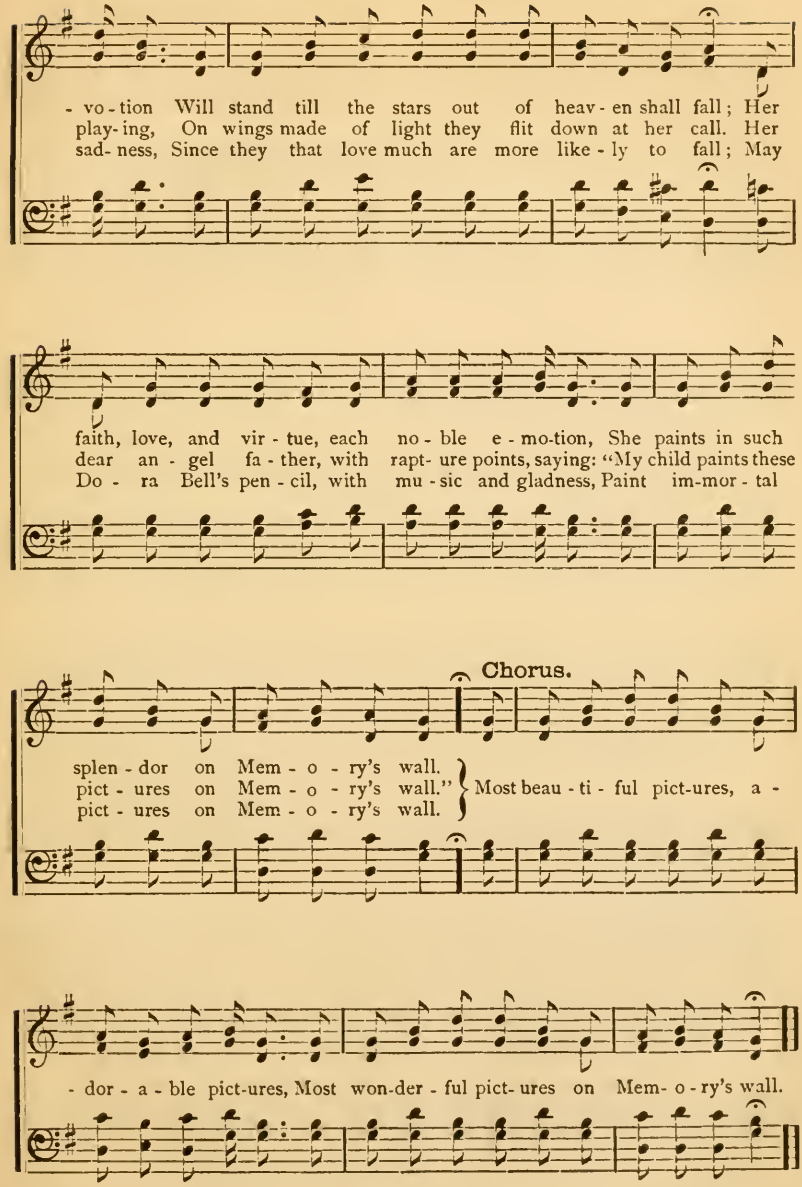
5 In that rest beyond the river,
When we reach the other shore,
We shall live with friends forever,
Parting there will come no more.

Dora Bell's Pictures.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence, M.D.


Affettuoso.
1. More dear than love's dream are my thoughts of an art - ist, Who
2. Grand pict - ures, all glow - ing with warm lov - ing- kind-ness, Be -
3. And now from my heart must these soul - paint- ings van- ish, Their
thrills me with mu - sic most tru - ly sub- lime, A - non she is
- fore them the Gra - ces bow down as their shrine, They wor- ship the
splen - dor be lost as they fade from my view, Kind heav - en, for -
paint - ing life - pict- ures the brightest That pen - cil e'er trac'd on the
art - ist, while man in his blindness For - gets that she dwells in a
- bid then, this thought let me ban - ish, And grant these life- pict - ures so
can- vas of Time, The rich tint - ed col - ors of truth and de -
tem-ple di - vine. Bright ser - aphs leave heav - en to hear her sweet
per-fect and true, May make this world bet - ter, may send a - way

Dora Bell's Pictures. Concluded.


- vo - tion Will stand till the stars out of heav - en shall fall; Her
play - ing, On wings made of light they flit down at her call. Her
sad - ness, Since they that love much are more like - ly to fall; May
faith, love, and vir - tue, each no - ble e - mo-tion, She paints in such
dear an - gel fa - ther, with rapt - ure points, saying: "My child paints these
Do - ra Bell's pen - cil, with mu - sic and gladness, Paint im-mor - tal
Chorus.
splen - dor on Mem - o - ry's wall.
pict - ures on Mem - o - ry's wall."
pict - ures on Mem - o - ry's wall.
Most beau - ti - ful pict-ures, a -
- dor - a - ble pict-ures, Most won-der - ful pict - ures on Mem - o - ry's wall.

Wisdom Orders all Things Well.

"The first heaven and the first earth were passed away."—Rev. 21:1.

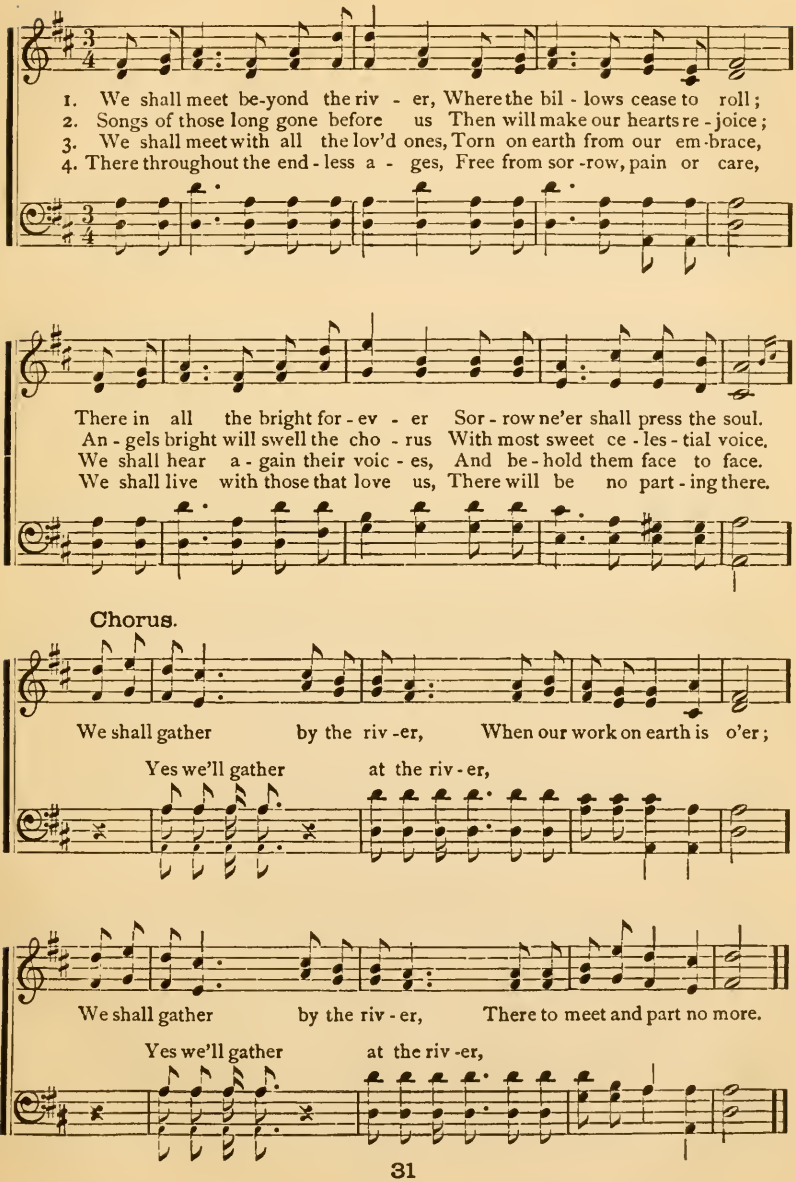
B. M. L. Geo. Beaverson, by per.

1. When old wrong from earth shall per-ish, When old forms give place to new,
2. Crowns and thrones will have to crumble, Peace shall reign from shore to shore,
3. When mankind has learn'd this teaching, Wars and woes will sure-ly cease,
Men like an- gels then will cher-ish On- ly what proves just and true.
Right will then make old wrongs tumble, They shall fall to rise no more.
Then the world shall need no preaching, Love will fill all hearts with peace.
Thumb-worn creeds the truth repressing Will, like shad- ows, fade a - way;
Truth and might will wed to-geth - er; Joy - ful let this an -them swell:
Wis-dom from her shin-ing port-als Will prove all things work for good,
rit. pp
White-wing'd peace the whole earth blessing Then will bring the gold - en day.
"Peace on earth shall reign for-ev - er, Wis - dom or - ders all things well."
An- gels then will talk with mortals, And make earth one broth -er - hood.

We shall Gather at the River.

"A river the streams when of shall make glad.—Ps. 46: 4.

B. M. L. GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.


1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the bil - lows cease to roll;
2. Songs of those long gone before us Then will make our hearts re - joice;
3. We shall meet with all the lov'd ones, Torn on earth from our em-brace,
4. There throughout the end - less a - ges, Free from sor -row, pain or care,
There in all the bright for - ev - er Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul.
An - gels bright will swell the cho - rus With most sweet ce - les - tial voice.
We shall hear a - gain their voic - es, And be - hold them face to face.
We shall live with those that love us, There will be no part - ing there.
Chorus.
We shall gather by the riv -er, When our work on earth is o'er;
Yes we'll gather at the riv - er,
We shall gather by the riv - er, There to meet and part no more.
Yes we'll gather at the riv -er,

Waiting for the Morning.

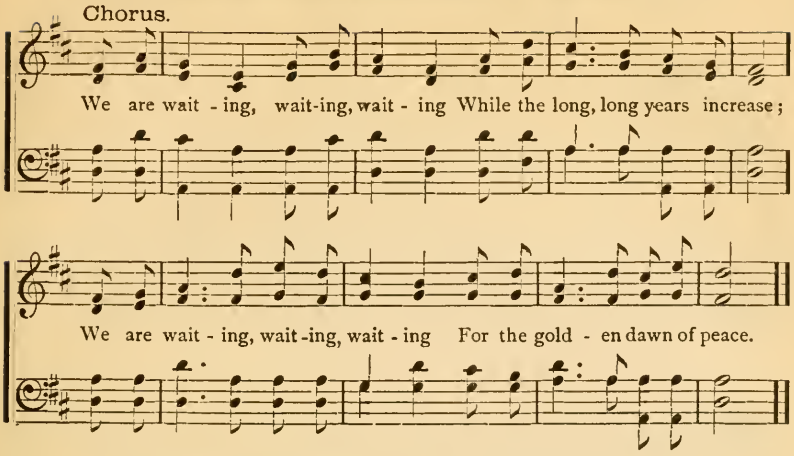
"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace.—GAL. 5: 22.

Miss. A. V. D.

B. M. L.

1. We are wait-ing for the morn-ing Of that bright and golden day,
2. We are wait-ing for the morn-ing, Night has been so dark and long,
3. We are wait-ing for the morn-ing, And our cour-age will not fail
4. We are wait-ing for the morn-ing, Long has been the night of years,
For the good time so long com-ing, When old wrong shall pass a-way;
Dim-ly now the day is dawn-ing, And we hail it with a song;
While one soul for light is yearn-ing, Un-til truth and right pre-vail;
But we now be-hold the dawn-ing, While the light of truth ap-pears;
Wait-ing for the light of free-dom, Truth to tri-umph o-ver vice,
Light of truth from ev'-ry na-tion Brightly now be-gins to shine,
We will work to ban-ish sor-row, Work and wait for hu-man good,
Once a-gain are an-gels sing-ing, Mor-tals see with rea-son's ken,
Love to make this earth an E-den, And each home a Par-a-dise.
Pe-ans raise to ev'-ry sta-tion, "Peace on earth" and love di-vine.
Trust-ing to the com-ing mor-row For the per-fect broth-er-hood.
Dove-winged hope and faith are bring-ing "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Waiting for the Morning. Concluded.


Chorus.
We are wait - ing, wait-ing, wait - ing While the long, long years increase;
We are wait - ing, wait -ing, wait - ing For the gold - en dawn of peace.

Sweet Spirits, can Return.

TUNE,—LENOX. Page 119, G. H.

1. Proclaim the truth most clear
   To earth's remotest bound,
   Let all the nations hear
   The sweet, celestial sound,
   That spirits, from the unseen shore,
   Can now return to earth once more.

2. They come to banish care,
   To bid our sorrows cease,
   And prove that over there
   The pure shall rest in peace,
   With spirits, from the unseen shore,
   Who now return to earth once more.

3. With joyful notes they sing
   Sweet sonnets of the free,
   Since death has lost his sting,
   The grave its victory;
   While spirits, from the unseen shore,
   In love return to earth once more.

4. Beyond that golden gate,
   Where grief can never come,
   There loved ones for us wait,
   To bid us welcome home;
   Our spirits, from the unseen shore,
   Will then return to earth once more.

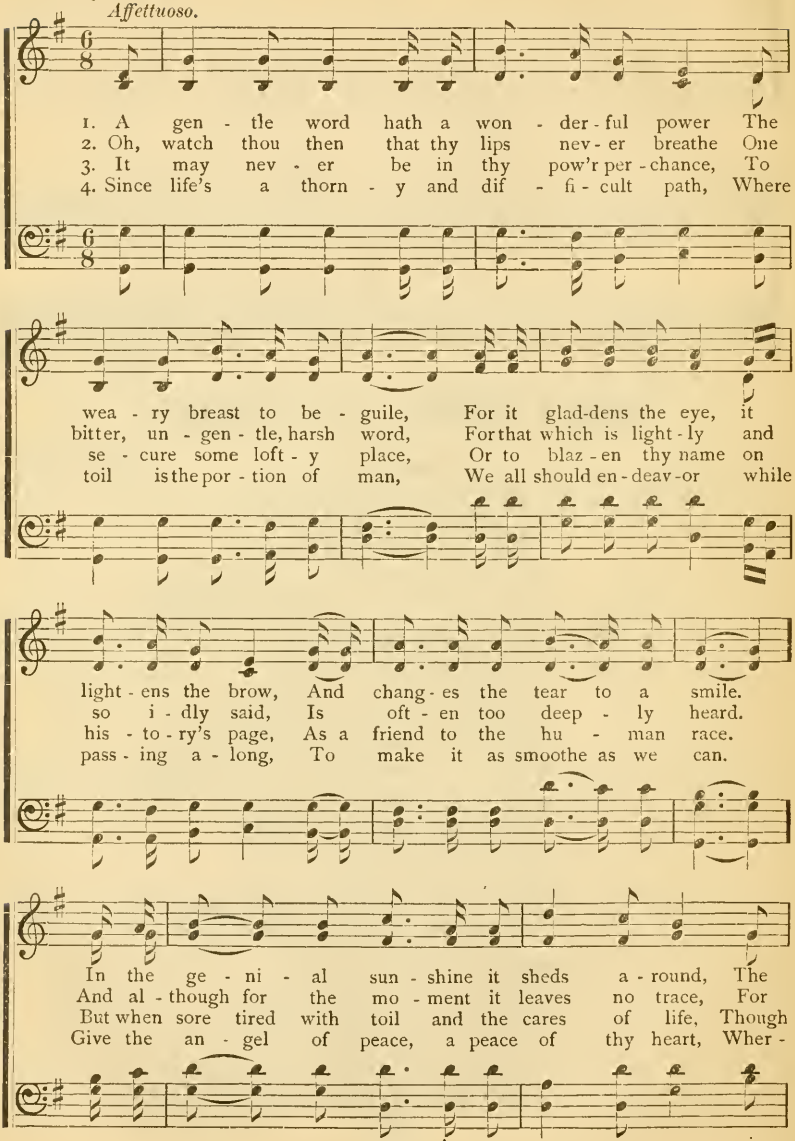
A Gentle, Kind Word.

"Grievous words stir up anger."—Prov. 15: 1.

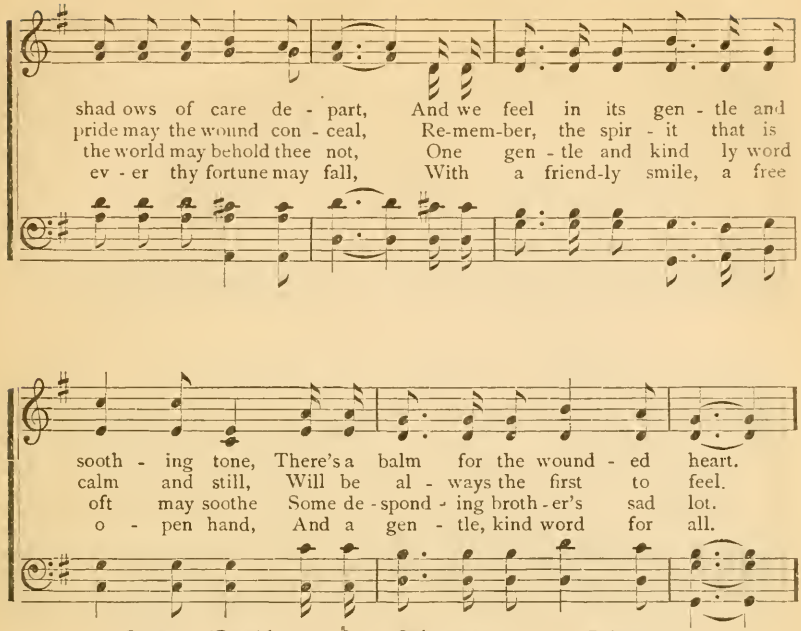
B. M. Lawrence.

Re. by B. M. L.

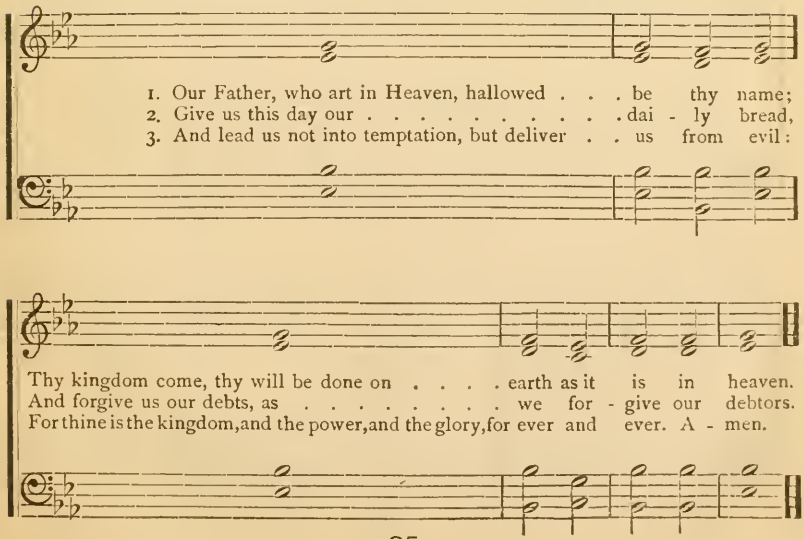
Affettuoso.


1. A gen - tle word hath a won - der - ful power The
2. Oh, watch thou then that thy lips nev - er breathe One
3. It may nev - er be in thy pow'r per - chance, To
4. Since life's a thorn - y and dif - fi - cult path, Where
wea - ry breast to be - guile, For it glad-dens the eye, it
bitter, un - gen - tle, harsh word, For that which is light - ly and
se - cure some loft - y place, Or to blaz - en thy name on
toil is the por - tion of man, We all should en - deav - or while
light - ens the brow, And chang - es the tear to a smile.
so i - dly said, Is oft - en too deep - ly heard.
his - to - ry's page, As a friend to the hu - man race.
pass - ing a - long, To make it as smoothe as we can.
In the ge - ni - al sun - shine it sheds a - round, The
And al - though for the mo - ment it leaves no trace, For
But when sore tired with toil and the cares of life, Though
Give the an - gel of peace, a peace of thy heart, Wher -

A Gentle, Kind Word. Concluded.


shad ows of care de - part, And we feel in its gen - tle and
pride may the wound con - ceal, Re-mem-ber, the spir - it that is
the world may behold thee not, One gen - tle and kind ly word
ev - er thy fortune may fall, With a friend-ly smile, a free
sooth - ing tone, There's a balm for the wound - ed heart.
calm and still, Will be al - ways the first to feel.
oft may soothe Some de - spond - ing broth - er's sad lot.
o - pen hand, And a gen - tle, kind word for all.

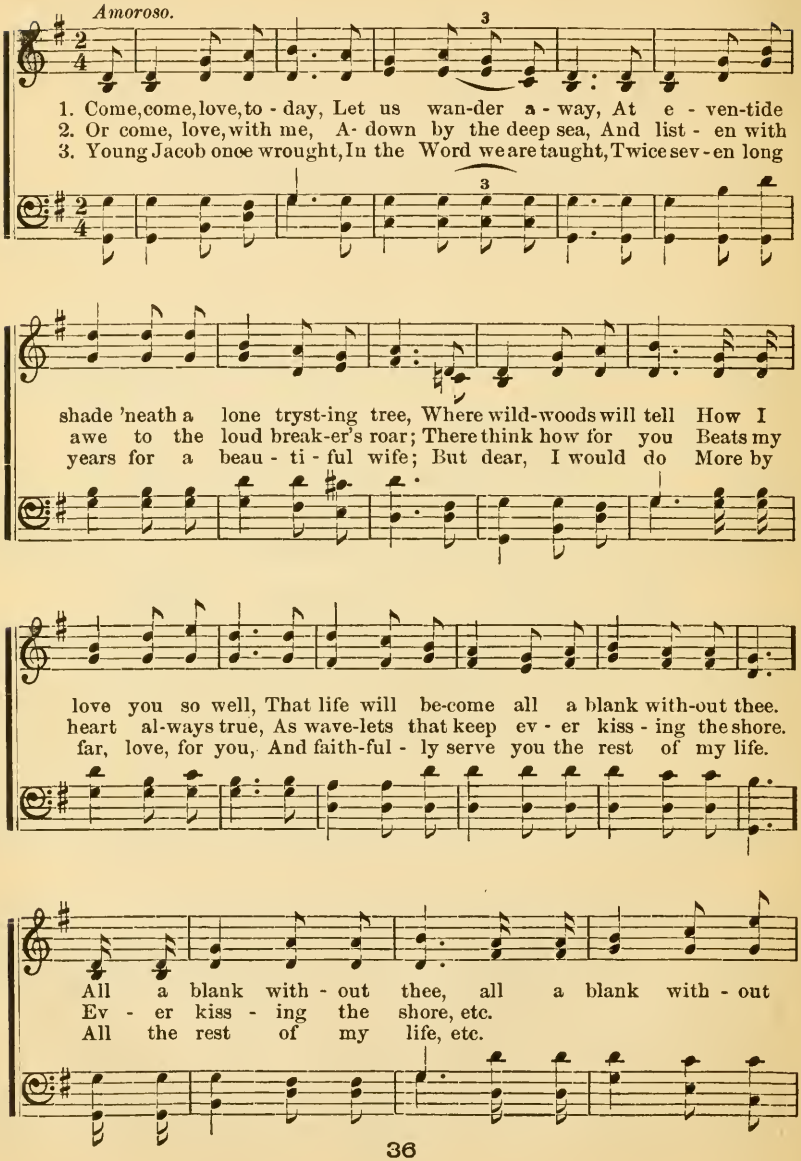
Our Father in Heaven. Chant.


1. Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed . . . be thy name;
2. Give us this day our . . . . . dai - ly bread,
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver . . us from evil:
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on . . . . earth as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our debts, as . . . . . we for - give our debtors.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. A - men.

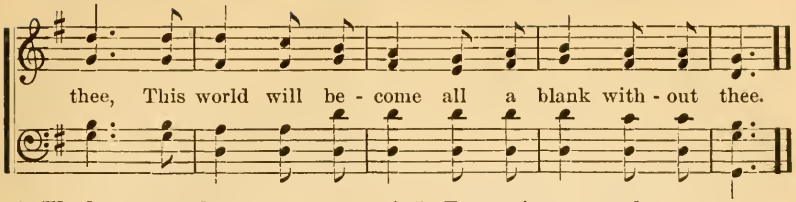
Ocean Grove Declaration.

"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."—Sol. 2: 10.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence.


Amoroso.
1. Come, come, love, to - day, Let us wan-der a - way, At e - ven-tide
2. Or come, love, with me, A- down by the deep sea, And list - en with
3. Young Jacob once wrought, In the Word we are taught, Twice sev - en long
shade 'neath a lone tryst-ing tree, Where wild-woods will tell How I
awe to the loud break-er's roar; There think how for you Beats my
years for a beau - ti - ful wife; But dear, I would do More by
love you so well, That life will be-come all a blank with-out thee.
heart al-ways true, As wave-lets that keep ev - er kiss - ing the shore.
far, love, for you, And faith-ful - ly serve you the rest of my life.
All a blank with - out thee, all a blank with - out
Ev - er kiss - ing the shore, etc.
All the rest of my life, etc.

Ocean Grove Declaration. Concluded.



4 Word, ocean, and grove,
Fail to tell all my love,
In spirit then, come, let us wander afar,
Where souls are divine,
And they know love like mine
‖: Is pure as the light of a newly-born star. :‖

5 True unions, sweet love,
Are all first made above,
In heaven my heart is pinioned to thine,
And angels to-day,
Will rejoice when you say,
:‖ That henceforth thro' life will thy heart beat with mine. :‖

A Beautiful World Above.

B. M. L. Miss M. WALLACE.

1. There is a beau - ti - ful world a - bove Which no mor - tal
2. There is a beau - ti - ful crys -tal stream With gems all a -
3. There is a beau - ti - ful man-sion there, Where the pil-grim
eye hath seen, Where we shall meet with the friends we
- long the shore, More bright than stars that with ra- di - ance
finds a room In that bright clime where they know no
love, And no veil will in - ter - vene.
beam, They will shine for - ev - er more.
care; We at last shall rest at home.

4 There is a beautiful singing band,
With harps that are bright as gold,
They chant sweet sonnets in that far land
Where choristers ne'er seem old.

5 There in that beautiful world of light,
When our journey here is o'er,
With these we love all robed in pure white
We shall meet to part no more.

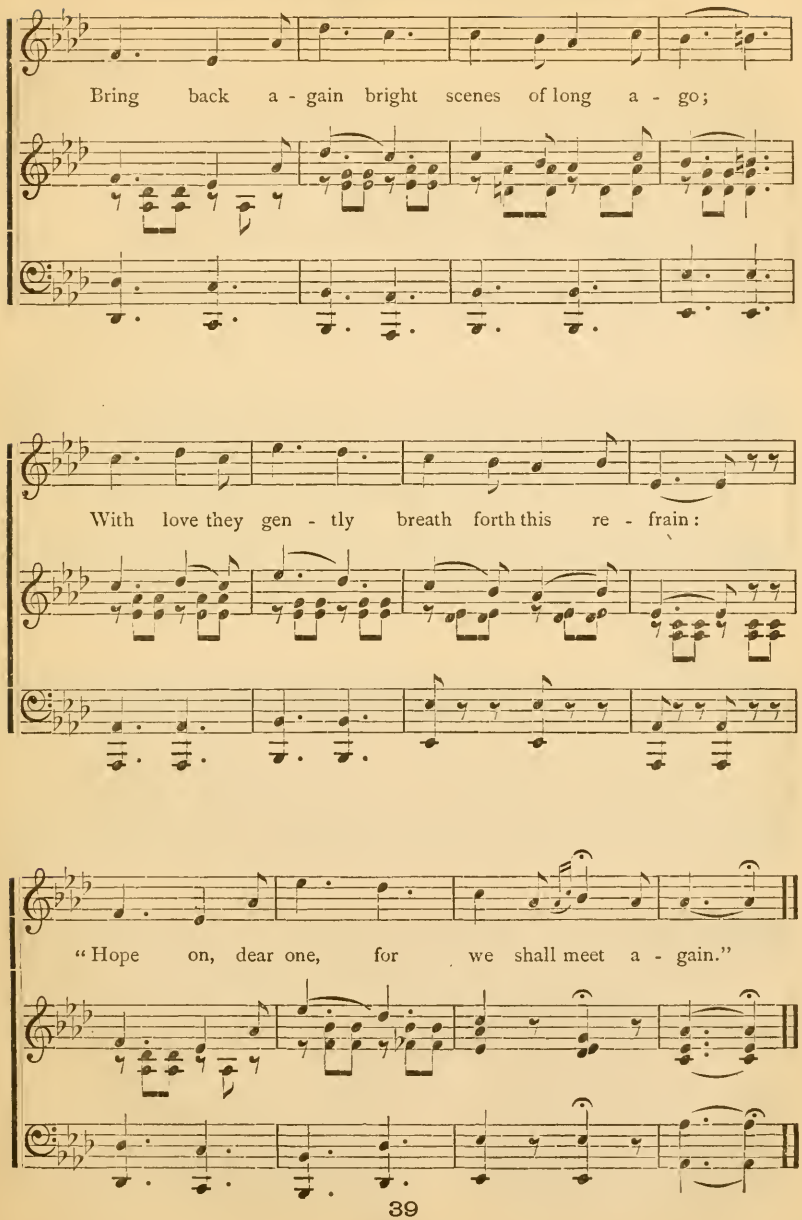
Dream Faces Celestial.

"Which hope we have as an anchor."—Heb. 6: 19.

B. M. L. W. M. Hutchinson.

1. Life's path - way, from the cra - dle to the tomb, Hath ma - ny
2. Be - yond earth - life thy tri - als all are known, Lov'd ones, un -
3. Thus down the stream of time these lat-er years, Dear long - lost
thorns while ros - es sel - dom bloom; Youth dreams of gold - en
- seen, will leave thee not a - lone, With them at last thou
loves re - turn to dry our tears; Be - fore us robed in
cas - tles in the air, The vis - ion fades, and leaves a world of care.
shall be tru - ly blest Where care comes not, and wea - ry souls find rest.
liv - ing white they stand, And sing sweet son - nets of the Summer Land.
Chorus.
p Allegro.
Sweet an - gels fa - ces, pass - ing to and fro, . . .
p

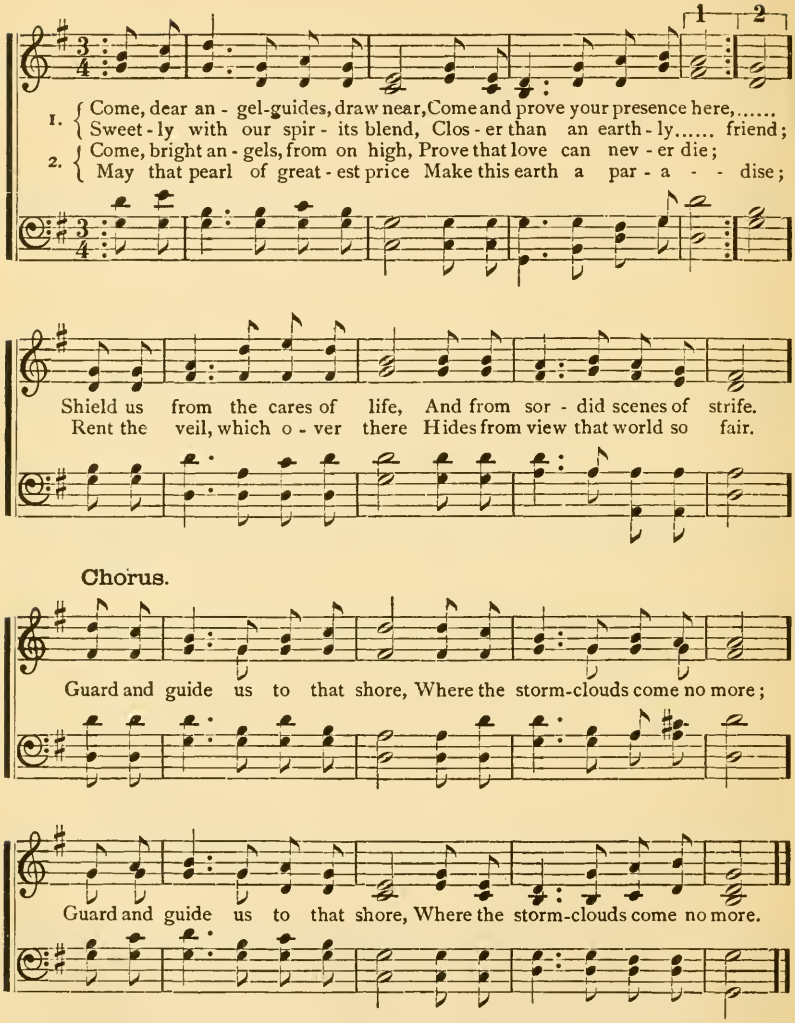
Dream Faces Celestial. Concluded.


Bring back a - gain bright scenes of long a - go;
With love they gen - tly breath forth this re - frain:
"Hope on, dear one, for we shall meet a - gain."

Come, Dear Angel Guides.

"Are they not all ministering spirits."—HEB. 1: 14.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.


1 2
1. Come, dear an - gel-guides, draw near, Come and prove your presence here,.....
Sweet - ly with our spir - its blend, Clos - er than an earth - ly..... friend;
2. Come, bright an - gels, from on high, Prove that love can nev - er die;
May that pearl of great - est price Make this earth a par - a - - dise;
Shield us from the cares of life, And from sor - did scenes of strife.
Rent the veil, which o - ver there Hides from view that world so fair.
Chorus.
Guard and guide us to that shore, Where the storm-clouds come no more;
Guard and guide us to that shore, Where the storm-clouds come no more.

3 Come and lead us in the light,
Make our pathway smooth and bright,
When dark trials meet us here;
May the star of hope shine clear,
Leading us to that fair clime,
Free from all the cares of time.

4 When we breathe our latest breath,
Come and quell all fears of death,
Then beyond the silent tomb,
Where the fadless flowers bloom,
May we on that peaceful shore
Meet our friends and part no more.

Life's Golden Moments.

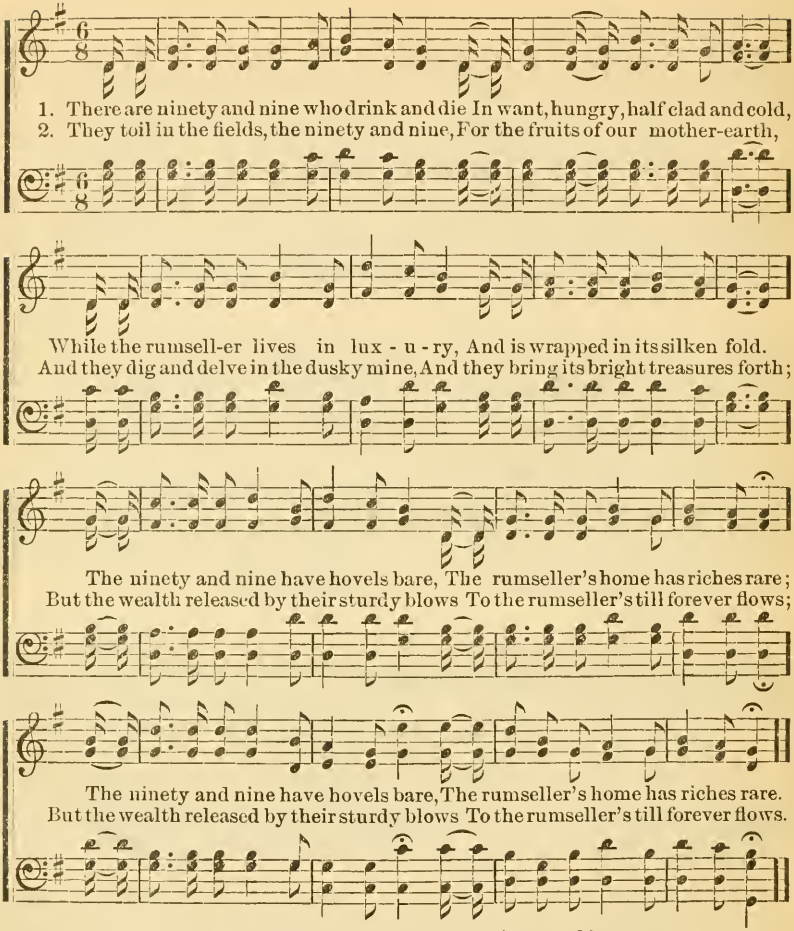
B. M. L. GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.

Allegro non troppo.

1. Life is fleet-ing sweet-ly on-ward, Gold-en mo-ments speed a-way,
2. Leave the phantoms, they are on-ly Emp-ty bubbles, wealth and fame;
3. Then press on-ward, time is pass-ing, Use each mo-ment as it flies,
Cho.—Life is fleet-ing ev-er on-ward, End-less pro-gress is its goal,
FINE.
Weeks and months seem on-ly shad-ows, And long years a pass-ing day.
Should'st thou work for hu-man wel-fare, Souls in bliss will bless Thy name.
Deeds of love are all re-cord-ed, Though un-seen by mor-tal eyes.
On-ly when we use it wise-ly Shall we gain a growth of soul.
Time is like a flow-ing riv-er, Things are not just as they seem,
Those who raise one fall-en brother, There will gain a great re-nown,
In the soul-world we shall see them, Where all se-cret thoughts are known,
D.C. al FINE.
Truth a-lone can stem the cur-rent While we float a-down life's stream.
And no priest or king in glo-ry Will re-ceive a bright-er crown.
Jus-tice there is ev-en handed, And all reap what they have sown.

Temperance Ninety and Nine.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence, M. D.


1. There are ninety and nine who drink and die In want, hungry, half clad and cold,
2. They toil in the fields, the ninety and nine, For the fruits of our mother-earth,
While the rumsell-er lives in lux - u - ry, And is wrapped in its silken fold.
And they dig and delve in the dusky mine, And they bring its bright treasures forth;
The ninety and nine have hovels bare, The rumseller's home has riches rare;
But the wealth released by their sturdy blows To the rumseller's still forever flows;
The ninety and nine have hovels bare, The rumseller's home has riches rare.
But the wealth released by their sturdy blows To the rumseller's still forever flows.

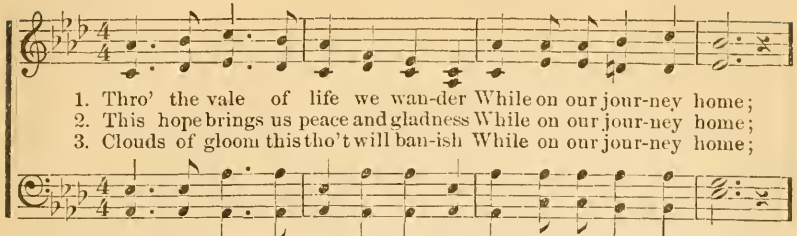
3 From the sweat of their brows the deserts bloom,
And the forest before them falls;
Their labor has builded humble homes,
And the palace with stately halls.
But the rumseller owns both homes and lands,
While the ninety and nine have empty hands.

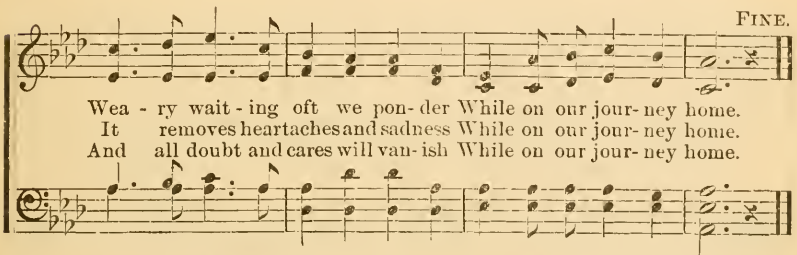
4 But the night so dreary, so dark, so long,
At last shall the bright morning bring,
And over the land the temp'rance song
Of the ninety and nine shall ring,
And echo afar, from shore to shore:
Rejoice! the rum fiend shall reign no more!

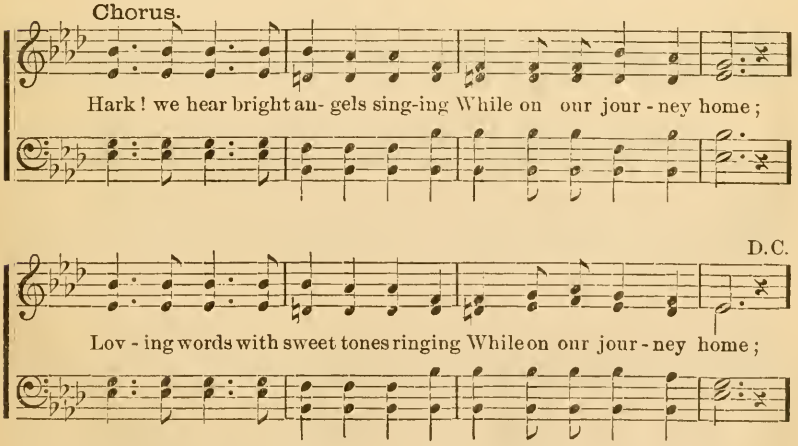
While on our Journey Home.

Man goeth to his long home.—Eccl 12: 5.

B. M. L. GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.


1. Thro' the vale of life we wan-der While on our jour-ney home;
2. This hope brings us peace and gladness While on our jour-ney home;
3. Clouds of gloom this tho't will ban-ish While on our jour-ney home;
D.C.—That by do - ing well our du - ty, While on our jour-ney home,


FINE.
Wea - ry wait - ing oft we pon- der While on our jour- ney home.
It removes heartaches and sadness While on our jour- ney home.
And all doubt and cares will van- ish While on our jour- ney home.
We shall gain a world of beau-ty When we ar - rive at home.

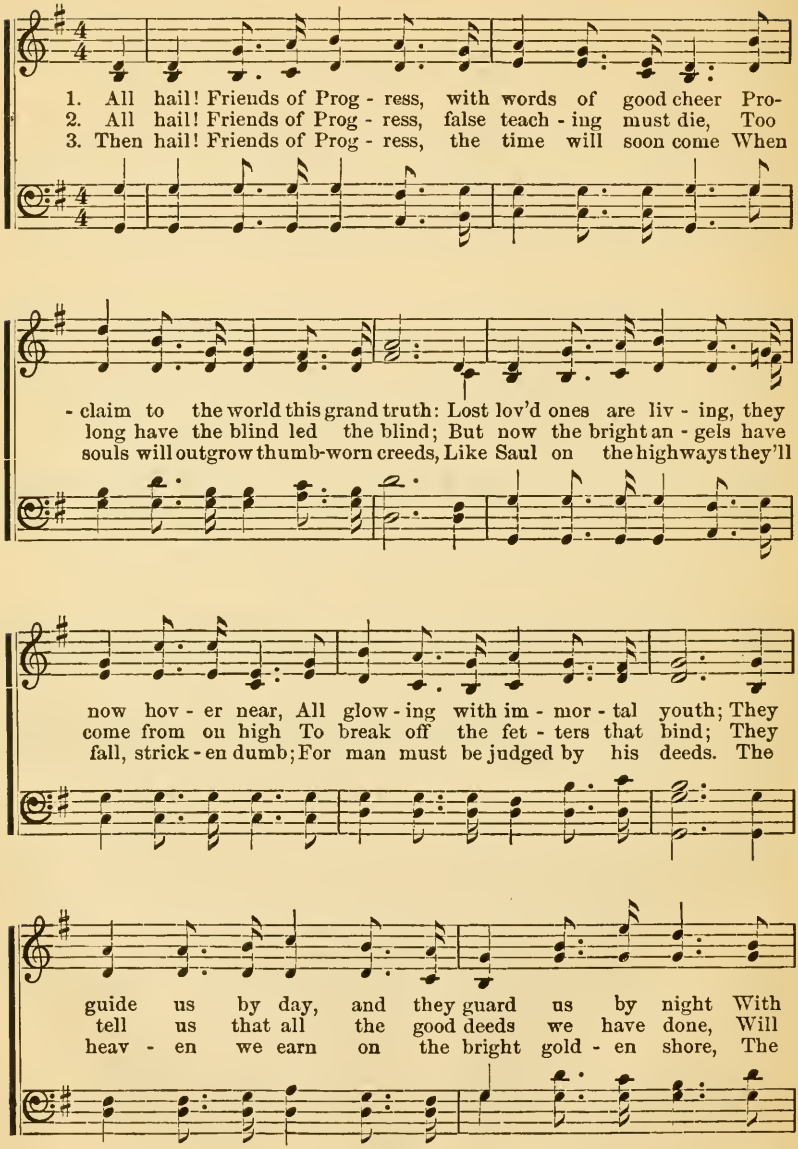

Chorus.
Hark! we hear bright an- gels sing-ing While on our jour - ney home;
D.C.
Lov - ing words with sweet tones ringing While on our jour - ney home;

4 Angels know our way is dreary
While on our journey home;
And they know our feet grow weary
While on our journey home.

5 But beyond the storm to-morrow
We shall arrive at home,
Then farewell to grief and sorrow
When we arrive at home.

Wisdom Better than Gold.

B. M. LAWRENCE. GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.


1. All hail! Friends of Prog - ress, with words of good cheer Pro-
2. All hail! Friends of Prog - ress, false teach - ing must die, Too
3. Then hail! Friends of Prog - ress, the time will soon come When
- claim to the world this grand truth: Lost lov'd ones are liv - ing, they
long have the blind led the blind; But now the bright an - gels have
souls will outgrow thumb-worn creeds, Like Saul on the highways they'll
now hov - er near, All glow - ing with im - mor - tal youth; They
come from on high To break off the fet - ters that bind; They
fall, strick - en dumb; For man must be judged by his deeds. The
guide us by day, and they guard us by night With
tell us that all the good deeds we have done, Will
heav - en we earn on the bright gold - en shore, The

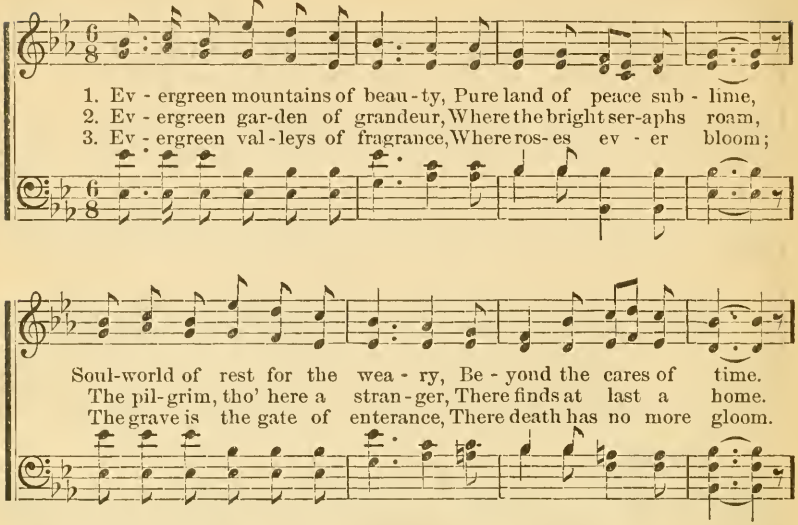
Wisdom Better than Gold. Concluded.

more than a fond mother's care, Re - joic - ing to know that we
live when the stars cease to shine, That for our transgres - sions we
man - sions that love will pre - pare, And friends we shall meet where they
walk in the light, And thus for sweet heav - en pre - pare.
each must a - tone, This on - ly will make us di - vine.
part nev - er - more, Will wel - come us then o - ver there.
Chorus.
Walk in the light, yes, walk in the light, Train up the
child - ren and care for the old, Teach them the truth, yes,
lead them a - right, And show them that wis - dom is bet - ter than gold.

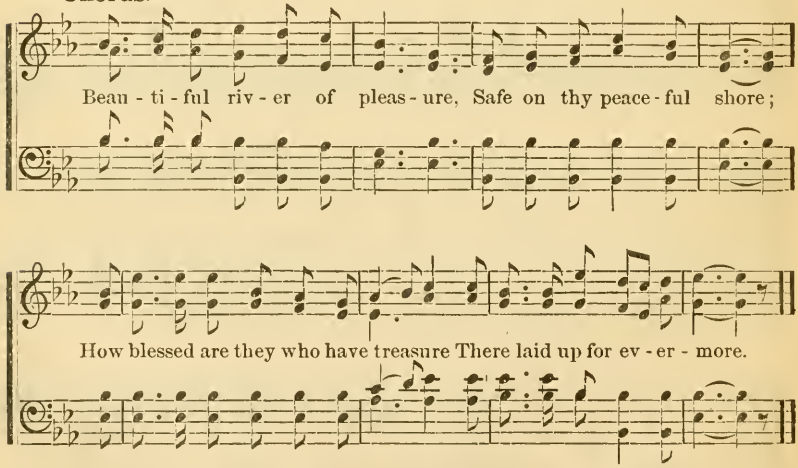
The Evergreen Mountains.

"The days of the upright and their inheritance shall be forever."—Ps. 37: 18.

B. M. LAWRENCE. GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.


1. Ev - ergreen mountains of beau - ty, Pure land of peace sub - lime,
2. Ev - ergreen gar-den of grandeur, Where the bright ser-aphs roam,
3. Ev - ergreen val - leys of fragrance, Where ros - es ev - er bloom;
Soul-world of rest for the wea - ry, Be - yond the cares of time.
The pil-grim, tho' here a stran - ger, There finds at last a home.
The grave is the gate of enterance, There death has no more gloom.

Chorus.

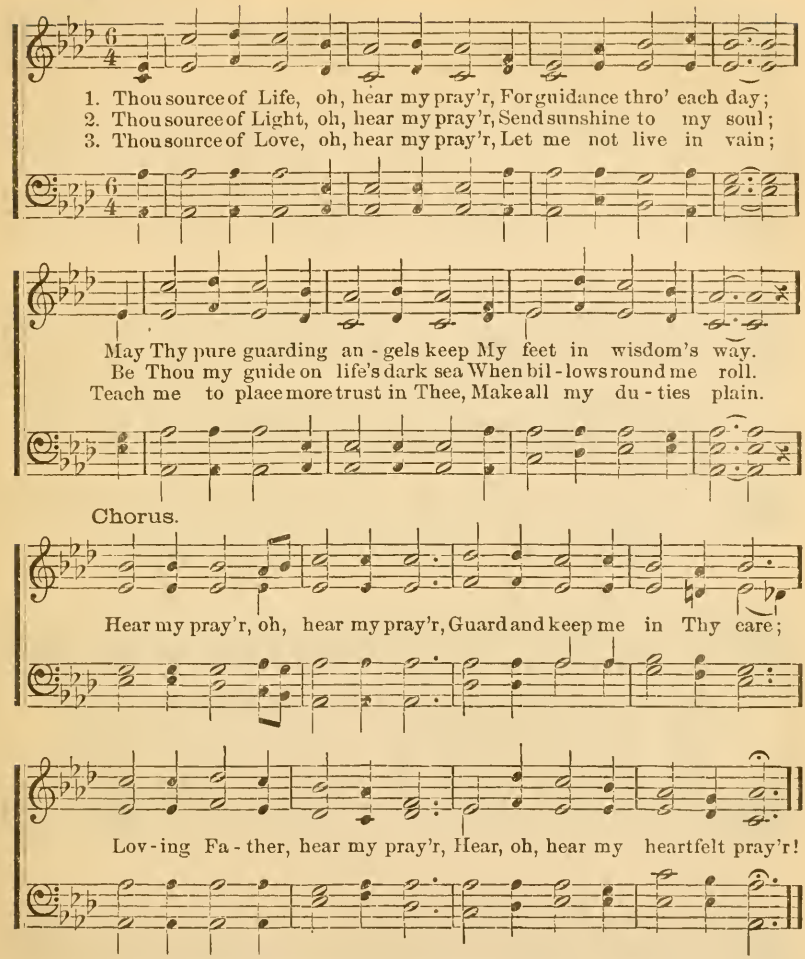

Beau - ti - ful riv - er of pleas - ure, Safe on thy peace - ful shore;
How blessed are they who have treasure There laid up for ev - er - more.

4 Evergreen bowers of gladness,
When life on earth is past,
With scenes unsullied by sadness
We all shall meet at last.

5 There the loved and lost are waiting,
Enrobed in purest white,
With harps attuned they are chanting
Sweet songs of love and light.

The Pilgrim's Daily Prayer.

B. M. LAWRENCE. GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.

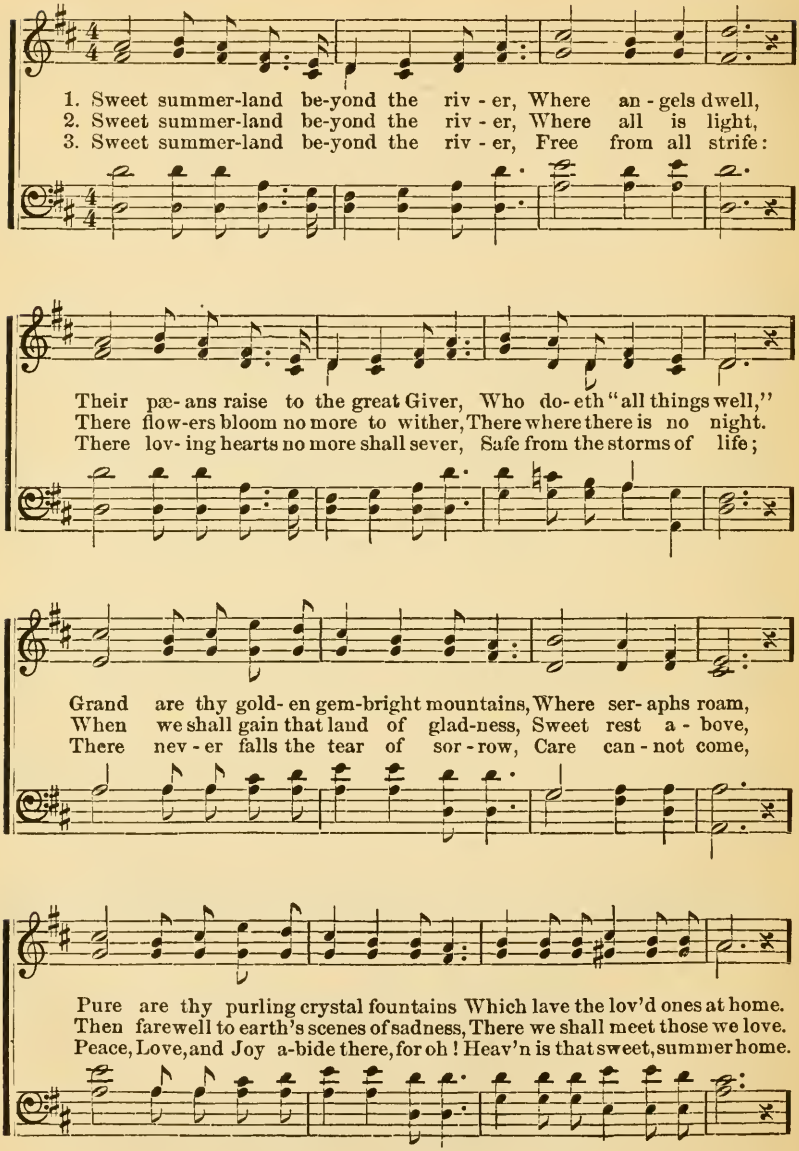

1. Thou source of Life, oh, hear my pray'r, For guidance thro' each day;
2. Thou source of Light, oh, hear my pray'r, Send sunshine to my soul;
3. Thou source of Love, oh, hear my pray'r, Let me not live in vain;
May Thy pure guarding an - gels keep My feet in wisdom's way.
Be Thou my guide on life's dark sea When bil - lows round me roll.
Teach me to place more trust in Thee, Make all my du - ties plain.
Chorus.
Hear my pray'r, oh, hear my pray'r, Guard and keep me in Thy care;
Lov - ing Fa - ther, hear my pray'r, Hear, oh, hear my heartfelt pray'r!

4 Thou source of Truth, oh, hear my prayer,
That all mankind may know
Our loved ones can return to earth,
And bring sweet heaven below.—CHO.

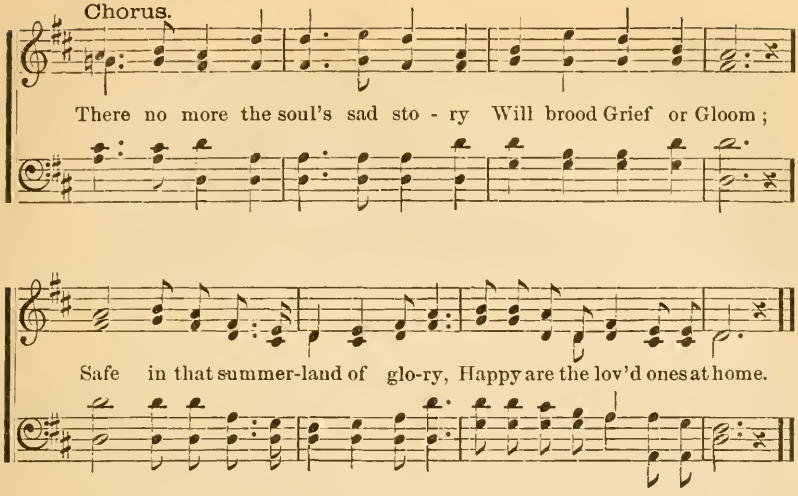
5 Thou source of Wisdom, hear my prayer,
That, while on earth I roam,
Bright angels may my course control,
And guide me safely home.—CHO.

Sweet Summer-Land.

B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D. GEO. BEAVERSON.

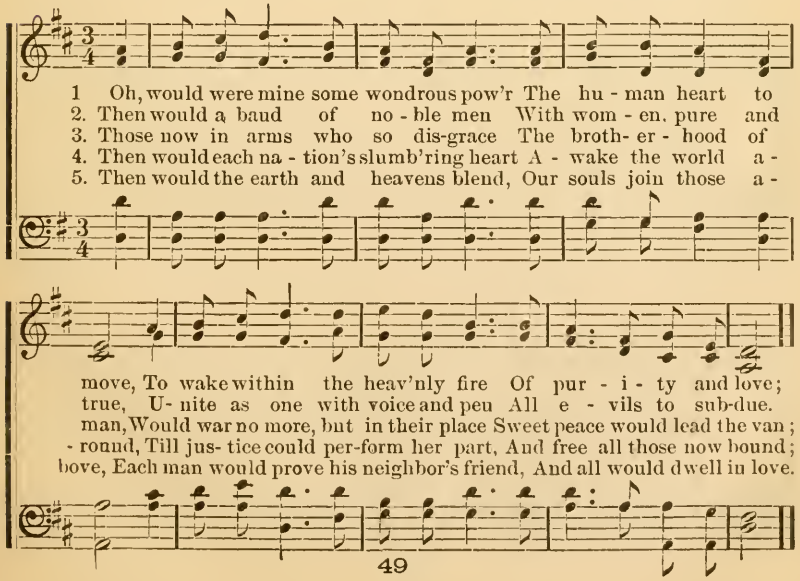

1. Sweet summer-land be-yond the riv - er, Where an - gels dwell,
2. Sweet summer-land be-yond the riv - er, Where all is light,
3. Sweet summer-land be-yond the riv - er, Free from all strife:
Their pæ- ans raise to the great Giver, Who do- eth "all things well,"
There flow-ers bloom no more to wither, There where there is no night.
There lov- ing hearts no more shall sever, Safe from the storms of life;
Grand are thy gold- en gem-bright mountains, Where ser- aphs roam,
When we shall gain that land of glad-ness, Sweet rest a - bove,
There nev - er falls the tear of sor - row, Care can - not come,
Pure are thy purling crystal fountains Which lave the lov'd ones at home.
Then farewell to earth's scenes of sadness, There we shall meet those we love.
Peace, Love, and Joy a-bide there, for oh! Heav'n is that sweet, summer home.

Sweet Summer-Land.—Concluded.


Chorus.
There no more the soul's sad sto - ry Will brood Grief or Gloom;
Safe in that summer-land of glo-ry, Happy are the lov'd ones at home.

Aspiration of Purity and Love.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.


1 Oh, would were mine some wondrous pow'r The hu - man heart to
2. Then would a band of no - ble men With wom - en, pure and
3. Those now in arms who so dis-grace The broth- er - hood of
4. Then would each na - tion's slumb'ring heart A - wake the world a -
5. Then would the earth and heavens blend, Our souls join those a -
move, To wake within the heav'nly fire Of pur - i - ty and love;
true, U- nite as one with voice and pen All e - vils to sub-due.
man, Would war no more, but in their place Sweet peace would lead the van;
- round, Till jus- tice could per-form her part, And free all those now bound;
bove, Each man would prove his neighbor's friend, And all would dwell in love.

Drink no More, my Brother.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence, M. D.

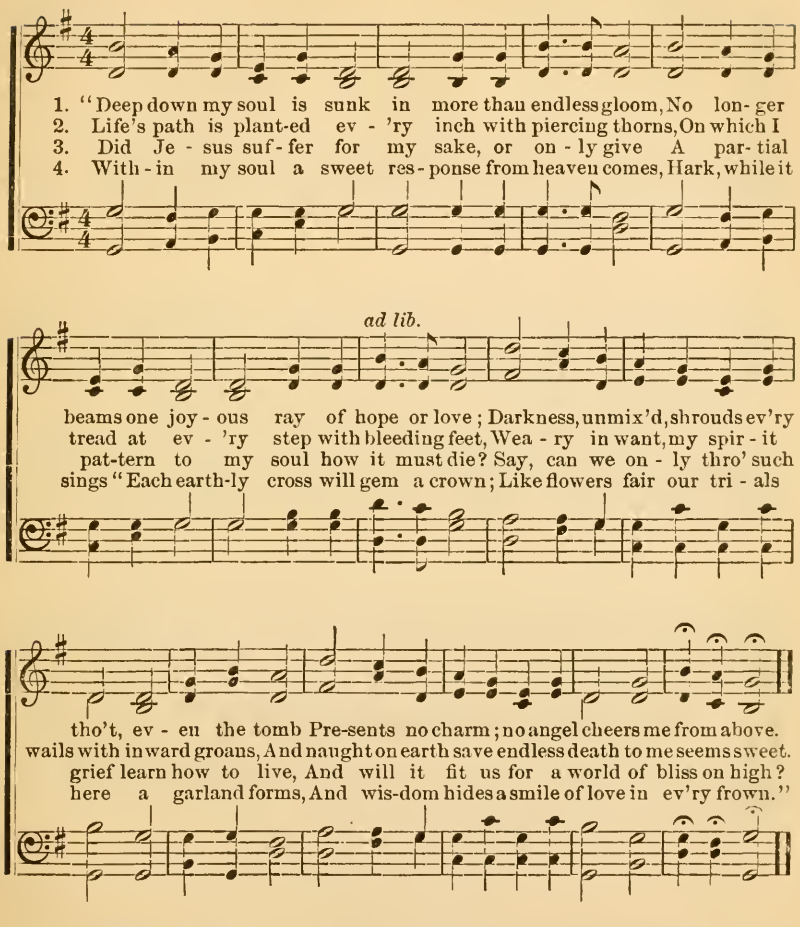
Doloroso.

1. Drink no more, my brother, brother, Look not on the tempting wine,
2. Drink no more, my brother, brother, Think of one more dear than life,
3. Drink no more, my brother, brother, They have woe who drain the bowl,
Drink no more, then will thy mother Bless thee from her home divine;
Drink no more, thy children's mother Weeps for thee; ah, bless thy wife!
And that book, dear to thy mother, Tells how strong drink stains the soul;
Yes, thy own, dear saint-ed mother Pray'd for thee with her last breath,
Bless that faith- ful, dear wife, brother, Who, when young when fair and free,
They have woe who drink wine, brother, They have sor- row, they have pain,
Pray'd that thou, my own dear brother, Might not die a drunkard's death.
For-sook home with father, mother, Kindred, friends and all for thee.
Then, for friends, home, wife and mother, Pledge to nev- er drink a - gain.

The Cross Wins the Crown.

"Ye must be born again."—JOHN 3: 7.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.

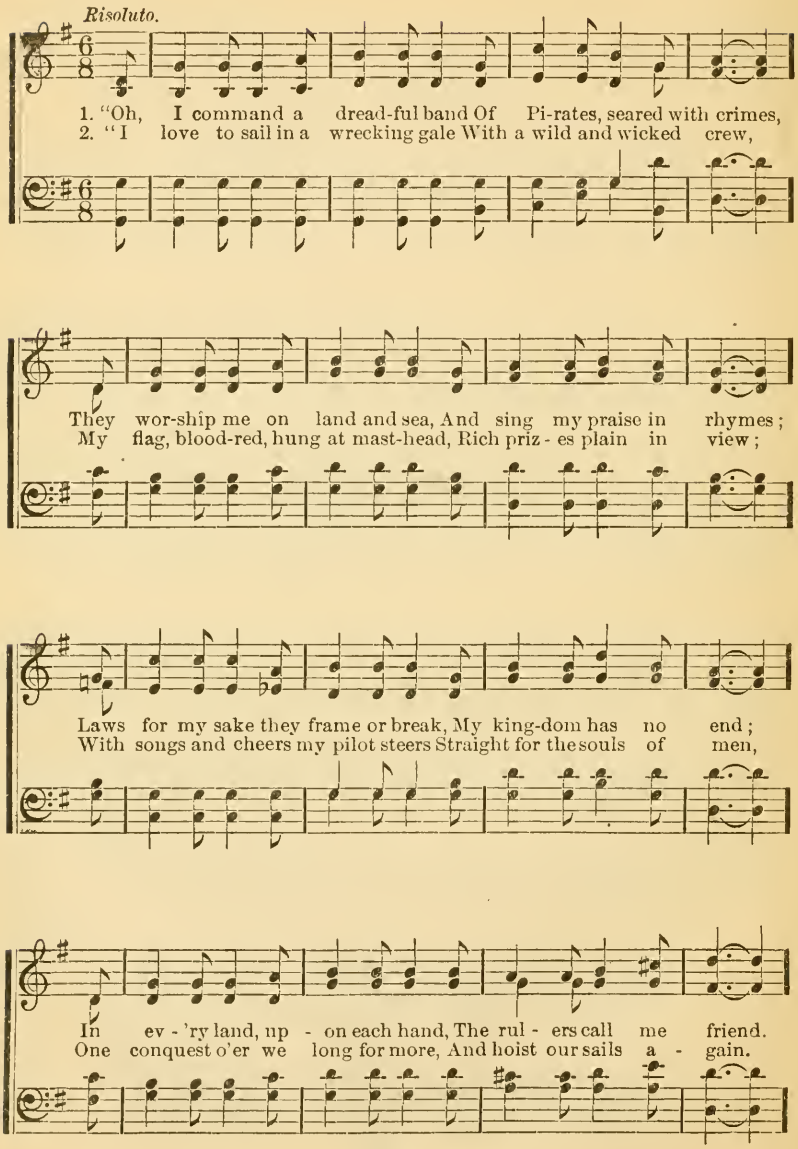

1. "Deep down my soul is sunk in more than endless gloom, No lon- ger
2. Life's path is plant-ed ev - 'ry inch with piercing thorns, On which I
3. Did Je - sus suf - fer for my sake, or on - ly give A par- tial
4. With - in my soul a sweet res - ponse from heaven comes, Hark, while it
ad lib.
beams one joy - ous ray of hope or love; Darkness, unmix'd, shrouds ev'ry
tread at ev - 'ry step with bleeding feet, Wea - ry in want, my spir - it
pat-tern to my soul how it must die? Say, can we on - ly thro' such
sings "Each earth-ly cross will gem a crown; Like flowers fair our tri - als
tho't, ev - en the tomb Pre-sents no charm; no angel cheers me from above.
wails with in ward groans, And naught on earth save endless death to me seems sweet.
grief learn how to live, And will it fit us for a world of bliss on high?
here a garland forms, And wis-dom hides a smile of love in ev'ry frown."

5 Then while without the rain drops fall, while nature weeps,
Within my soul the storm has broke, the bow appears,
And joy like laughing rills through all my being leaps,
Tears are but dew—a holy calm quells all my fears.

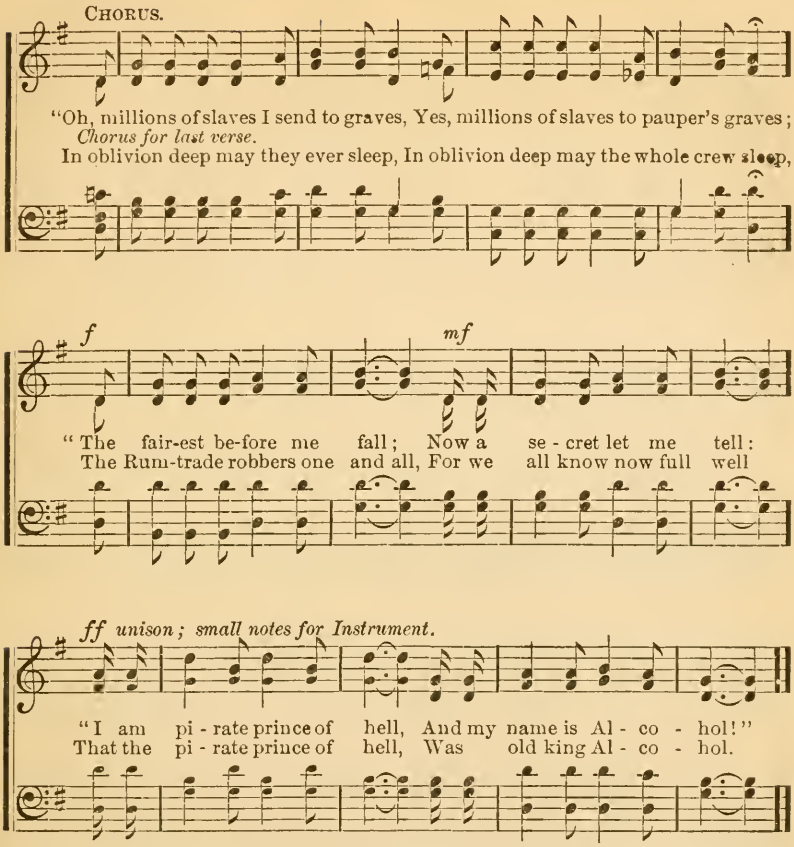
6 Trust, doubting soul, the unseen power that rules o'er all,
Is not thy life of greater worth than lilies bloom?
Behold His loving hand who check the sparrows' fall,
And from this moment banish all thy faithless gloom.

Alcohol; or, the Pirate Prince.

B. M. L. Dr. B. M. LAWRENCE.


Risoluto.
1. "Oh, I command a dread-ful band Of Pi-rates, seared with crimes,
2. "I love to sail in a wrecking gale With a wild and wicked crew,
They wor-ship me on land and sea, And sing my praise in rhymes;
My flag, blood-red, hung at mast-head, Rich priz - es plain in view;
Laws for my sake they frame or break, My king-dom has no end;
With songs and cheers my pilot steers Straight for the souls of men,
In ev - 'ry land, up - on each hand, The rul - ers call me friend.
One conquest o'er we long for more, And hoist our sails a - gain.

Alcohol; or, the Pirate Prince.—Concluded.

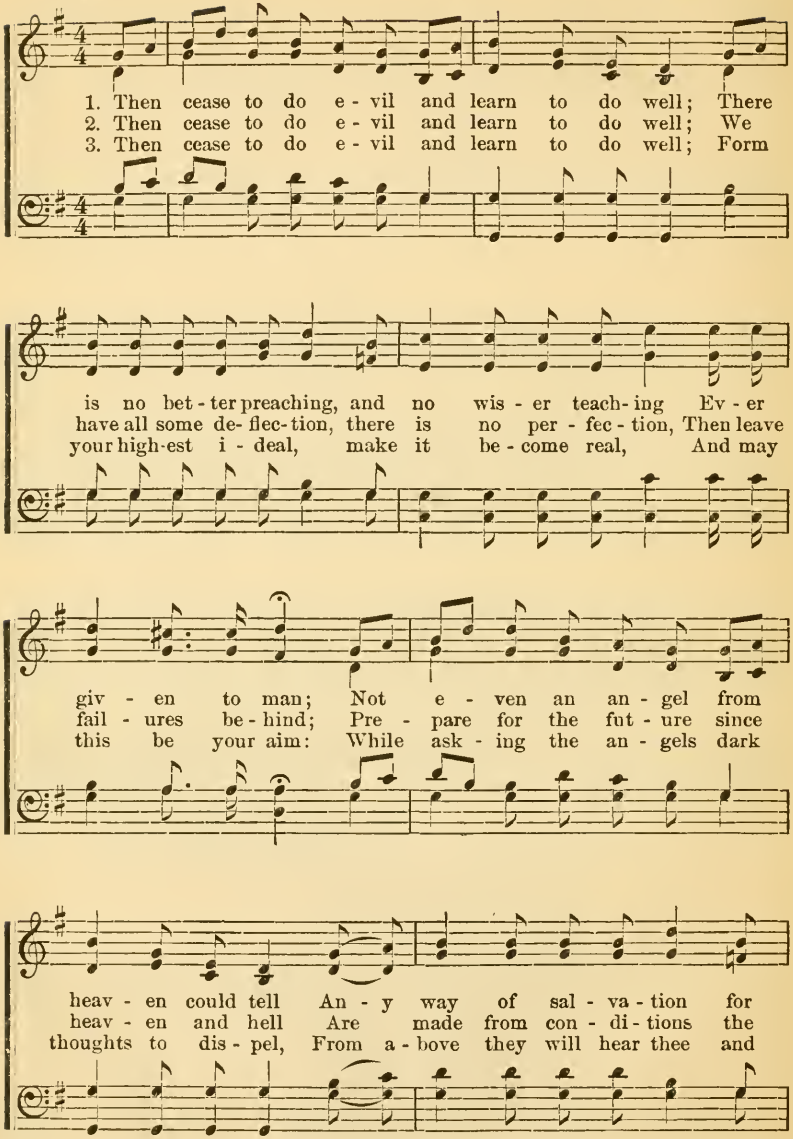

CHORUS.
"Oh, millions of slaves I send to graves, Yes, millions of slaves to pauper's graves;
Chorus for last verse.
In oblivion deep may they ever sleep, In oblivion deep may the whole crew sleep,
f
mf
" The fair-est be-fore me fall; Now a se - cret let me tell:
The Rum-trade robbers one and all, For we all know now full well
ff unison; small notes for Instrument.
"I am pi - rate prince of hell, And my name is Al - co - hol!"
That the pi - rate prince of hell, Was old king Al - co - hol.

3 " Sons, brave and true, fair daughters, too,
For me with hatred burn,
They sing and pray that soon I may
Set sail and ne'er return;
But until they vote as they pray,
At all their schemes I smile,
Their sons I'll kill, their land I'll fill
With crime, war, want, and guile."

4 A ship of might has hove in sight,
A model craft from Maine,
Her deadly shot comes fast and hot,
Nor is one fired in vain;
The pirate horde with all on board
Fight fiend-like for their crown,
Till a ballet-ball strikes Alcohol,
Then, crew, and ship go down.

Learn to do Well.

B. M. L. GEO. BEAVERSON.

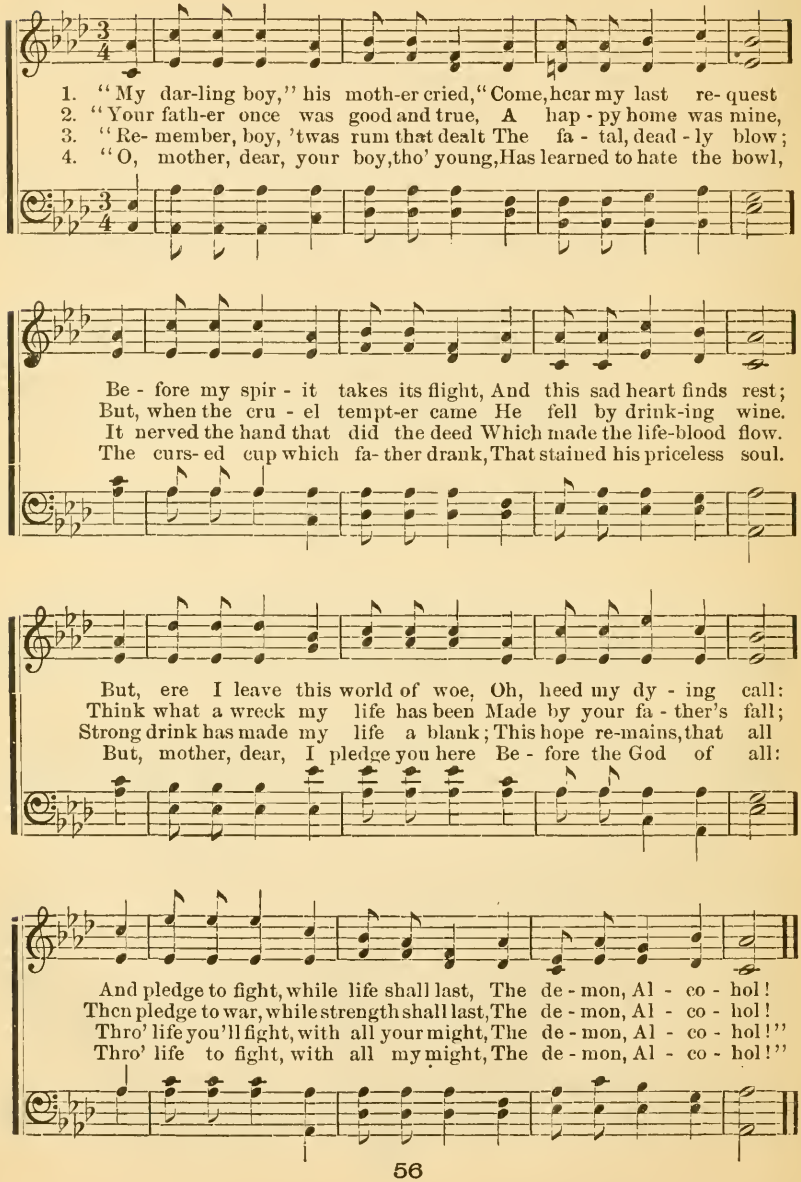

1. Then cease to do e - vil and learn to do well; There
2. Then cease to do e - vil and learn to do well; We
3. Then cease to do e - vil and learn to do well; Form
is no bet - ter preaching, and no wis - er teach - ing Ev - er
have all some de- flec - tion, there is no per - fec - tion, Then leave
your high-est i - deal, make it be - come real, And may
giv - en to man; Not e - ven an an - gel from
fail - ures be - hind; Pre - pare for the fut - ure since
this be your aim: While ask - ing the an - gels dark
heav - en could tell An - y way of sal - va - tion for
heav - en and hell Are made from con - di - tions the
thoughts to dis - pel, From a - bove they will hear thee and

Learn to do Well.—Concluded.

one's self or na - tion That can e - qual this plan.
se - quence of ac - tions, Both of bod - y and mind.
keep ev - er near thee, Help - ing thee to win fame.
Chorus.
Oh, then learn,..... oh, learn to do well,.....
Oh, then learn, oh, learn to do well, to do well,
Do the best,..... the best that you can,
Do the best, the best that you can, do the best;
Not e - ven an an - gel from heav - en could tell A - ny
way of sal-vation for one's self or na-tion That can e - quel this plan.

The Dying Mother's Request.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.


1. "My dar-ling boy," his moth-er cried, "Come, hear my last re- quest
2. "Your fath-er once was good and true, A hap - py home was mine,
3. "Re- member, boy, 'twas rum that dealt The fa - tal, dead - ly blow;
4. "O, mother, dear, your boy, tho' young, Has learned to hate the bowl,
Be - fore my spir - it takes its flight, And this sad heart finds rest;
But, when the cru - el tempt-er came He fell by drink-ing wine.
It nerved the hand that did the deed Which made the life-blood flow.
The curs- ed cup which fa- ther drank, That stained his priceless soul.
But, ere I leave this world of woe, Oh, heed my dy - ing call:
Think what a wreck my life has been Made by your fa - ther's fall;
Strong drink has made my life a blank; This hope re-mains, that all
But, mother, dear, I pledge you here Be - fore the God of all:
And pledge to fight, while life shall last, The de - mon, Al - co - hol!
Then pledge to war, while strength shall last, The de - mon, Al - co - hol!
Thro' life you'll fight, with all your might, The de - mon, Al - co - hol!"
Thro' life to fight, with all my might, The de - mon, Al - co - hol!"

A Nation Born Again.

TUNE,—See opposite page.

1 He gazed upon the gathered throng,
The scaffold standing near,
Then with a prophet's voice he spoke,
For all the world to hear:
"In Freedom's name 'tis sweet to die;
Mark this, my countrymen:
Erin by martyrs must become
A nation born again.

2 "Let no man write my epitaph,
Until my country stands
Among the nations of the earth
The freest of free lands.
When Irishmen shall all unite,
Despot's may rage in vain;
Erin at once will then become
A nation born again."

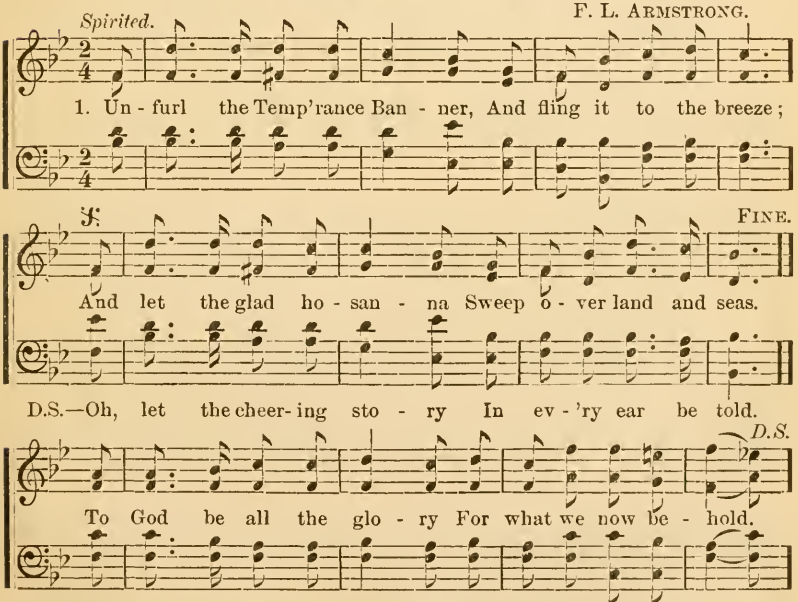
3 Around young Emmet's grave each year
A mighty host appears;
Garlands above the sod they weave,
And shed for him their tears.
A costly stone shall mark the place
Where long his dust has lain,
Soon as his native land becomes
A nation born again.

4 A truer man ne'er trod the earth,
No human heart more brave;
His fame shall last while Freedom dwells
With those he died to save.
Emmet still lives—Truth never dies,
Gallows are built in vain;
And with his monument shall rise
A nation born again.

B. M. L.

The Temperance Banner.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.


Spirited.
1. Un - furl the Temp'rance Ban - ner, And fling it to the breeze;
And let the glad ho - san - na Sweep o - ver land and seas.
FINE.
D.S.—Oh, let the cheer- ing sto - ry In ev - 'ry ear be told.
D.S.
To God be all the glo - ry For what we now be - hold.

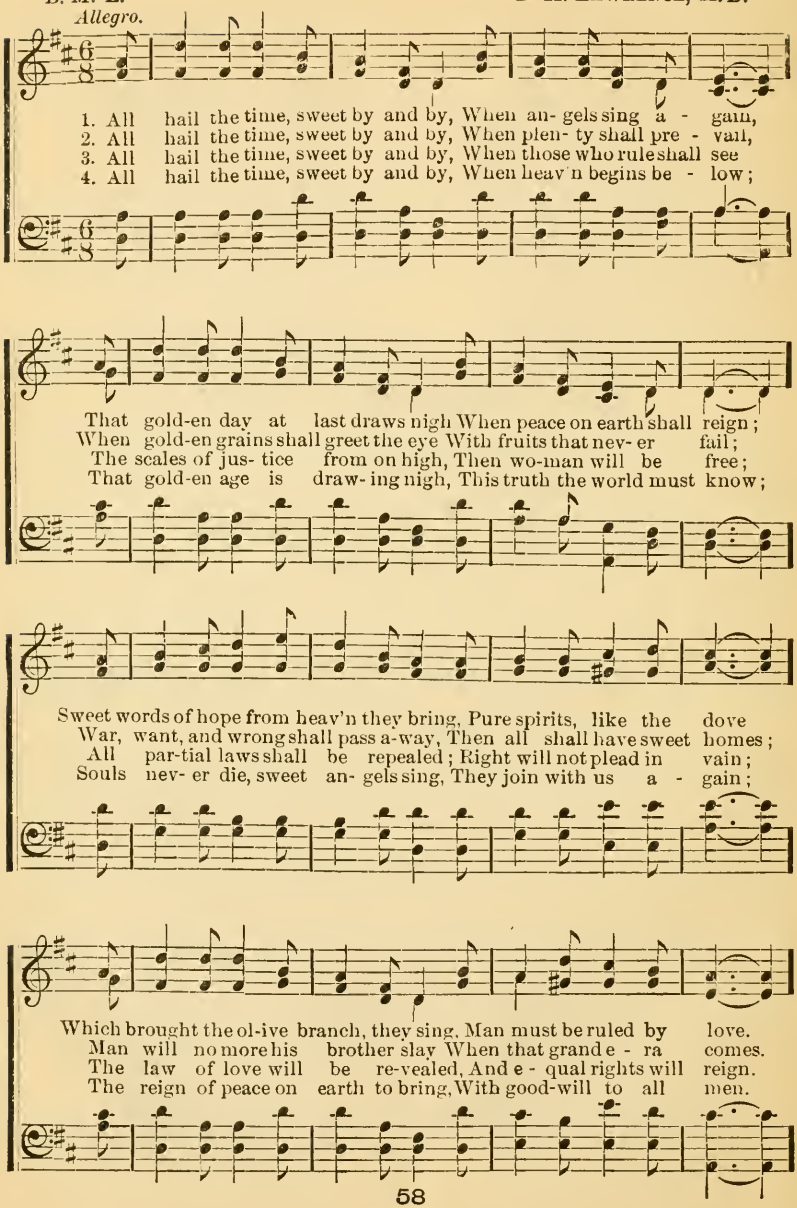
2 Come, join the noble army,
Enlist now for the fight;
Maintain our nation's honor,
Firm stand ye for the right.
Promote the cause of Temperance,
To aid poor fallen man;
Put on the glorious armor,
Be foremost in the van.

3 Then rally round the standard,
And let the work go on
Until the last dim vestige
Of intemperance is gone.
Be earnest in the battle,
Your weapons boldly wield;
You'll surely gain the victory,
And make the monster yield.

All Hail the Time.

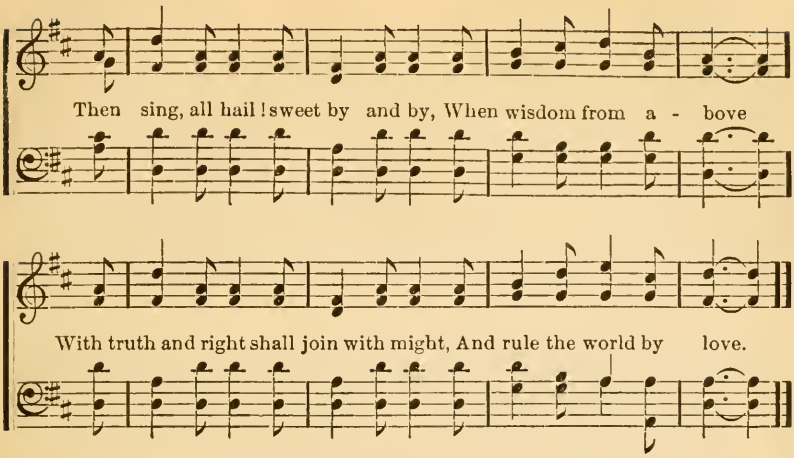
B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.

Allegro.


1. All hail the time, sweet by and by, When an- gels sing a - gain,
2. All hail the time, sweet by and by, When plen- ty shall pre - vail,
3. All hail the time, sweet by and by, When those who rule shall see
4. All hail the time, sweet by and by, When heav'n begins be - low;
That gold-en day at last draws nigh When peace on earth shall reign;
When gold-en grains shall greet the eye With fruits that nev- er fail;
The scales of jus- tice from on high, Then wo-man will be free;
That gold-en age is draw- ing nigh, This truth the world must know;
Sweet words of hope from heav'n they bring, Pure spirits, like the dove
War, want, and wrong shall pass a-way, Then all shall have sweet homes;
All par-tial laws shall be repealed; Right will not plead in vain;
Souls nev- er die, sweet an- gels sing, They join with us a - gain;
Which brought the ol-ive branch, they sing, Man must be ruled by love.
Man will no more his brother slay When that grand e - ra comes.
The law of love will be re-vealed, And e - qual rights will reign.
The reign of peace on earth to bring, With good-will to all men.

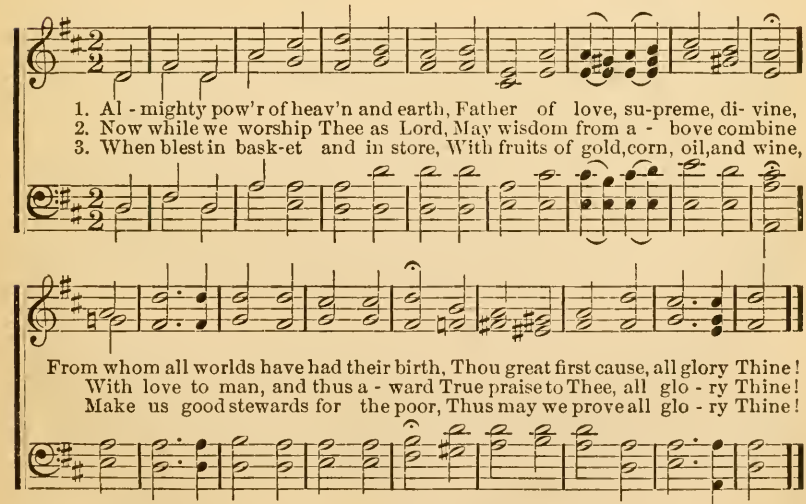
All Hail the Time.—Concluded.

CHORUS.


Then sing, all hail! sweet by and by, When wisdom from a - bove
With truth and right shall join with might, And rule the world by love.

The Glory Thine.

B. M. L. Miss M. W. M.


1. Al - mighty pow'r of heav'n and earth, Father of love, su-preme, di- vine,
2. Now while we worship Thee as Lord, May wisdom from a - bove combine
3. When blest in bask-et and in store, With fruits of gold, corn, oil, and wine,
From whom all worlds have had their birth, Thou great first cause, all glory Thine!
With love to man, and thus a - ward True praise to Thee, all glo - ry Thine!
Make us good stewards for the poor, Thus may we prove all glo - ry Thine!

4 When disappointments cloud our way,
Grant that our souls may not repine,
But may we see in life's dark day
Beyond the clouds, all glory Thine!

5 Let angels, from the unseen shore,
Now fill our hearts with love divine;
And may we feel forever more
Thy will be done, all glory Thine.

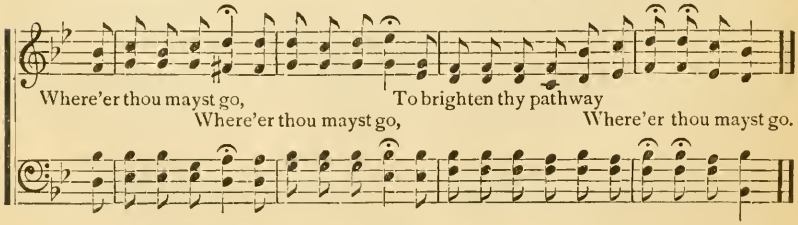
Words of Good Cheer.

Mrs. A. L. Cameron. B. M. Lawrence.
Arr. by B. M. L.

Spiritoso.

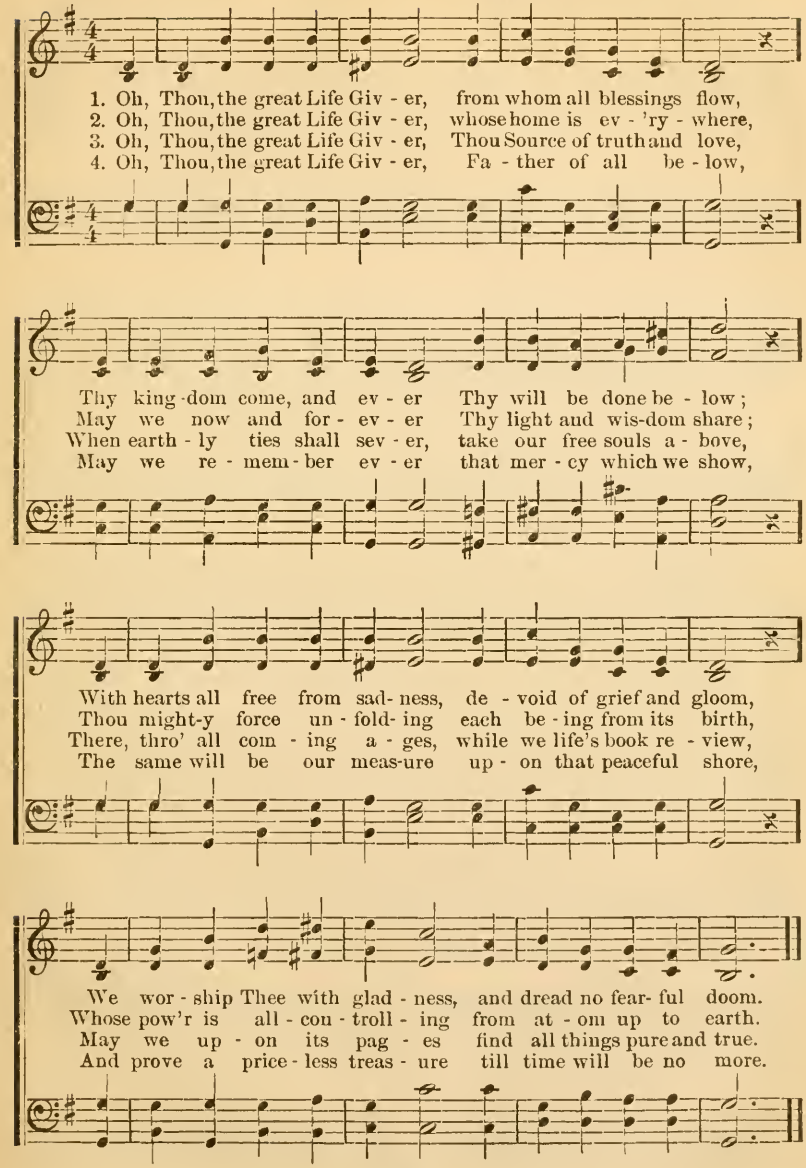
1. Should tempests and clouds gath-er dark - ly a-round thee, While trav'ling the
2. Then try and be cheer-ful, 'twill light-en thy sor-row, Thy toils, and thy
3. Though e - vil hath ev - er thy path-way at - tend-ed, Yet good may grow
4. With joy and re- joic - ing thy friends there will greet thee In a haven of
jour - ney of life here be - low, Re - mem - ber, that spir - it - friends
tri - als, though dark be the day; And know that for thee there's a
out of it some fut - ure day; If nev - er be - fore, when this
rest when life's jour - ney is o'er, With songs of re - joic - ing thy
al - ways surround thee To bright-en thy path-way where'er thou mayst go.
bright-er to - mor- row To drive all thy troub-les and gloom far a - way.
earth-life is end - ed, Thy spir - it will purge all of e - vil a - way.
loved ones will meet thee, There peace, love, and pleasure will reign ev - er more.

Chorus. *Repeat the last line of each verse for Chorus.*



Thou Great Life Giver.

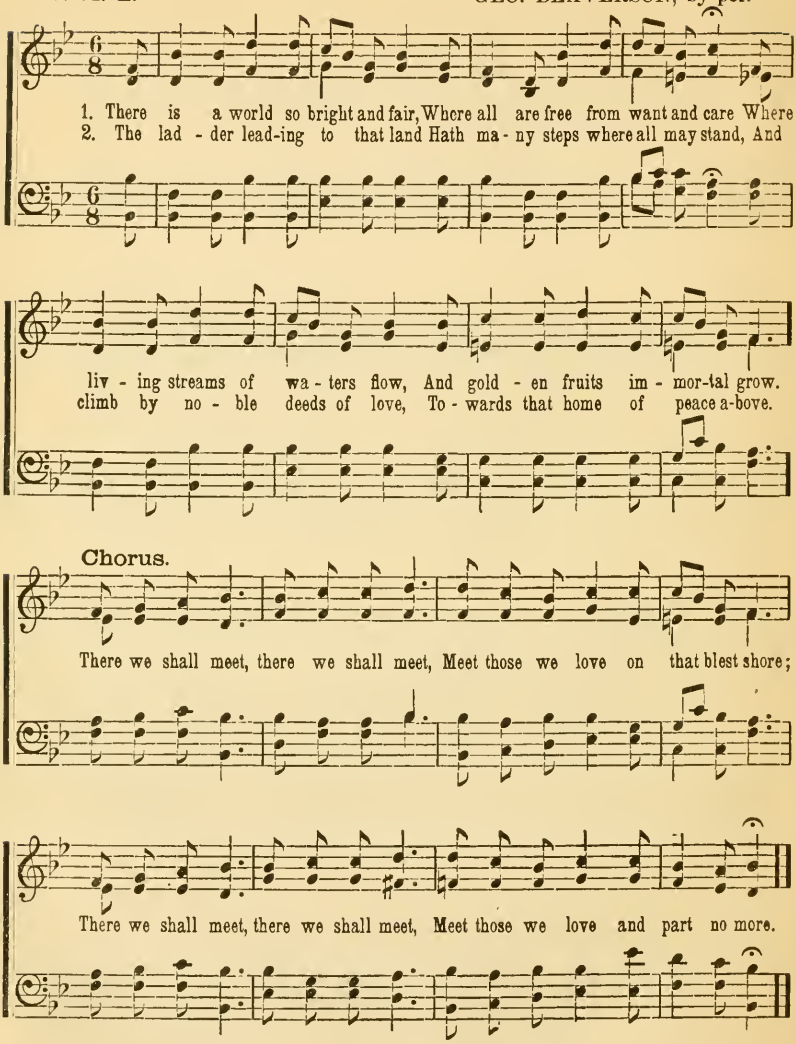
B. M. L. Miss GRACE C. ANDREWS.


1. Oh, Thou, the great Life Giv - er, from whom all blessings flow,
2. Oh, Thou, the great Life Giv - er, whose home is ev - 'ry - where,
3. Oh, Thou, the great Life Giv - er, Thou Source of truth and love,
4. Oh, Thou, the great Life Giv - er, Fa - ther of all be - low,
Thy king - dom come, and ev - er Thy will be done be - low;
May we now and for - ev - er Thy light and wis-dom share;
When earth - ly ties shall sev - er, take our free souls a - bove,
May we re - mem - ber ev - er that mer - cy which we show,
With hearts all free from sad - ness, de - void of grief and gloom,
Thou might-y force un - fold - ing each be - ing from its birth,
There, thro' all com - ing a - ges, while we life's book re - view,
The same will be our meas-ure up - on that peaceful shore,
We wor - ship Thee with glad - ness, and dread no fear - ful doom.
Whose pow'r is all - con - troll - ing from at - om up to earth.
May we up - on its pag - es find all things pure and true.
And prove a price - less treas - ure till time will be no more.

There We Shall Meet.

"On either side of the river was the tree of life."—Rev. 22: 2.

B. M. L. GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.


1. There is a world so bright and fair, Where all are free from want and care Where
2. The lad - der lead-ing to that land Hath ma - ny steps where all may stand, And
liv - ing streams of wa - ters flow, And gold - en fruits im - mor-tal grow.
climb by no - ble deeds of love, To - wards that home of peace a-bove.
Chorus.
There we shall meet, there we shall meet, Meet those we love on that blest shore;
There we shall meet, there we shall meet, Meet those we love and part no more.

3.

Here men are seeking wealth and fame,
But greater worth has a good name,
And wiser far all they who trust
Their riches where they cannot rust.

4.

Here men we trust, bad traits reveal,
The moths corrupt, and thieves may steal,
But when we reach that peaceful shore
The cares of earth will come no more.

The Ship of Life.

"Which hope we have as an anchor."—Heb: 6: 19.

B. M. L. GEO. BEAVERSON, by per.

1. Our ship glides o'er the wa - ter, With col - ors flow- ing
2. With pro - gress for our com - pass, Which ev - er points a -
free, Bound for a fair - er quar - ter, We're sail-ing on life's sea.
- bove, And pray'r that heav'n may guide us, We'll gain the port of love.
Chorus.
Oh, hear sweet voi - ces sing - ing, Songs from the oth-er shore ; Peace
an - gels now are bring - ing Good will on earth once more.

3 With wisdom for our captain,
Love-mates our loyal crew,
Faith is our trusty watchman,
And hope our beacon true.—CHO.

4 Souls gone before still hover
Round us on wings of love,
While we are sailing over
They lift our thoughts above.—CHO.

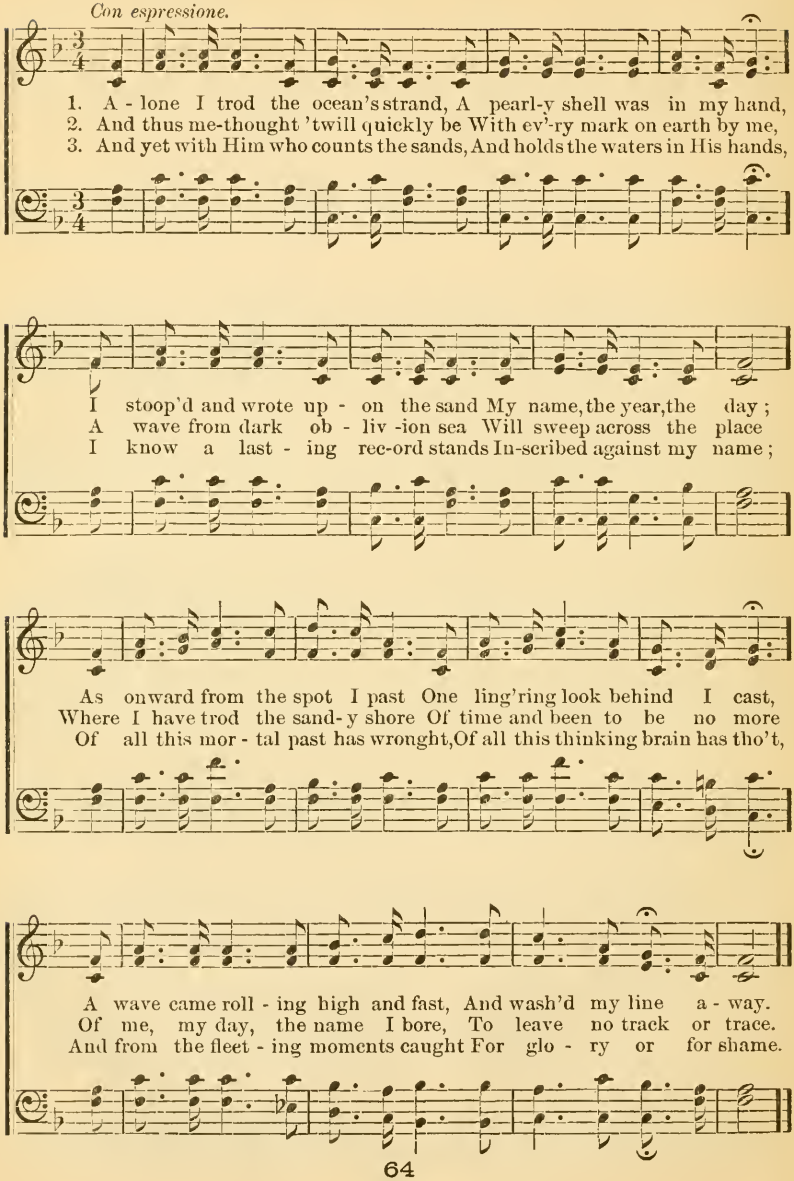
5 When passion storms have bound us,
Peace comes to quell the blest;
When breakers bleak surround us,
Hope will her anchor cast.—CHO.

6 With angel friends beside us,
All sordid aims will cease,
Our pilot, prayer, will guide us
Safe in the port of peace.—CHO.

A Name in the Sand.

GEO. D. PRENTICE. B. M. LAWRENCE.

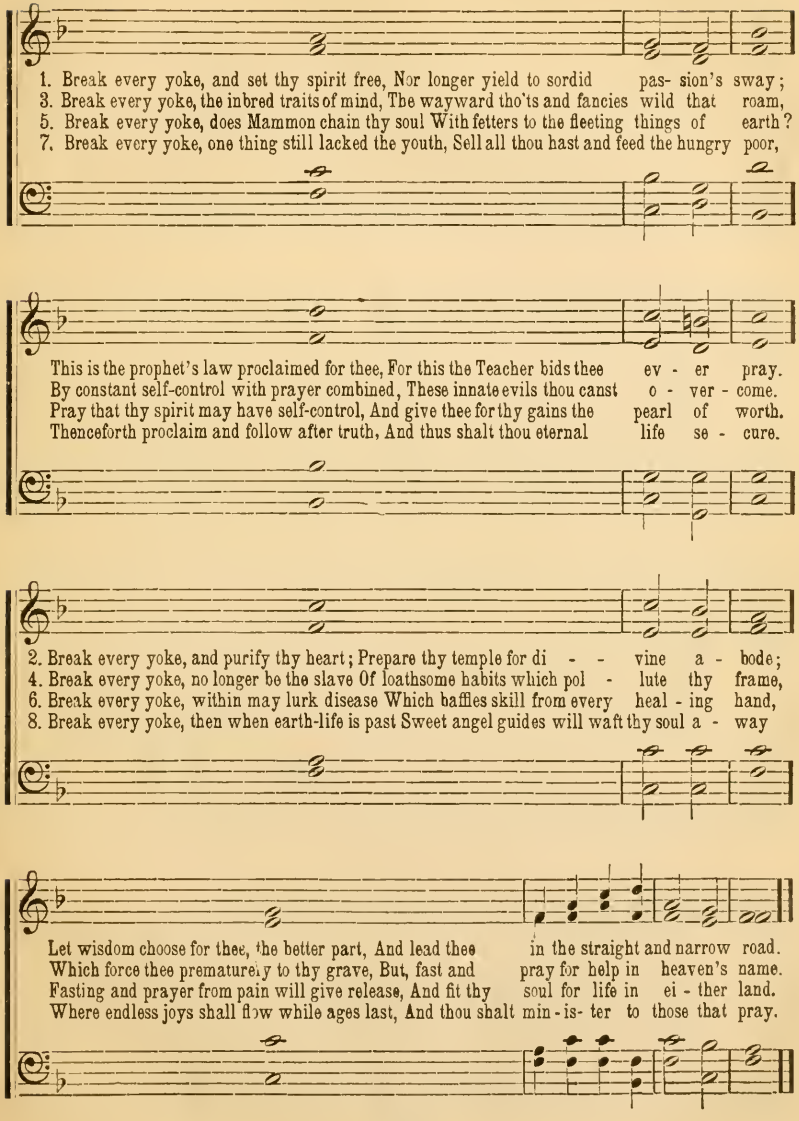
Con espressione.


1. A - lone I trod the ocean's strand, A pearl-y shell was in my hand,
2. And thus me-thought 'twill quickly be With ev'-ry mark on earth by me,
3. And yet with Him who counts the sands, And holds the waters in His hands,
I stoop'd and wrote up - on the sand My name, the year, the day;
A wave from dark ob - liv -ion sea Will sweep across the place
I know a last - ing rec-ord stands In-scribed against my name;
As onward from the spot I past One ling'ring look behind I cast,
Where I have trod the sand-y shore Of time and been to be no more
Of all this mor - tal past has wrought, Of all this thinking brain has tho't,
A wave came roll - ing high and fast, And wash'd my line a - way.
Of me, my day, the name I bore, To leave no track or trace.
And from the fleet - ing moments caught For glo - ry or for shame.

Break Every Yoke.

"Then shall thy light break forth as the morning."—Isa. 58: 8.

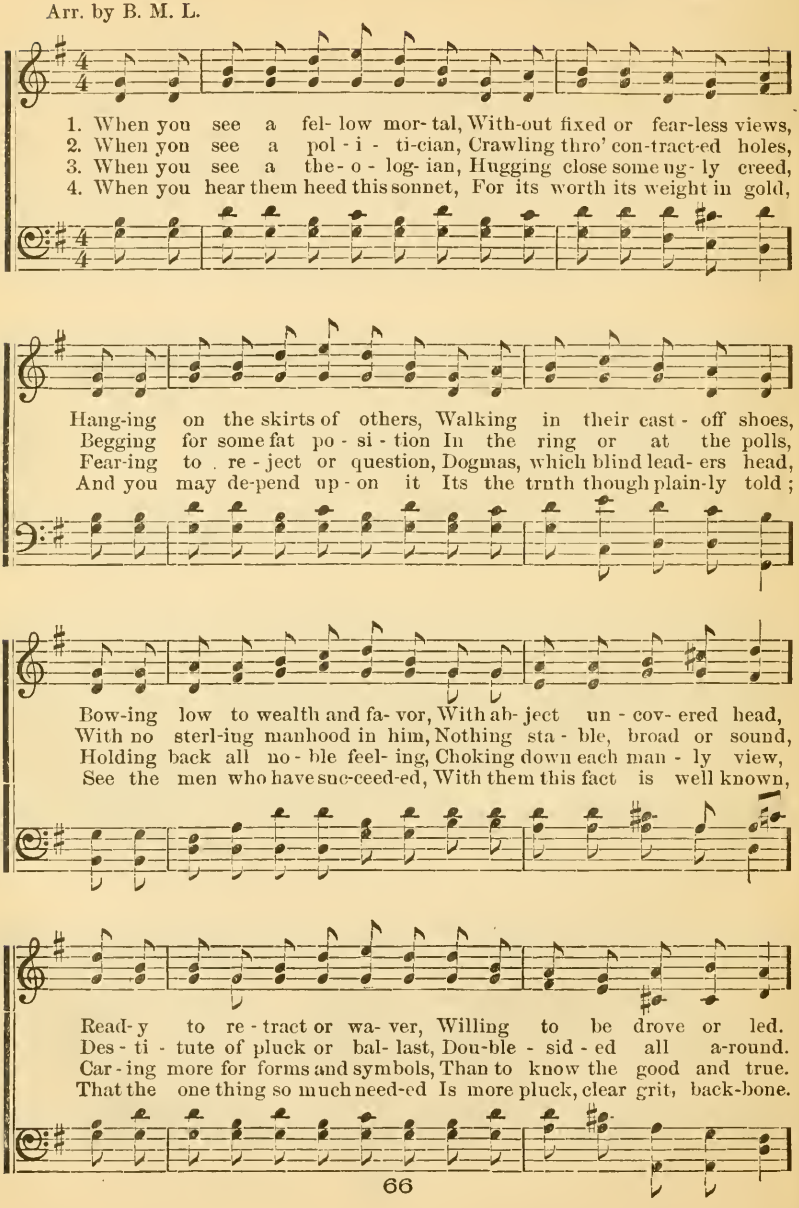
B. M. L. "Spiritual Harp." By per.


1. Break every yoke, and set thy spirit free, Nor longer yield to sordid pas- sion's sway;
3. Break every yoke, the inbred traits of mind, The wayward tho'ts and fancies wild that roam,
5. Break every yoke, does Mammon chain thy soul With fetters to the fleeting things of earth?
7. Break every yoke, one thing still lacked the youth, Sell all thou hast and feed the hungry poor,
This is the prophet's law proclaimed for thee, For this the Teacher bids thee ev - er pray.
By constant self-control with prayer combined, These innate evils thou canst o - ver - come.
Pray that thy spirit may have self-control, And give thee for thy gains the pearl of worth.
Thenceforth proclaim and follow after truth, And thus shalt thou eternal life se - cure.
2. Break every yoke, and purify thy heart; Prepare thy temple for di - - vine a - bode;
4. Break every yoke, no longer be the slave Of loathsome habits which pol - lute thy frame,
6. Break every yoke, within may lurk disease Which baffles skill from every heal - ing hand,
8. Break every yoke, then when earth-life is past Sweet angel guides will waft thy soul a - way
Let wisdom choose for thee, the better part, And lead thee in the straight and narrow road.
Which force thee prematurely to thy grave, But, fast and pray for help in heaven's name.
Fasting and prayer from pain will give release, And fit thy soul for life in ei - ther land.
Where endless joys shall flow while ages last, And thou shalt min - is- ter to those that pray.

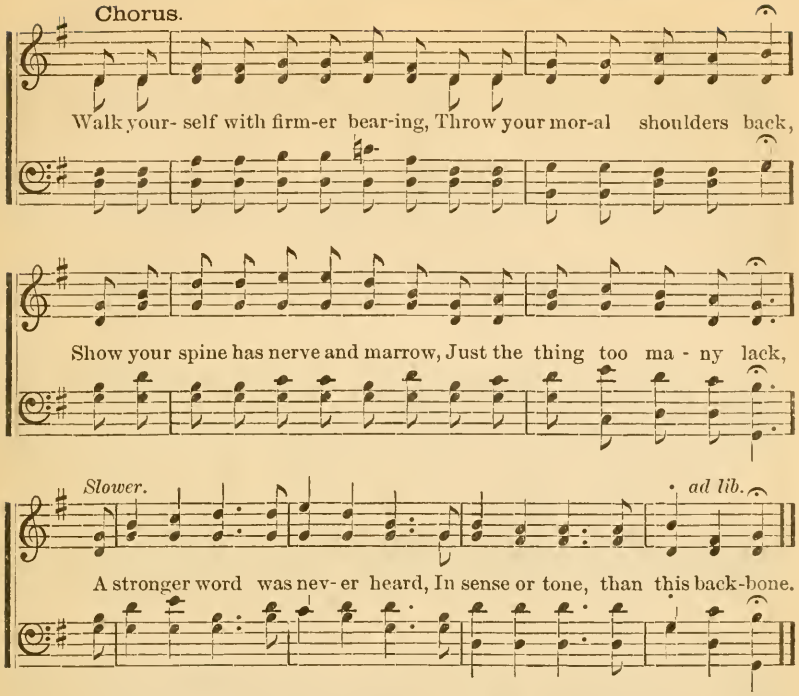
"Back-Bone;" or, Truth Plainly Told.

Dr. B. M. Lawrence.

Arr. by B. M. L.


1. When you see a fel- low mor- tal, With-out fixed or fear-less views,
2. When you see a pol - i - ti-cian, Crawling thro' con-tract-ed holes,
3. When you see a the- o - log- ian, Hugging close some ug- ly creed,
4. When you hear them heed this sonnet, For its worth its weight in gold,
Hang-ing on the skirts of others, Walking in their cast - off shoes,
Begging for some fat po - si - tion In the ring or at the polls,
Fear-ing to re - ject or question, Dogmas, which blind lead- ers head,
And you may de-pend up - on it Its the truth though plain-ly told;
Bow-ing low to wealth and fa- vor, With ab- ject un - cov- ered head,
With no sterl-ing manhood in him, Nothing sta - ble, broad or sound,
Holding back all no - ble feel- ing, Choking down each man - ly view,
See the men who have suc-ceed-ed, With them this fact is well known,
Read- y to re - tract or wa- ver, Willing to be drove or led.
Des - ti - tute of pluck or bal- last, Dou-ble - sid - ed all a-round.
Car - ing more for forms and symbols, Than to know the good and true.
That the one thing so much need-ed Is more pluck, clear grit, back-bone.

"Back-Bone." Etc.—Concluded.


Chorus.
Walk your- self with firm-er bear-ing, Throw your mor-al shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow, Just the thing too ma - ny lack,
Slower.
ad lib.
A stronger word was nev- er heard, In sense or tone, than this back-bone.

Drink Wine no More!

"Abstain from all appearance of evil."—1 THES. 5: 22.

G. H. No. 83. B. M. L.

1 Wine is a mocker, brother, all through the land,
Thousands are falling by the drink-maker's hand;
Dark is the drunkard's future, woes are in store,
Sign the pledge, then be a man, and drink wine no more.

CHORUS.—Drink wine no more, brother, drink wine no more,
Heed not the tempter's voice, but pass by his door;
Dram shops have ruined, brother, many thousand score;
Shun the road that leads to death, and drink wine no more.

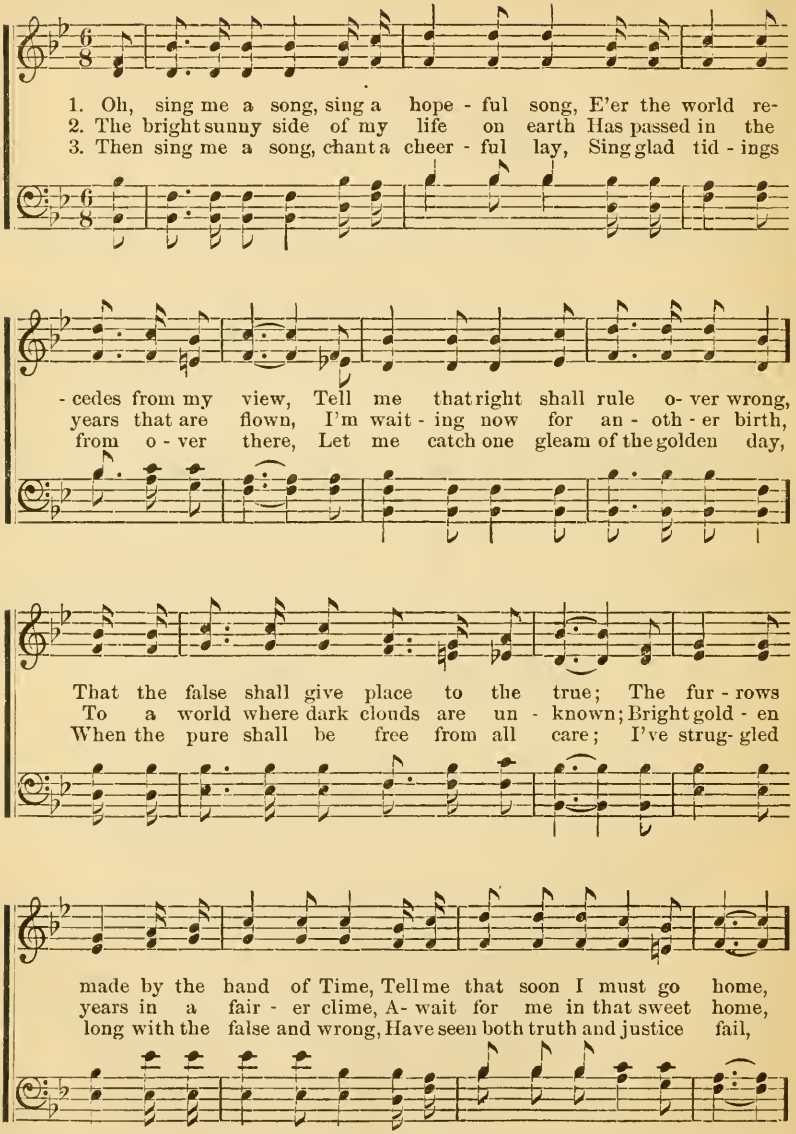
2 Trust in the temperance banner, it will not fail;
Rum shall not always rule; the right must prevail;
Heed not the morbid thirst, each appetite control,
Ever let this be thy watchword: "Drink blights the soul!"—CHO.

3 Work for the morning, brother, that time will come
When nations shall forever stop making rum,
Then we shall sing, as we never sang before:
"Glory, glory hallelujah! Rum rules no more!"—CHO.

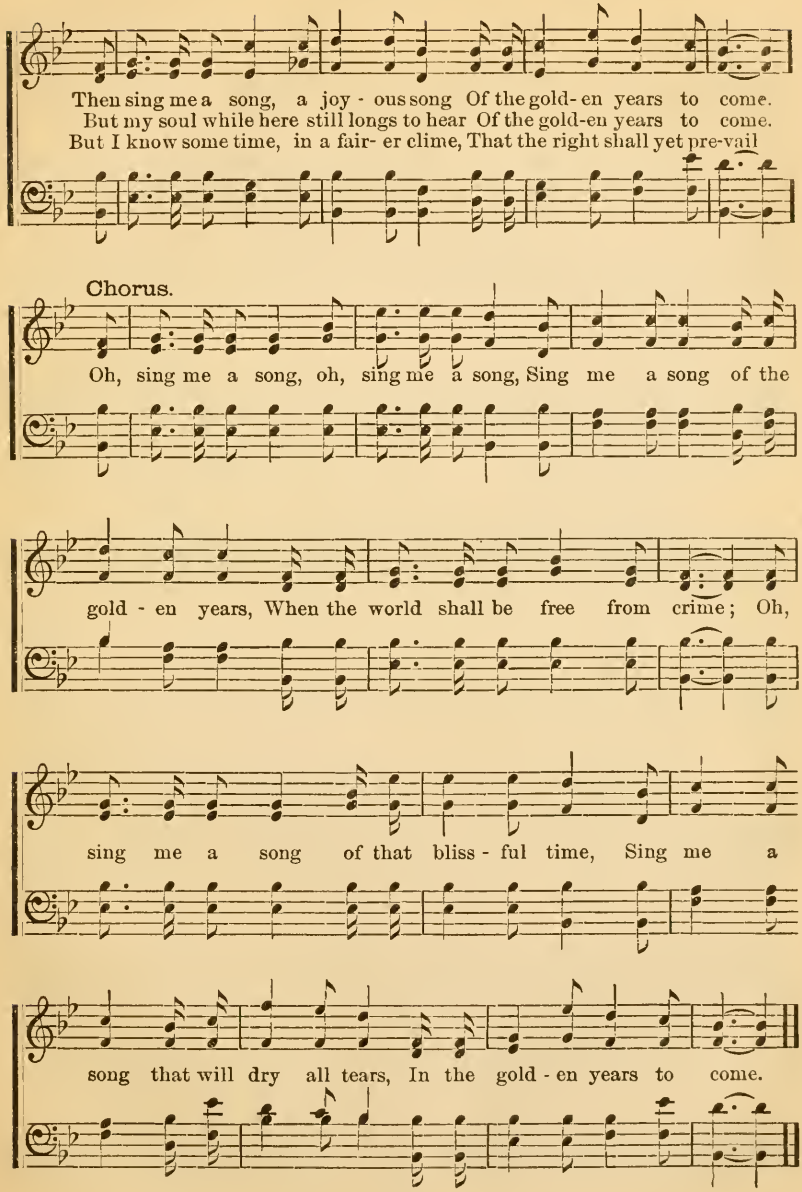
The Golden Years to Come.

B. M. LAWRENCE.

B. M. L.


1. Oh, sing me a song, sing a hope - ful song, E'er the world re-
- cedes from my view, Tell me that right shall rule o- ver wrong,
That the false shall give place to the true; The fur - rows
made by the hand of Time, Tell me that soon I must go home,
2. The bright sunny side of my life on earth Has passed in the
years that are flown, I'm wait - ing now for an - oth - er birth,
To a world where dark clouds are un - known; Bright gold - en
years in a fair - er clime, A- wait for me in that sweet home,
3. Then sing me a song, chant a cheer - ful lay, Sing glad tid - ings
from o - ver there, Let me catch one gleam of the golden day,
When the pure shall be free from all care; I've strug- gled
long with the false and wrong, Have seen both truth and justice fail,

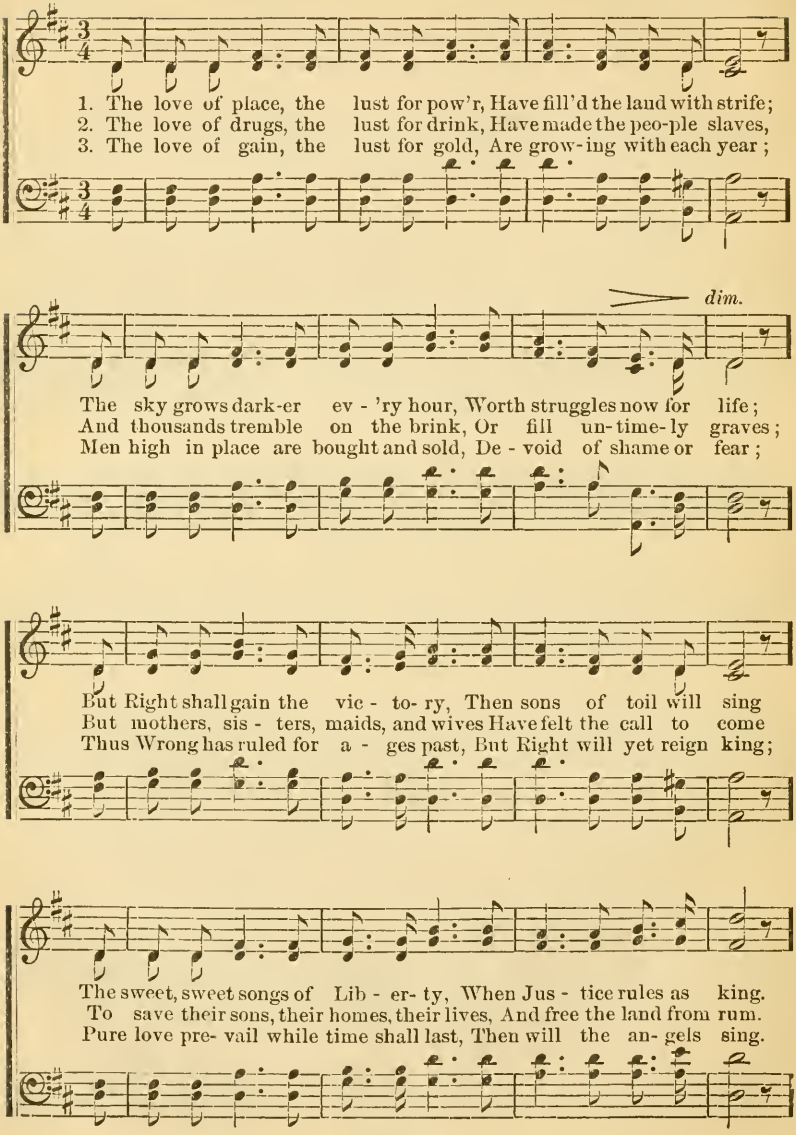
The Golden Years to Come.—Concluded.


Then sing me a song, a joy - ous song Of the gold-en years to come.
But my soul while here still longs to hear Of the gold-en years to come.
But I know some time, in a fair- er clime, That the right shall yet pre-vail
Chorus.
Oh, sing me a song, oh, sing me a song, Sing me a song of the
gold - en years, When the world shall be free from crime; Oh,
sing me a song of that bliss - ful time, Sing me a
song that will dry all tears, In the gold - en years to come.

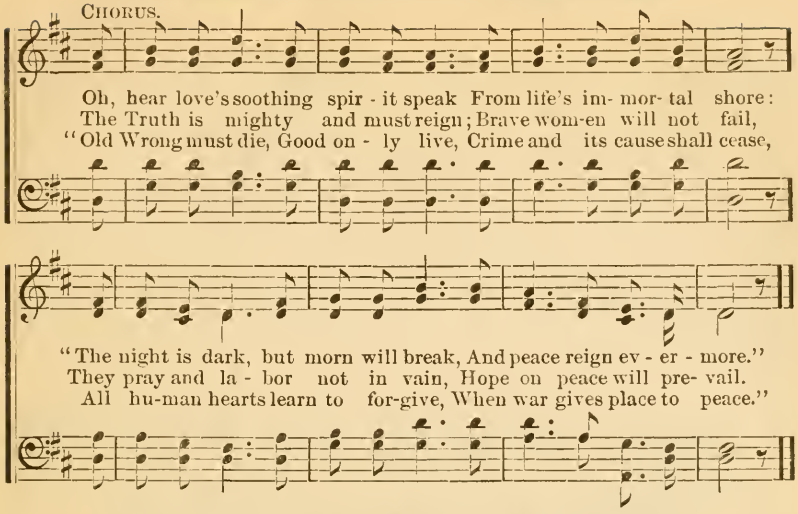
The Grand Era of Peace.

"Neither shall they learn war any more"—Isa. 2: 4.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence.

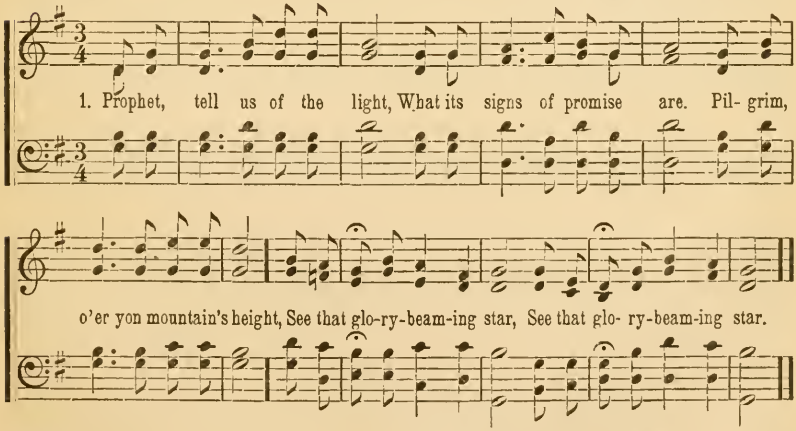

1. The love of place, the lust for pow'r, Have fill'd the land with strife;
2. The love of drugs, the lust for drink, Have made the peo-ple slaves,
3. The love of gain, the lust for gold, Are grow-ing with each year;
dim.
The sky grows dark-er ev - 'ry hour, Worth struggles now for life;
And thousands tremble on the brink, Or fill un-time-ly graves;
Men high in place are bought and sold, De - void of shame or fear;
But Right shall gain the vic - to- ry, Then sons of toil will sing
But mothers, sis - ters, maids, and wives Have felt the call to come
Thus Wrong has ruled for a - ges past, But Right will yet reign king;
The sweet, sweet songs of Lib - er- ty, When Jus - tice rules as king.
To save their sons, their homes, their lives, And free the land from rum.
Pure love pre- vail while time shall last, Then will the an- gels sing.

The Grand Era, Etc.—Concluded.


Chorus.
Oh, hear love's soothing spir - it speak From life's im- mor- tal shore:
The Truth is mighty and must reign; Brave wom-en will not fail,
"Old Wrong must die, Good on - ly live, Crime and its cause shall cease,
"The night is dark, but morn will break, And peace reign ev - er - more."
They pray and la - bor not in vain, Hope on peace will pre- vail.
All hu-man hearts learn to for-give, When war gives place to peace."

Prophet, Tell Us of the Light.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence.


1. Prophet, tell us of the light, What its signs of promise are. Pil- grim,
o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star, See that glo- ry-beam-ing star.

2 Prophet, tell us of the light,
Higher yet that star ascends.
Pilgrim, virtue, truth, and right,
Love and peace, its course portends.

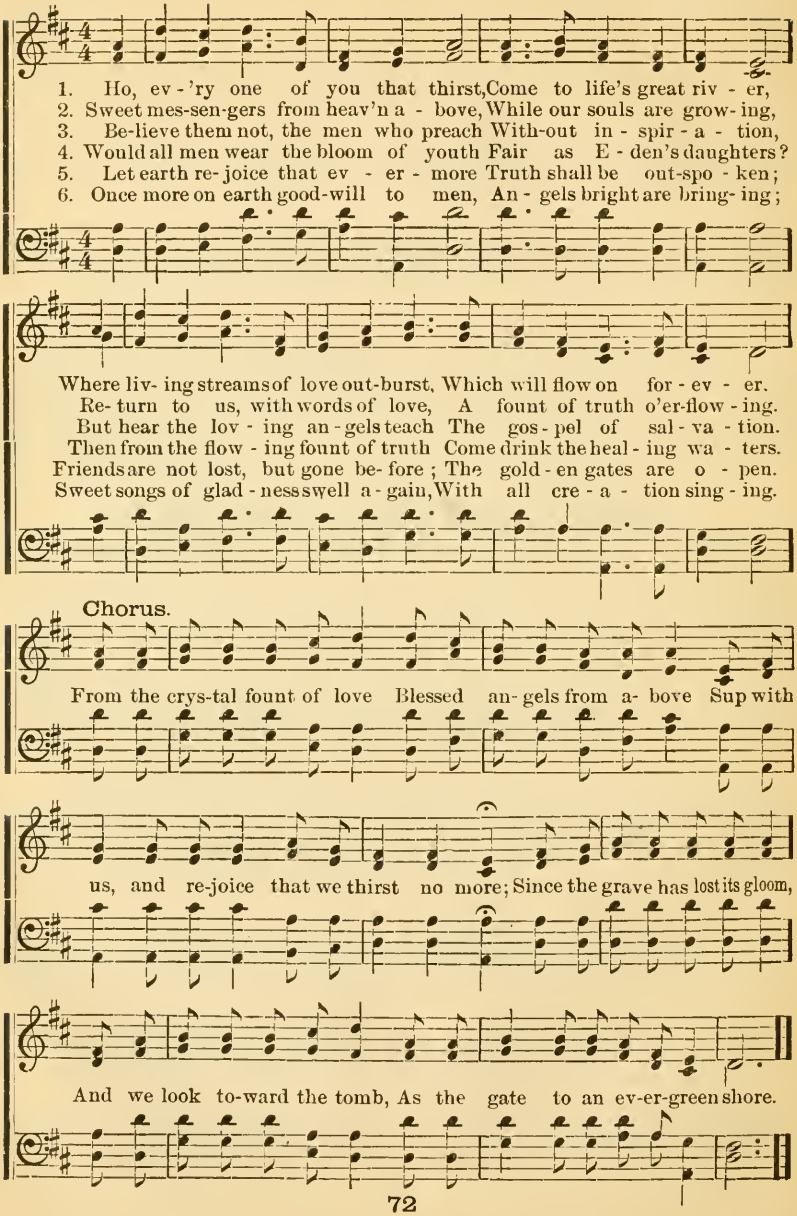
3 Prophet, tell us of the light,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Pilgrim, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

4 Prophet, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Pilgrim, ages, yet unknown,
It will shine o'er all the earth.

5 Prophet, will the rule of wrong
And injustice soon be o'er?
Pilgrim, angels sing their song:
"Peace shall reign forever more!"

The Golden Gates are Open.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.


1. Ho, ev - 'ry one of you that thirst, Come to life's great riv - er,
2. Sweet mes-sen-gers from heav'n a - bove, While our souls are grow- ing,
3. Be-lieve them not, the men who preach With-out in - spir - a - tion,
4. Would all men wear the bloom of youth Fair as E - den's daughters?
5. Let earth re- joice that ev - er - more Truth shall be out-spo - ken;
6. Once more on earth good-will to men, An - gels bright are bring- ing;
Where liv- ing streams of love out-burst, Which will flow on for - ev - er.
Re- turn to us, with words of love, A fount of truth o'er-flow - ing.
But hear the lov - ing an - gels teach The gos - pel of sal - va - tion.
Then from the flow - ing fount of truth Come drink the heal - ing wa - ters.
Friends are not lost, but gone be- fore; The gold - en gates are o - pen.
Sweet songs of glad - ness swell a - gain, With all cre - a - tion sing - ing.
Chorus.
From the crys-tal fount of love Blessed an- gels from a- bove Sup with
us, and re-joice that we thirst no more; Since the grave has lost its gloom,
And we look to-ward the tomb, As the gate to an ev-er-green shore.

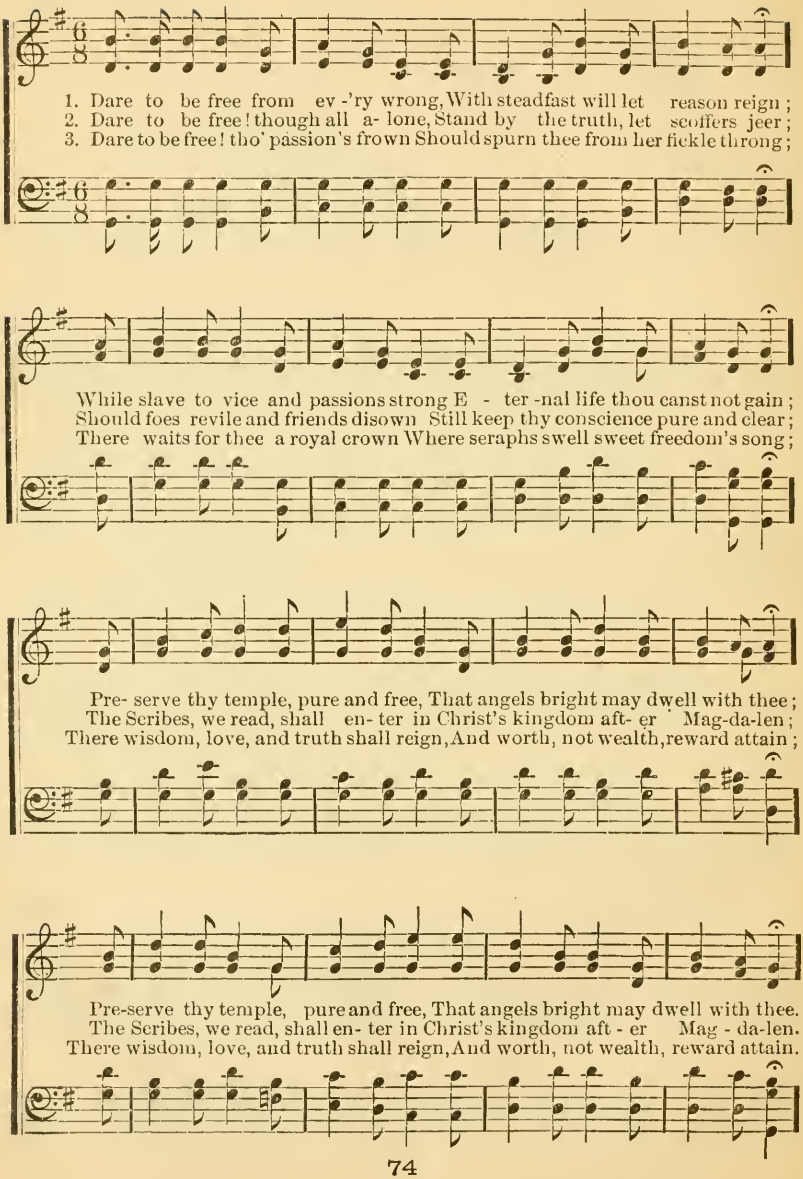
Crossin' o'er de Ribbah.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence.

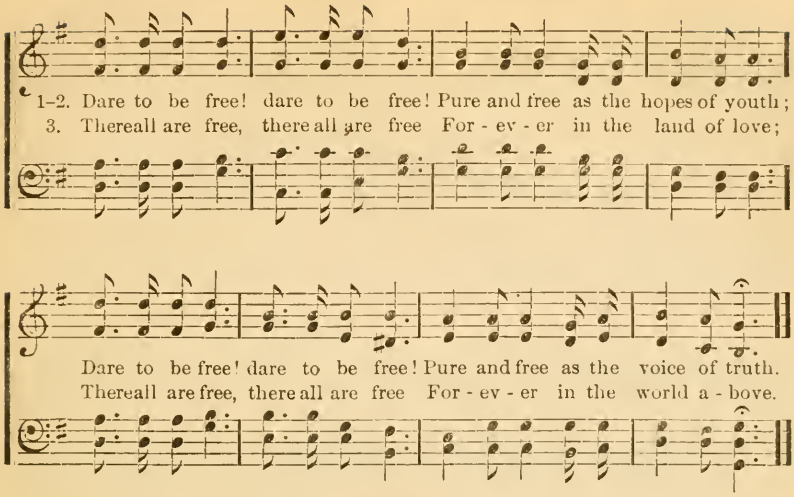
1. Jes' cum a lit - tle clos - ter, chile, An' hol' dees trem -'ly han's,
2. Dees poo' ole knees am shak - y, chile, Dey did-n't use ter be,
3. Cum still mo' clos- ter to me, chile, And hol' dees ole han's tight,
4. Dar! look a-cross de rib- bah, chile, Jes' on de od - der sho',
5. Now let me go, its all right, chile, Dar's no mo' sink - in' san's,
I's sho' de rib - bah's rais - in' now, I feels de slip - pin' san's.
And, hon - ey, pint de way a - head, Fo' dees ole eyes can't see.
It helps me now to cross de stream, And pints me tow'ds de light.
See, dear ole Mas - sa wait - in' me? I's not a-feerd no mo'.
No mo' weak knees, nor poo' blin' eyes, An an - gel hol's my han's.
Chorus.
I's cross-in' o'er de rib- bah now, An' dees ole feet am so',
But, hon - ey, dar's a bless - ed rest A cross on toth-er sho'.

Dare to be Free.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE, M. D.


1. Dare to be free from ev -'ry wrong, With steadfast will let reason reign ;
2. Dare to be free! though all a- lone, Stand by the truth, let scoffers jeer ;
3. Dare to be free! tho' passion's frown Should spurn thee from her fickle throng ;
While slave to vice and passions strong E - ter -nal life thou canst not gain ;
Should foes revile and friends disown Still keep thy conscience pure and clear ;
There waits for thee a royal crown Where seraphs swell sweet freedom's song ;
Pre- serve thy temple, pure and free, That angels bright may dwell with thee ;
The Scribes, we read, shall en- ter in Christ's kingdom aft- er Mag-da-len ;
There wisdom, love, and truth shall reign, And worth, not wealth, reward attain ;
Pre-serve thy temple, pure and free, That angels bright may dwell with thee.
The Scribes, we read, shall en- ter in Christ's kingdom aft - er Mag - da-len.
There wisdom, love, and truth shall reign, And worth, not wealth, reward attain.

Dare to be Free.—Concluded.


Chorus.
1–2. Dare to be free! dare to be free! Pure and free as the hopes of youth;
3. Thereall are free, there all are free For - ev - er in the land of love;
Dare to be free! dare to be free! Pure and free as the voice of truth.
Thereall are free, there all are free For - ev - er in the world a - bove.

Peace Beyond the River.

"To keep thee in all thy ways."—Psa. 91: 11.

G. H. No. 45. B. M. Lawrence.

1 Angels, keep me in the light
Shining from truth's mountain,
Where the loving streams are bright,
Flowing from love's fountain.

Chorus.—In the light, in the light,
Angels, keep me ever,
Till the soul at last shall find
Peace beyond the river.

2 Blind with creeds, from ages past,
Loving spirits found me,
Like a morning star they cast
Light and hope around me.—Cho.

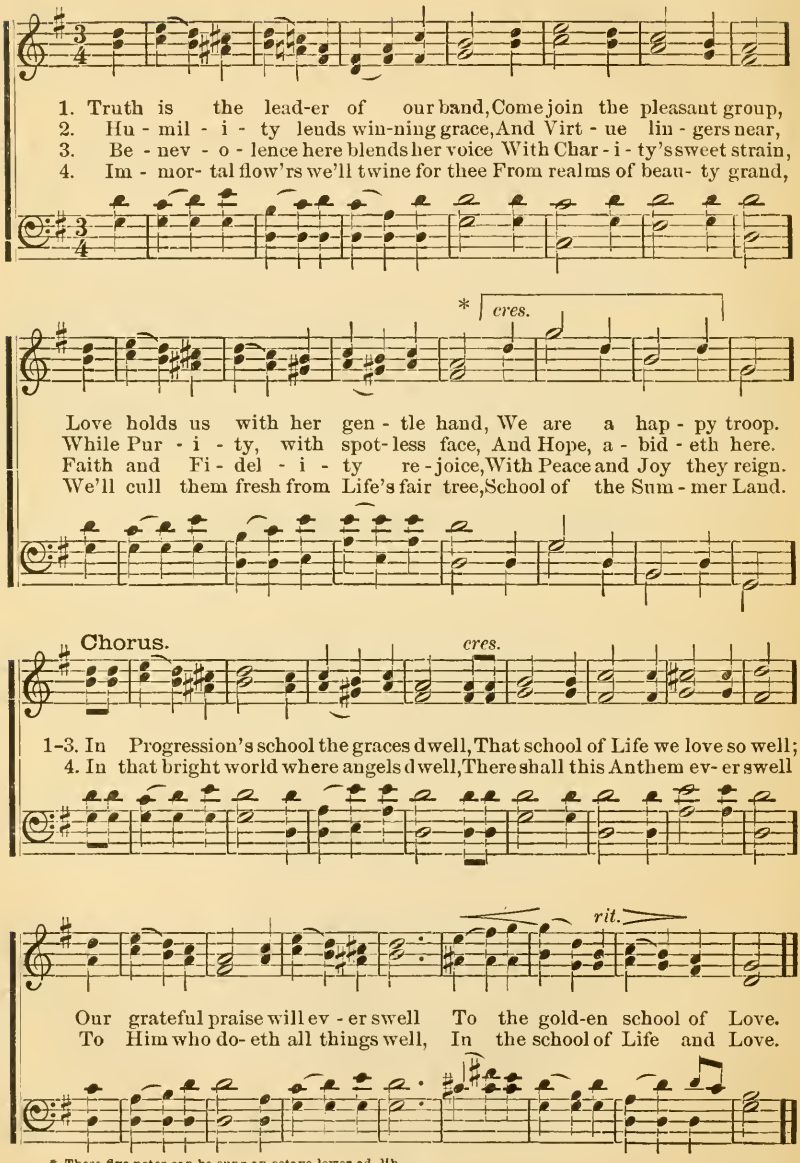
3 Now they guard me day and night,
Kindly watching o'er me;
And they lead me in the light,
With bright scenes before me.—Cho.

4 With a firm and faithful hand
They will guide me ever,
Till I reach the summer land,
Over death's dark river.—Cho.

5 There where all is peace and light,
Friends no more shall sever,
But with loved ones, robed in white,
Still live on forever.—Cho.

The School of Progress.

B. M. L. W. E. Barker.


1. Truth is the lead-er of our band, Come join the pleasant group,
2. Hu - mil - i - ty lends win-ning grace, And Virt - ue lin - gers near,
3. Be - nev - o - lence here blends her voice With Char - i - ty's sweet strain,
4. Im - mor- tal flow'rs we'll twine for thee From realms of beau- ty grand,
* cres.
Love holds us with her gen - tle hand, We are a hap - py troop.
While Pur - i - ty, with spot- less face, And Hope, a - bid - eth here.
Faith and Fi - del - i - ty re - joice, With Peace and Joy they reign.
We'll cull them fresh from Life's fair tree, School of the Sum - mer Land.
Chorus.
cres.
1-3. In Progression's school the graces dwell, That school of Life we love so well;
4. In that bright world where angels dwell, There shall this Anthem ev- er swell
rit.
Our grateful praise will ev - er swell To the gold-en school of Love.
To Him who do- eth all things well, In the school of Life and Love.

* These five notes can be sung an octave lower ad. lib.

Tell Me Not I'm Growing Old.

"The years of thy life shall be increased.—PROV. 9: 11.

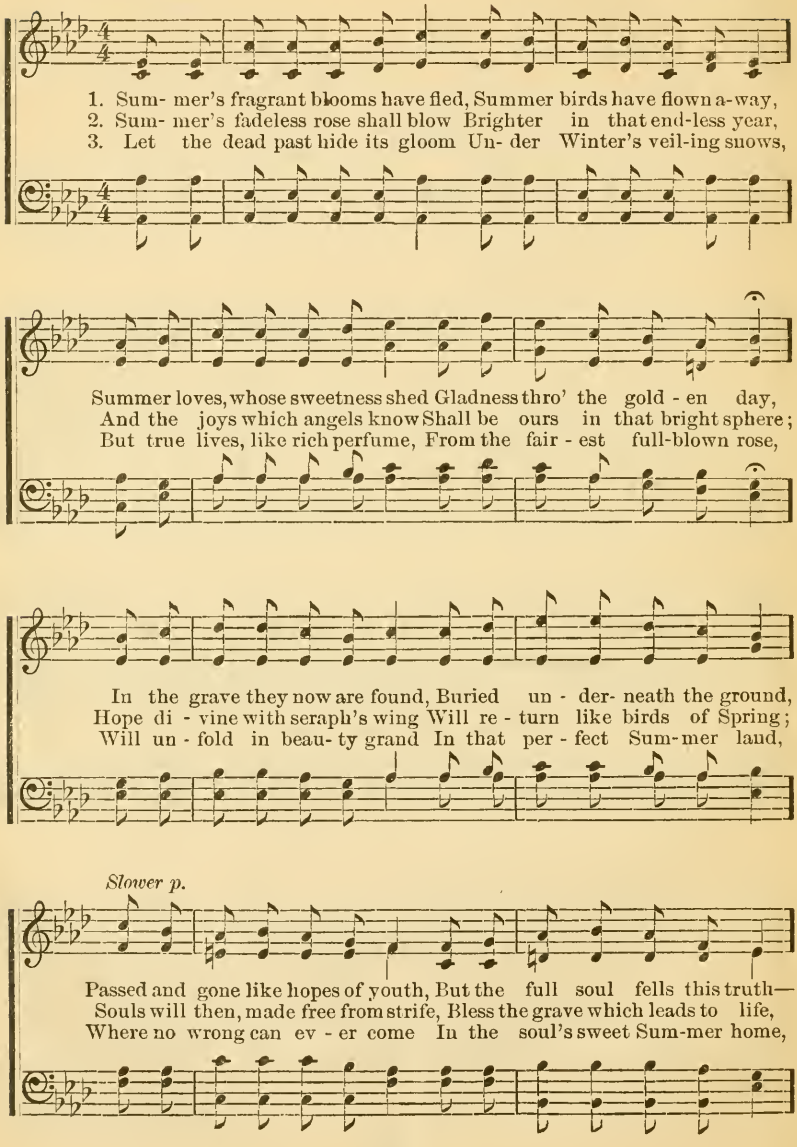
B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.

1. Tell me not that youth is fleet- ing While the heart beats full and strong;
2. Growing old! my faith and feel- ings Each are firm and act - ive still;
3. Mirth, once merry at my com- ing, Now is hushed or whispers low;
4. Far a- cross the peace- ful riv - er, Dreaded so in days of yore,
Never felt the soul more man - ful, Nor so full of love and song;
Nerves are sound, and eyes clear see - ing, Tho'ts and brain o-bey the will.
When I pause and lin - ger near them, Streams of bliss run soft and slow.
Ma-ny pre- cious friends and kin - dred Wait for me be- yond the shore;
Earth-life ne'er seem'd more worth liv-ing, Ev- 'ry day new hopes un- fold;
On- ly from the fad - ing tem- ples, And the fur - rows Time has told,
Tho' I prize the joys of childhood, And of youth more than fine gold,
When my time shall come to join them, Where life's record is un- roll'd,
And they sure-ly must be dream-ing Those who think I'm growing old.
Does the flight of youth seem re - al, Show-ing that I'm grow-ing old.
Sometimes now they seem to shun me, For they think I'm growing old.
Welcome then will be the greeting: "Come, where love will ne'er grow old!"

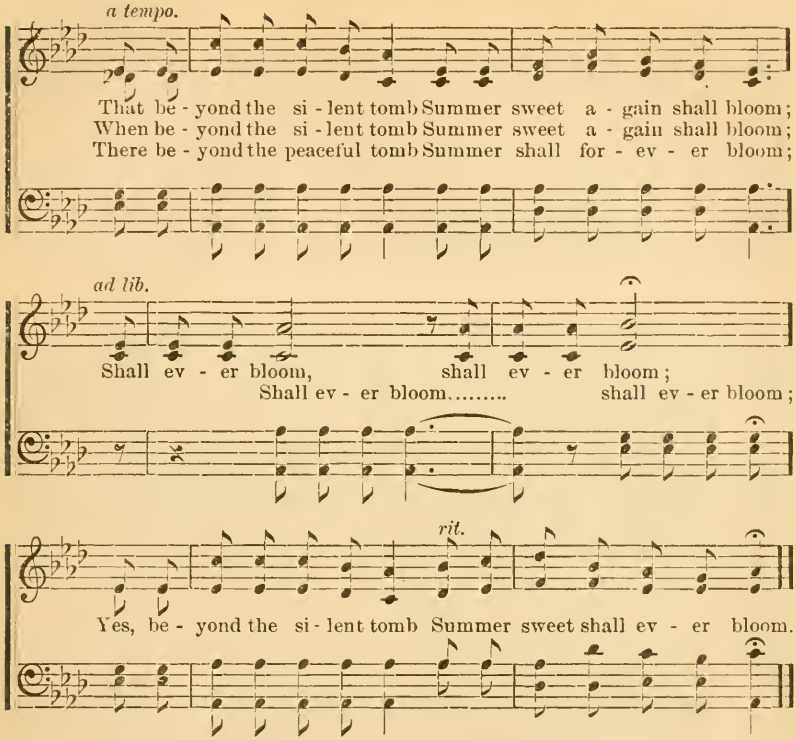
Summer Sweet Shall Ever Bloom.

"And there shall be no more death!"—Rev. 21 : 4.

B. M. Lawrence. Geo. Beaverson, by per.


1. Sum- mer's fragrant blooms have fled, Summer birds have flown a-way,
2. Sum- mer's fadeless rose shall blow Brighter in that end-less year,
3. Let the dead past hide its gloom Un- der Winter's veil-ing snows,
Summer loves, whose sweetness shed Gladness thro' the gold - en day,
And the joys which angels know Shall be ours in that bright sphere;
But true lives, like rich perfume, From the fair - est full-blown rose,
In the grave they now are found, Buried un - der- neath the ground,
Hope di - vine with seraph's wing Will re - turn like birds of Spring;
Will un - fold in beau- ty grand In that per - fect Sum-mer land,
Slower p.
Passed and gone like hopes of youth, But the full soul fells this truth—
Souls will then, made free from strife, Bless the grave which leads to life,
Where no wrong can ev - er come In the soul's sweet Sum-mer home,

Summer Sweet, Etc.—Concluded.


a tempo.
That be - yond the si - lent tomb Summer sweet a - gain shall bloom;
When be - yond the si - lent tomb Summer sweet a - gain shall bloom;
There be - yond the peaceful tomb Summer shall for - ev - er bloom;
ad lib.
Shall ev - er bloom, shall ev - er bloom;
Shall ev - er bloom..... shall ev - er bloom;
rit.
Yes, be - yond the si - lent tomb Summer sweet shall ev - er bloom.

Angel Guide, I Need Thee.

"He shall give His angels charge over thee."—PSA. 91: 11.

G. H. No. 3. B. M. L.

1 I need Thee every hour,
Dear Angel Guide,
Come with Thy soothing power,
Keep near my side.

CHO.—I need Thee, oh! I need Thee
Gently to guard and lead me,
Every hour I need Thee,
Oh, come to me.

2 I need Thee every hour,
Come from above,
Guide me in wisdom's ways,
With peace and love.—CHO.

3 I need Thee every hour
While traveling here;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art near.—CHO.

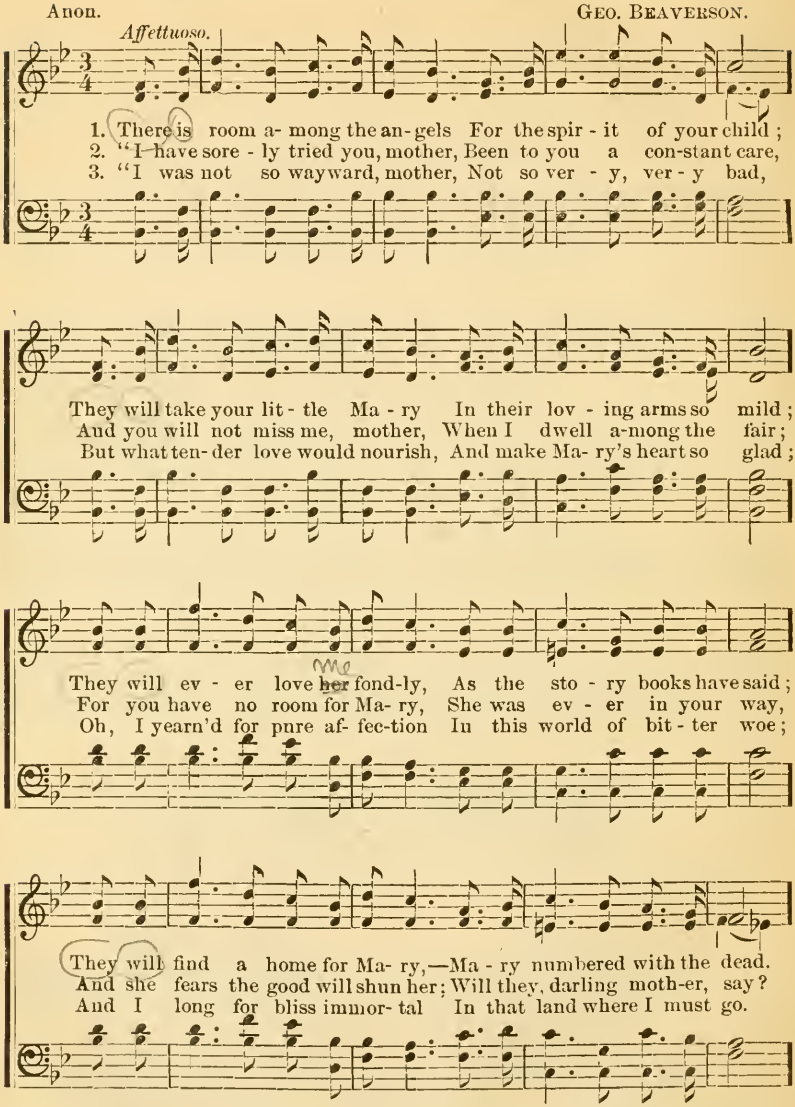
4 I need Thee every hour,
Still nearer come;
Let me not from Thee stray
Till safe at home.—CHO.

5 I need Thee every hour;
When life is o'er
Then may we meet above,
And part no more.—CHO.

There is Room among the Angels.

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."—MATT. 19: 14.

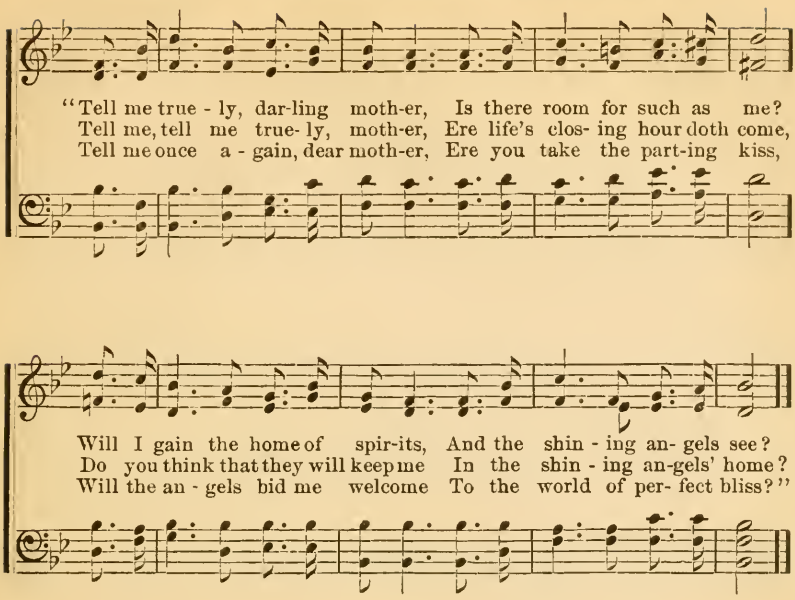
Anon. GEO. BEAVERSON.


Affettuoso.
1. There is room a- mong the an- gels For the spir - it of your child;
2. "I have sore - ly tried you, mother, Been to you a con-stant care,
3. "I was not so wayward, mother, Not so ver - y, ver - y bad,
They will take your lit - tle Ma - ry In their lov - ing arms so mild;
And you will not miss me, mother, When I dwell a-mong the fair;
But what ten- der love would nourish, And make Ma- ry's heart so glad;
They will ev - er love her fond-ly, As the sto - ry books have said;
For you have no room for Ma- ry, She was ev - er in your way,
Oh, I yearn'd for pure af- fec-tion In this world of bit - ter woe;
They will find a home for Ma- ry,—Ma - ry numbered with the dead.
And she fears the good will shun her; Will they, darling moth-er, say?
And I long for bliss immor- tal In that land where I must go.

["The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying, with anger, that she was always in the way. Two weeks after, on her death-bed, while delirious, she said, "I was always in your way, mother, you had no room for little Mary! And will I be in the angels' way?"

The broken-hearted mother then felt no sacrifice too great, could she have saved her child.]

There is Room, Etc.—Concluded.


"Tell me true - ly, dar-ling moth-er, Is there room for such as me?
Tell me, tell me true- ly, moth-er, Ere life's clos- ing hour doth come,
Tell me once a - gain, dear moth-er, Ere you take the part-ing kiss,
Will I gain the home of spir-its, And the shin - ing an- gels see?
Do you think that they will keep me In the shin - ing an-gels' home?
Will the an - gels bid me welcome To the world of per- fect bliss?"

Come Hear the Welcome Voice!

"The truth shall make you free,"—JOHN 8: 23.

G. H. No. 63. B. M. L.

1 Come hear the welcome voice
That calls thee from above,
It bids thee, while on earth to live,
A life of truth and love.

CHO.—Hear the angel voice
Calling unto thee;
Hark! it bids thy soul rejoice
From fears of death made free.

2 It sings: "there is no death,"
That loved ones can return,
They are not lost; forever gone
To some far distant bourne.

3 They now are angels bright,
Sent forth to guide thy feet,
In love they come, enrobed in white,
Their friends on earth to greet.

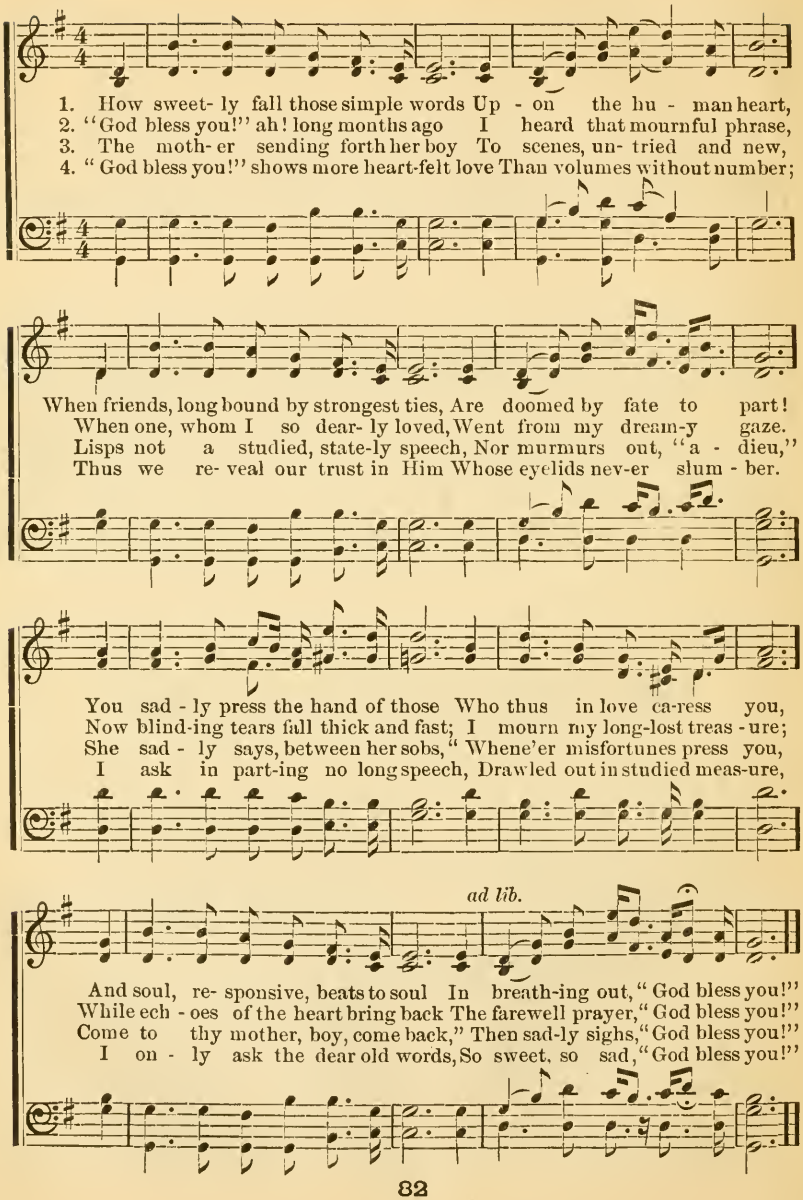
4 They say: "thou shalt receive
Reward for all thy deeds!"
In that fair land, of light and peace,
They have no forms and creeds.

5 There truth alone will make
The spirit light and free,
And kindly deeds, in heaven's court,
Will need no other plea.

6 Then hail the voice of truth,
For angels sing again:
"The dawn of peace thro'out the earth,
And good-will to all men!"

God Bless You!

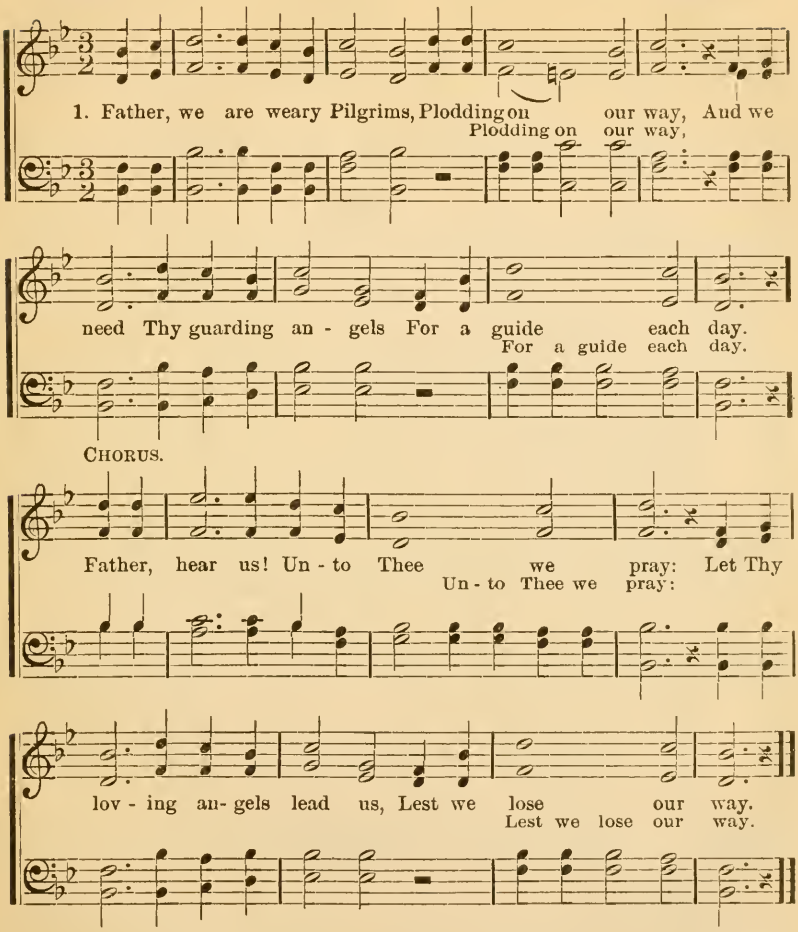
Anon. GEO. BEAVERSON.


1. How sweet- ly fall those simple words Up - on the hu - man heart,
2. "God bless you!" ah! long months ago I heard that mournful phrase,
3. The moth- er sending forth her boy To scenes, un- tried and new,
4. " God bless you!" shows more heart-felt love Than volumes without number;
When friends, long bound by strongest ties, Are doomed by fate to part!
When one, whom I so dear- ly loved, Went from my dream-y gaze.
Lisps not a studied, state-ly speech, Nor murmurs out, "a - dieu,"
Thus we re- veal our trust in Him Whose eyelids nev-er slum - ber.
You sad - ly press the hand of those Who thus in love ca-ress you,
Now blind-ing tears fall thick and fast; I mourn my long-lost treas - ure;
She sad - ly says, between her sobs, " Whene'er misfortunes press you,
I ask in part-ing no long speech, Drawled out in studied meas-ure,
ad lib.
And soul, re- sponsive, beats to soul In breath-ing out, " God bless you!"
While ech - oes of the heart bring back The farewell prayer, " God bless you!"
Come to thy mother, boy, come back," Then sad-ly sighs, " God bless you!"
I on - ly ask the dear old words, So sweet, so sad, " God bless you!"

Lead me, Loving Angels.

"Prayer of the righteous man availeth much."—Jas. 5: 16.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence.


1. Father, we are weary Pilgrims, Plodding on our way, And we
Plodding on our way,
need Thy guarding an - gels For a guide each day.
For a guide each day.
Chorus.
Father, hear us! Un - to Thee we pray: Let Thy
Un - to Thee we pray:
lov - ing an- gels lead us, Lest we lose our way.
Lest we lose our way.

2 Teach us that our strength is weakness
When compared with Thine,
And although to err is human,
To forgive's divine.—Cho.

3 May we each become less selfish
When our souls are grown,
We shall feel a brother's welfare
Equal with our own.—Cho.

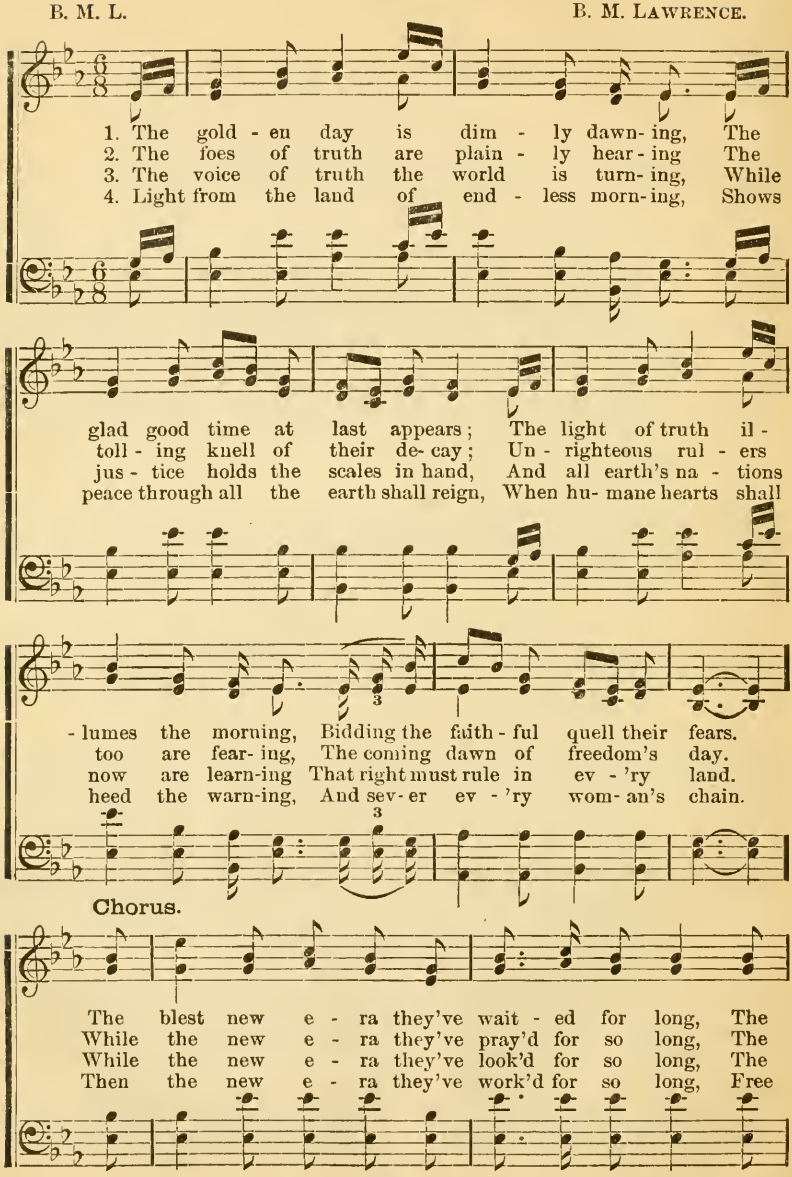
4 Earth will then become like heaven;
Wrong will reign no more;
Men will walk and talk with angels
From the other shore.—Cho.

5 Father, we are weary pilgrims,
Plodding on our way,
And we pray that guarding angels
Guide our feet each day.—Cho.

The Golden Day is Dawning.

"In those days will I pour out my spirit."—JOEL 2: 29.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.


1. The gold - en day is dim - ly dawn- ing, The
2. The foes of truth are plain - ly hear - ing The
3. The voice of truth the world is turn- ing, While
4. Light from the land of end - less morn- ing, Shows
glad good time at last appears; The light of truth il -
toll - ing knell of their de- cay; Un - righteous rul - ers
jus - tice holds the scales in hand, And all earth's na - tions
peace through all the earth shall reign, When hu- mane hearts shall
- lumes the morning, Bidding the faith - ful quell their fears.
too are fear- ing, The coming dawn of freedom's day.
now are learn-ing That right must rule in ev - 'ry land.
heed the warn-ing, And sev- er ev - 'ry wom- an's chain.
Chorus.
The blest new e - ra they've wait - ed for long, The
While the new e - ra they've pray'd for so long, The
While the new e - ra they've look'd for so long, The
Then the new e - ra they've work'd for so long, Free

The Golden Day is Dawning.—Concluded.

faith - ful all hail with a joy - ful song, A joy - ful
peo - ple all hail with a joy - ful song, A joy - ful
na - tions all hail with a joy - ful song, A joy - ful
wom - en will hail with a joy - ful song, A joy - ful
song, a joy - ful song, The faith- ful all hail with a joy- ful song.
song, a joy - ful song, The peo - ple all hail with a joy- ful song.
song, a joy - ful song, The na-tions all hail with a joy- ful song.
song, a joy - ful song, Free wom-en will hail with a joy- ful song.

5.

Then in that golden time coming,
When right is might, and all made free,
The earth more bright than Eden bloom-
Will swell with songs of liberty. [ing
Then the new era they've toiled for so long,
The toilers all hail with a joyful song,
A joyful song, a joyful song,
The toilers all hail with a joyful song.

6.

The hosts of heaven and earth combining,
Will carry on the work begun;
The star of hope within us shining,
Proclaims the victory well nigh won.
Then the new era, they've hoped for so long,
The angels will hail with a joyful song,
A joyful song, a joyful song,
The angels all hail with a joyful song.

Over on the Other Shore.

"Comfort one another with these words."—1 THES. 4: 18.

G. H. No. 72. B. M. L.

1 Angel friends now hover near us,
As we journey to and fro;
When we call they always hear us,
Wheresoe'er on earth we go.

CHO.—Precious thought! oh, how sweet
Over on the other shore;
Precious thought! oh, how sweet;
We shall meet to part no more.

2 We shall cross the silent river,
When they call for us to come,
And with friends live on forever,
In the soul's bright summer home.
CHO.

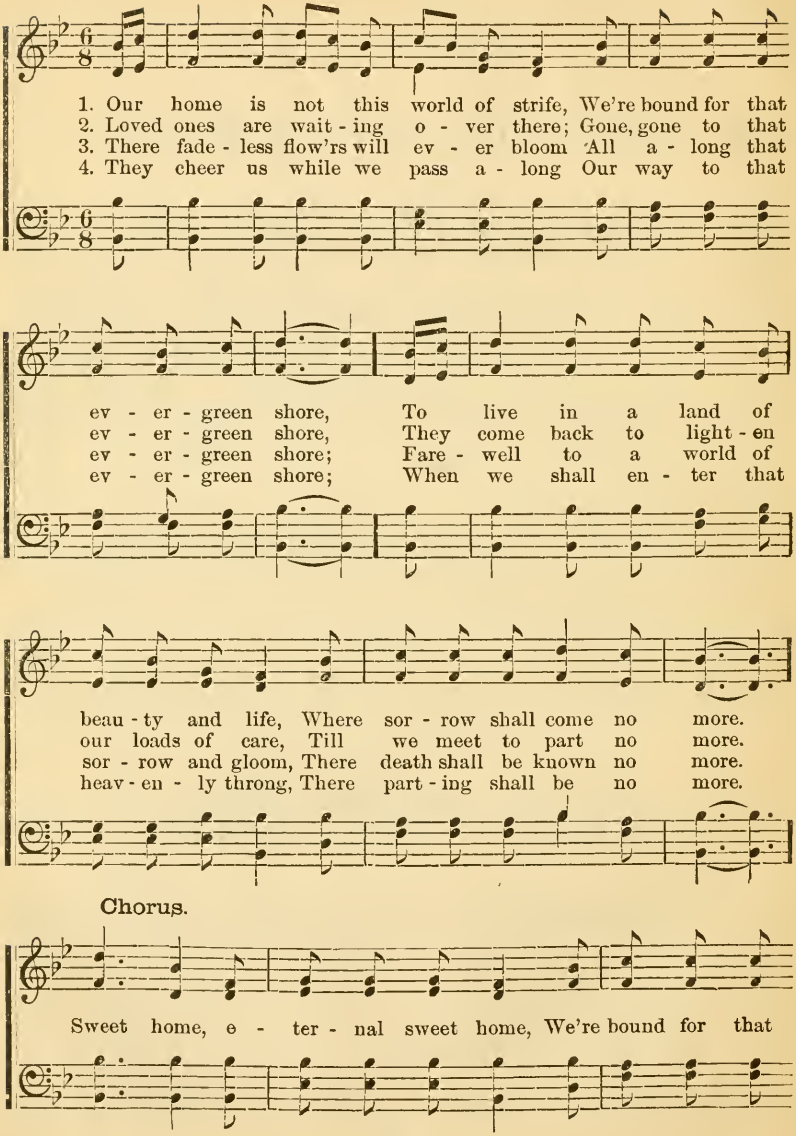
3 Precious thought! we all are going
To a world of peace and joy.
There to reap reward for sowing
Truth and love without alloy.—CHO.

4 Oh, the precious thought of seeing
Those we love now gone before,
And while time shall last, of being
Safe with them for ever more.—CHO.

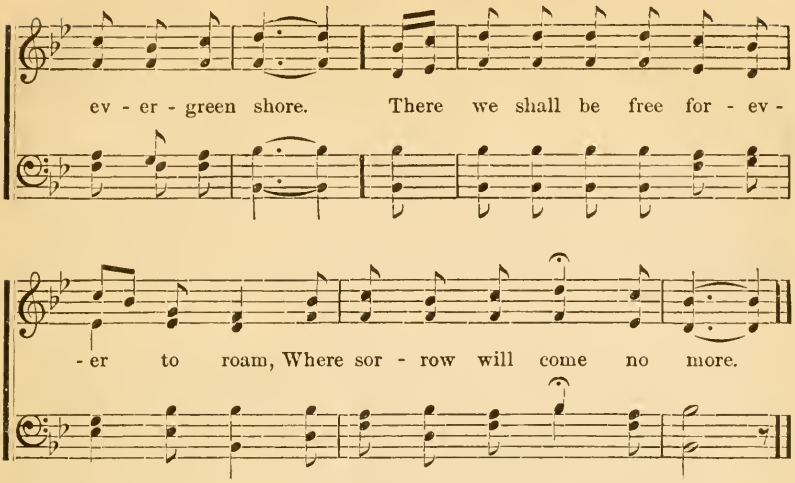
That Evergreen Shore.

"And his rest shall be glorious."—Isa. 11: 10.

B. M. L. From "Spiritual Harp." By per.

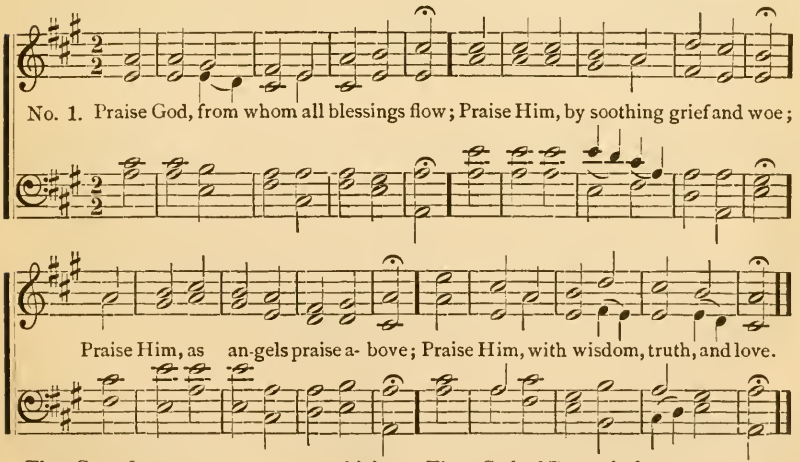

1. Our home is not this world of strife, We're bound for that
2. Loved ones are wait - ing o - ver there; Gone, gone to that
3. There fade - less flow'rs will ev - er bloom All a - long that
4. They cheer us while we pass a - long Our way to that
ev - er - green shore, To live in a land of
ev - er - green shore, They come back to light - en
ev - er - green shore; Fare - well to a world of
ev - er - green shore; When we shall en - ter that
beau - ty and life, Where sor - row shall come no more.
our loads of care, Till we meet to part no more.
sor - row and gloom, There death shall be known no more.
heav - en - ly throng, There part - ing shall be no more.
Chorus.
Sweet home, e - ter - nal sweet home, We're bound for that

That Evergreen Shore.—Concluded.



Doxologies.

Tune.—OLD HUNDRED. L. BOURGEOIS.


No. 1. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, by soothing grief and woe;
Praise Him, as an-gels praise a- bove; Praise Him, with wisdom, truth, and love.

No. 2. Thou Great first-cause, supreme, most high,
Whose glory fills the earth and sky,
May Thy love make us more divine,
Till we become most truly Thine.

No. 3. Source of all light, to Thee we pray
While passing through life's darkest day,
For clearer sight that we may see
The path that leads more near to Thee.

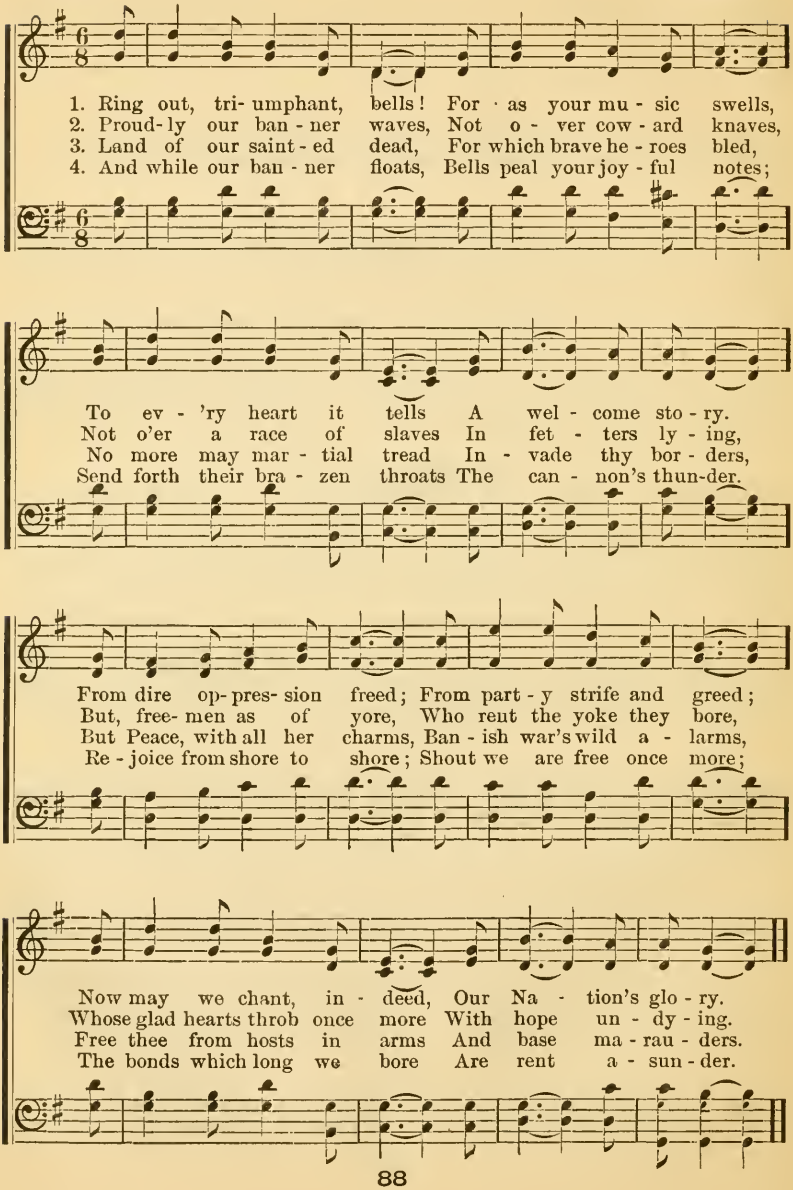
No. 4. Thou God of Peace, before we part,
Send some kind angel to each heart,
Lead us, we pray, with loving hand
Until we reach the Summer Land.

No. 5. Dear angel-guides, may thy sweet peace
Remain with us till life shall cease,
Then bear our souls to that bright shore
Where loved ones meet to part no more.

Our Nation's Glory.

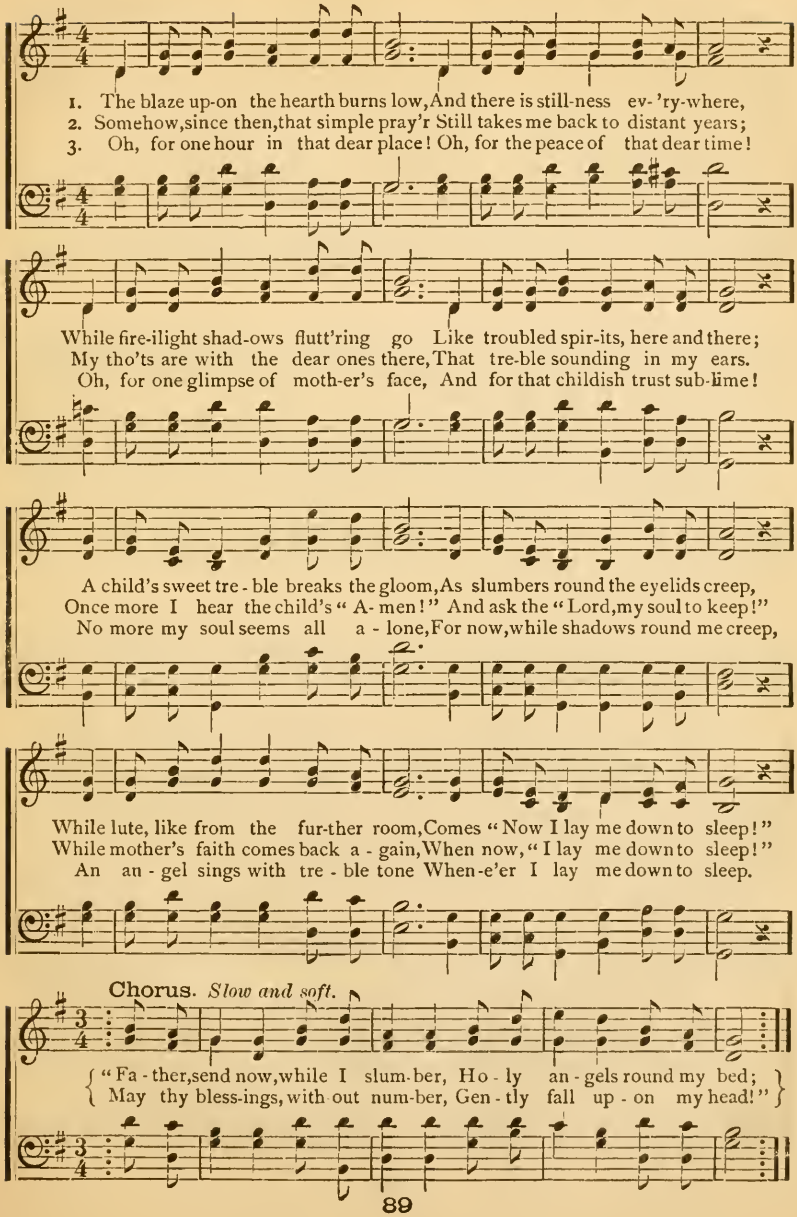
"Nation shall not lift up sword against nation."—Isa. 2: 4.

Mrs. C. L. Shacklock. B. M. Lawrence.


1. Ring out, tri- umphant, bells! For as your mu - sic swells,
2. Proud-ly our ban - ner waves, Not o - ver cow - ard knaves,
3. Land of our saint - ed dead, For which brave he - roes bled,
4. And while our ban - ner floats, Bells peal your joy - ful notes;
To ev - 'ry heart it tells A wel - come sto - ry.
Not o'er a race of slaves In fet - ters ly - ing,
No more may mar - tial tread In - vade thy bor - ders,
Send forth their bra - zen throats The can - non's thun-der.
From dire op- pres- sion freed; From part - y strife and greed;
But, free- men as of yore, Who rent the yoke they bore,
But Peace, with all her charms, Ban - ish war's wild a - larms,
Re - joice from shore to shore; Shout we are free once more;
Now may we chant, in - deed, Our Na - tion's glo - ry.
Whose glad hearts throb once more With hope un - dy - ing.
Free thee from hosts in arms And base ma - rau - ders.
The bonds which long we bore Are rent a - sun - der.

Fond Memories of Childhood.

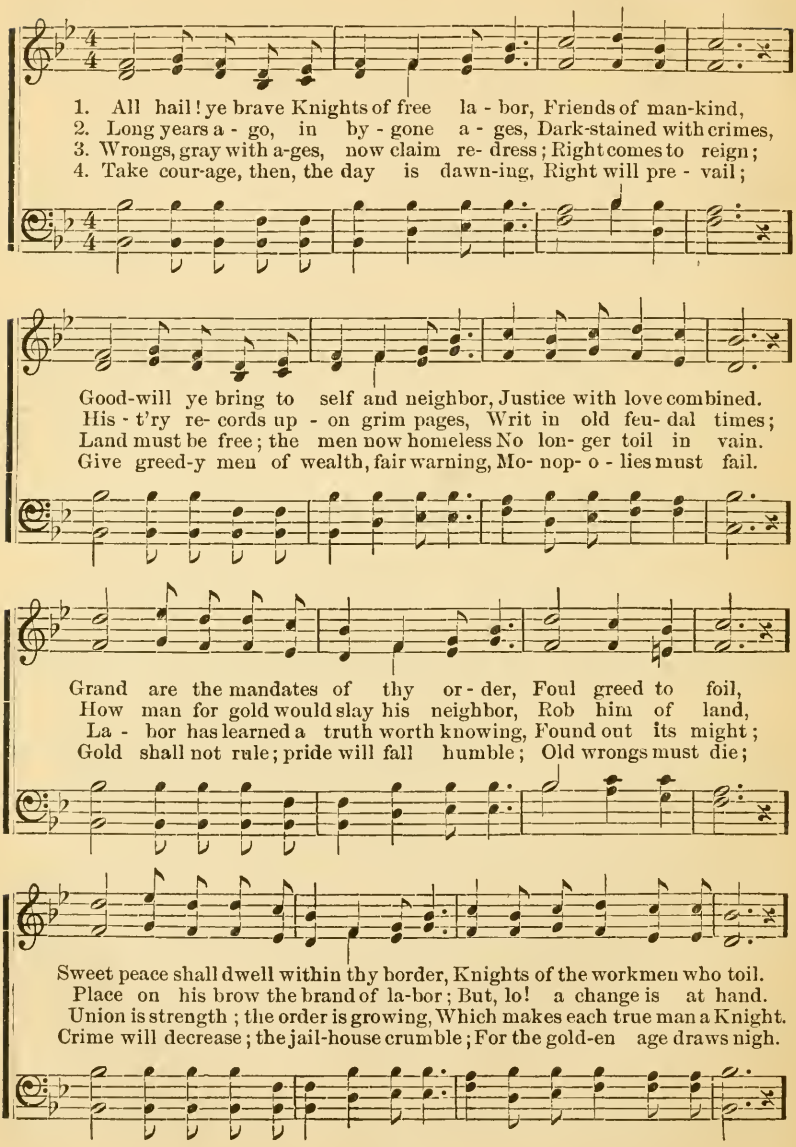
B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.


1. The blaze up-on the hearth burns low, And there is still-ness ev-'ry-where,
2. Somehow, since then, that simple pray'r Still takes me back to distant years;
3. Oh, for one hour in that dear place! Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
While fire-ilight shad-ows flutt'ring go Like troubled spir-its, here and there;
My tho'ts are with the dear ones there, That tre-ble sounding in my ears.
Oh, for one glimpse of moth-er's face, And for that childish trust sub-lime!
A child's sweet tre-ble breaks the gloom, As slumbers round the eyelids creep,
Once more I hear the child's "A-men!" And ask the "Lord, my soul to keep!"
No more my soul seems all a-lone, For now, while shadows round me creep,
While lute, like from the fur-ther room, Comes "Now I lay me down to sleep!"
While mother's faith comes back a-gain, When now, "I lay me down to sleep!"
An an-gel sings with tre-ble tone When-e'er I lay me down to sleep.
Chorus. Slow and soft.
"Fa-ther, send now, while I slum-ber, Ho-ly an-gels round my bed;
May thy bless-ings, with-out num-ber, Gen-tly fall up-on my head!"

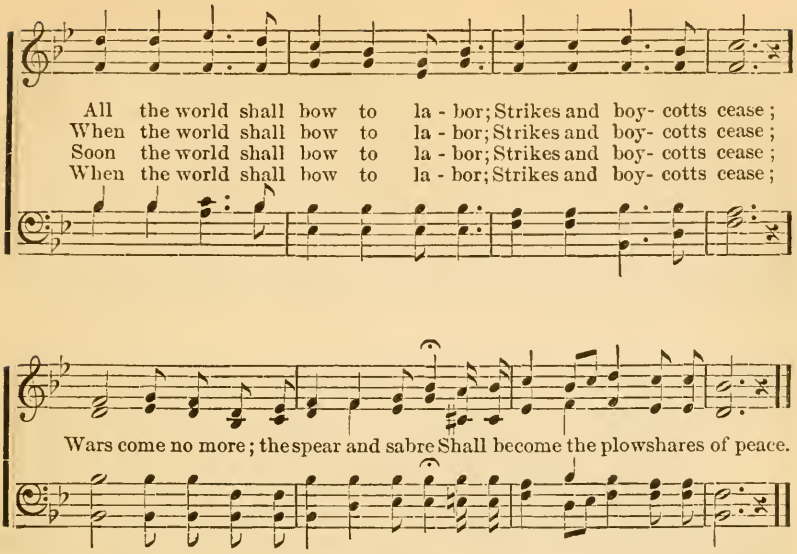
The Plowshares of Peace.

"They shall beat their swords into plowshares."—Isa. 2: 4.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence.


1. All hail! ye brave Knights of free la - bor, Friends of man-kind,
2. Long years a - go, in by - gone a - ges, Dark-stained with crimes,
3. Wrongs, gray with a-ges, now claim re- dress; Right comes to reign;
4. Take cour-age, then, the day is dawn-ing, Right will pre - vail;
Good-will ye bring to self and neighbor, Justice with love combined.
His - t'ry re- cords up - on grim pages, Writ in old feu- dal times;
Land must be free; the men now homeless No lon- ger toil in vain.
Give greed-y men of wealth, fair warning, Mo- nop- o - lies must fail.
Grand are the mandates of thy or - der, Foul greed to foil,
How man for gold would slay his neighbor, Rob him of land,
La - bor has learned a truth worth knowing, Found out its might;
Gold shall not rule; pride will fall humble; Old wrongs must die;
Sweet peace shall dwell within thy border, Knights of the workmen who toil.
Place on his brow the brand of la-bor; But, lo! a change is at hand.
Union is strength; the order is growing, Which makes each true man a Knight.
Crime will decrease; the jail-house crumble; For the gold-en age draws nigh.

The Plowshares of Peace.—Concluded.


All the world shall bow to la - bor; Strikes and boy- cotts cease;
When the world shall bow to la - bor; Strikes and boy- cotts cease;
Soon the world shall bow to la - bor; Strikes and boy- cotts cease;
When the world shall bow to la - bor; Strikes and boy- cotts cease;
Wars come no more; the spear and sabre Shall become the plowshares of peace.

Green Isle of the Ocean.

"The land shall not be sold for ever; for the land is mine."—LEV. 25: 23.

Air: "The Red, White, and Blue." B. M. L.

1.

All hail thou green isle of the ocean,
Thy martyrs are making thee free;
Other lands may admire thy devotion,
But Columbia sends greeting to thee.
Since the day when her great Declaration
Thrill'd the hearts of all people oppress'd,
She has longed to behold thee a nation:
The grandest, the freest, the best.

2.

Must the few rob the many forever,
And reap what their brothers have sown?
The voice of the people shout: No, never!
Henceforth men must earn what they own.
Britain's minions may force more evictions,
But brave men now make this demand:
Once again hear the prophet's predictions,
God's children must all own His land.

3.

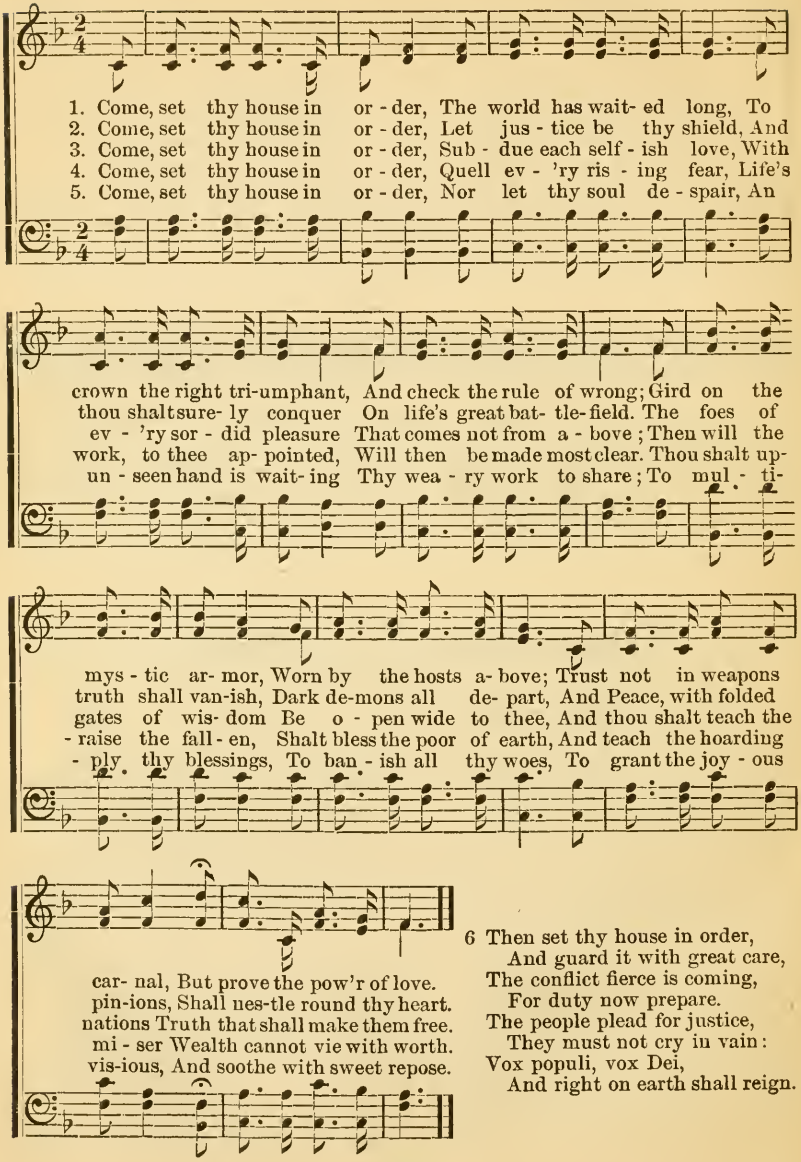
Were the lives of the heroes all written,
Who fought with the great Washington,
We would find Erin conquered Bull-Britain,
By her independence was won.
Irish women took part in the struggle,
And filled up the ranks where men fell;
Molly Pitcher was made of such metal
As the mother and daughters—Parnell.

4.

Then, hail thou, green isle of the ocean,
United thy sons shall prevail;
Manifesto ne'er made such commotion,
As thine from the Kilmainham jail.
Then three cheers for the young hero Emmet,
And three for the land loved so well,
Three times three for the brave Michael Davitt,
And three more for the gallant Parnell.

Set thy House in Order.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence.

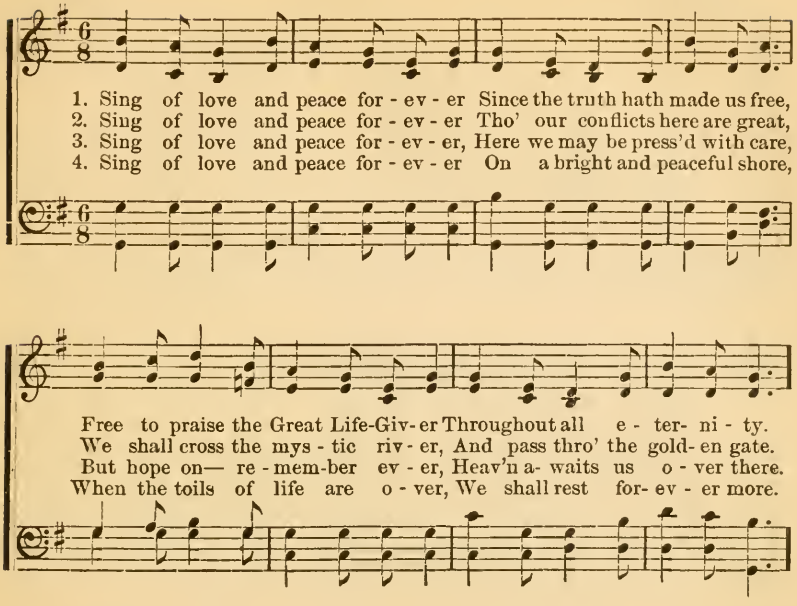

1. Come, set thy house in or - der, The world has wait- ed long, To
2. Come, set thy house in or - der, Let jus - tice be thy shield, And
3. Come, set thy house in or - der, Sub - due each self - ish love, With
4. Come, set thy house in or - der, Quell ev - 'ry ris - ing fear, Life's
5. Come, set thy house in or - der, Nor let thy soul de - spair, An
crown the right tri-umphant, And check the rule of wrong; Gird on the
thou shalt sure- ly conquer On life's great bat- tle-field. The foes of
ev - 'ry sor - did pleasure That comes not from a - bove; Then will the
work, to thee ap- pointed, Will then be made most clear. Thou shalt up-
un - seen hand is wait- ing Thy wea - ry work to share; To mul - ti-
mys - tic ar- mor, Worn by the hosts a- bove; Trust not in weapons
truth shall van-ish, Dark de-mons all de- part, And Peace, with folded
gates of wis- dom Be o - pen wide to thee, And thou shalt teach the
- raise the fall - en, Shalt bless the poor of earth, And teach the hoarding
- ply thy blessings, To ban - ish all thy woes, To grant the joy - ous
car- nal, But prove the pow'r of love.
pin-ions, Shall nes-tle round thy heart.
nations Truth that shall make them free.
mi - ser Wealth cannot vie with worth.
vis-ious, And soothe with sweet repose.

6 Then set thy house in order,
And guard it with great care,
The conflict fierce is coming,
For duty now prepare.
The people plead for justice,
They must not cry in vain:
Vox populi, vox Dei,
And right on earth shall reign.

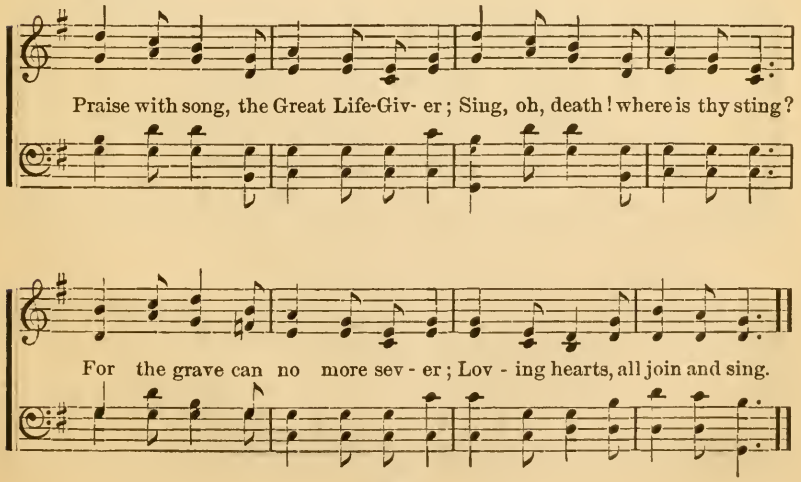
Sing of Love and Peace.

"Oh, death! where is thy sting?"—1 Cor. 15: 55.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence.


1. Sing of love and peace for - ev - er Since the truth hath made us free,
2. Sing of love and peace for - ev - er Tho' our conflicts here are great,
3. Sing of love and peace for - ev - er, Here we may be press'd with care,
4. Sing of love and peace for - ev - er On a bright and peaceful shore,
Free to praise the Great Life-Giv- er Throughout all e - ter- ni - ty.
We shall cross the mys - tic riv - er, And pass thro' the gold- en gate.
But hope on— re - mem-ber ev - er, Heav'n a- waits us o - ver there.
When the toils of life are o - ver, We shall rest for- ev - er more.

Chorus.


Praise with song, the Great Life-Giv- er; Sing, oh, death! where is thy sting?
For the grave can no more sev - er; Lov - ing hearts, all join and sing.

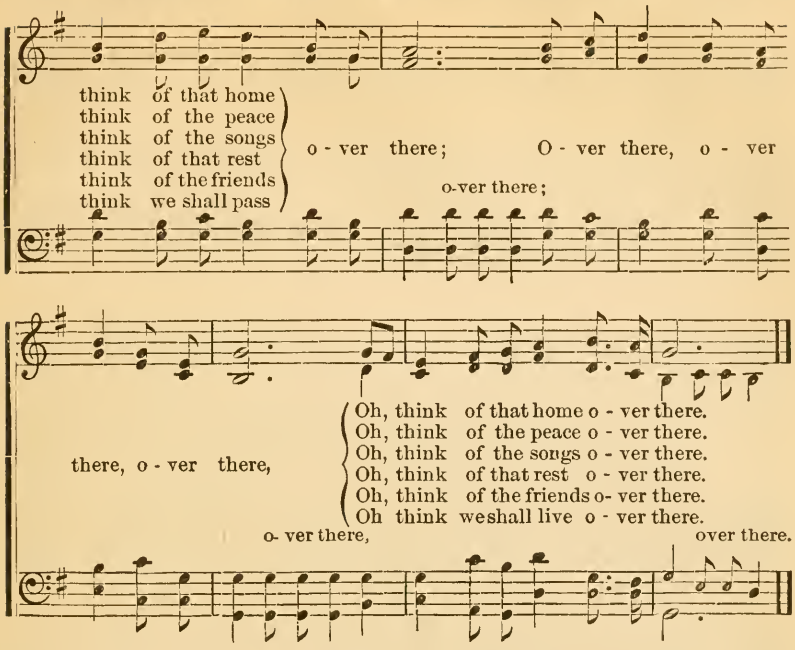
Oh, Think of that Home Over There.

"Neither can they die any more."—LUKE 20: 36.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.

1. Oh, think of that home o - ver there, Near the
2. Oh, think of the peace o - ver there, Of dear
3. Oh, think of the songs o - ver there, Sweet- est
4. Oh, think of that rest o - ver there, In the
5. Oh, think of our friends o - ver there, Who be-
6. Oh, think we shall live o - ver there, When the
banks of the riv - er of peace, In this world there is
loved ones who now are at rest, Far a - way from all
an - thems that nev - er seem old; Think of mu - sic that
sweet land of love and de - light, End- less joys there at
- fore us have gone to that bourne, How they love to come
end of life's jour - ney has come; Then let each for that
naught to com- pare With the pleas-ures which there nev - er cease.
sor - row and care, They are safe in that home of the blest.
fills all the air, And of harps that are bright-er than gold.
last we shall share, All ar - rayed in pure gar- ments of white.
back and de - clare: That the trav - 'ler in - deed can re - turn.
land now pre - pare, There all reap what they sow in that home.
Chorus.
O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh,
o - ver there,

Oh, Think of that Home, Etc.—Concluded.


think of that home
think of the peace
think of the songs
think of that rest
think of the friends
think we shall pass
o - ver there; O - ver there, o - ver
o-ver there;
there, o - ver there,
Oh, think of that home o - ver there.
Oh, think of the peace o - ver there.
Oh, think of the songs o - ver there.
Oh, think of that rest o - ver there.
Oh, think of the friends o- ver there.
Oh think we shall live o - ver there.
o- ver there,
over there.

They Come to Thee.

"Who maketh His angels, spirits, His ministers."—PSA. 104: 4.

G. H. No. 51. B. M. L.

1 They come to me, most cheerful thought,
With words of peace and rapture fraught,
A voice now whispers this to me:
"Thy angel-friends can come to thee."

CHORUS.—They come with love and sing with glee:
"And angel-band now leadeth thee,
This truth indeed will make thee free,
An angel-hand now leadeth thee.

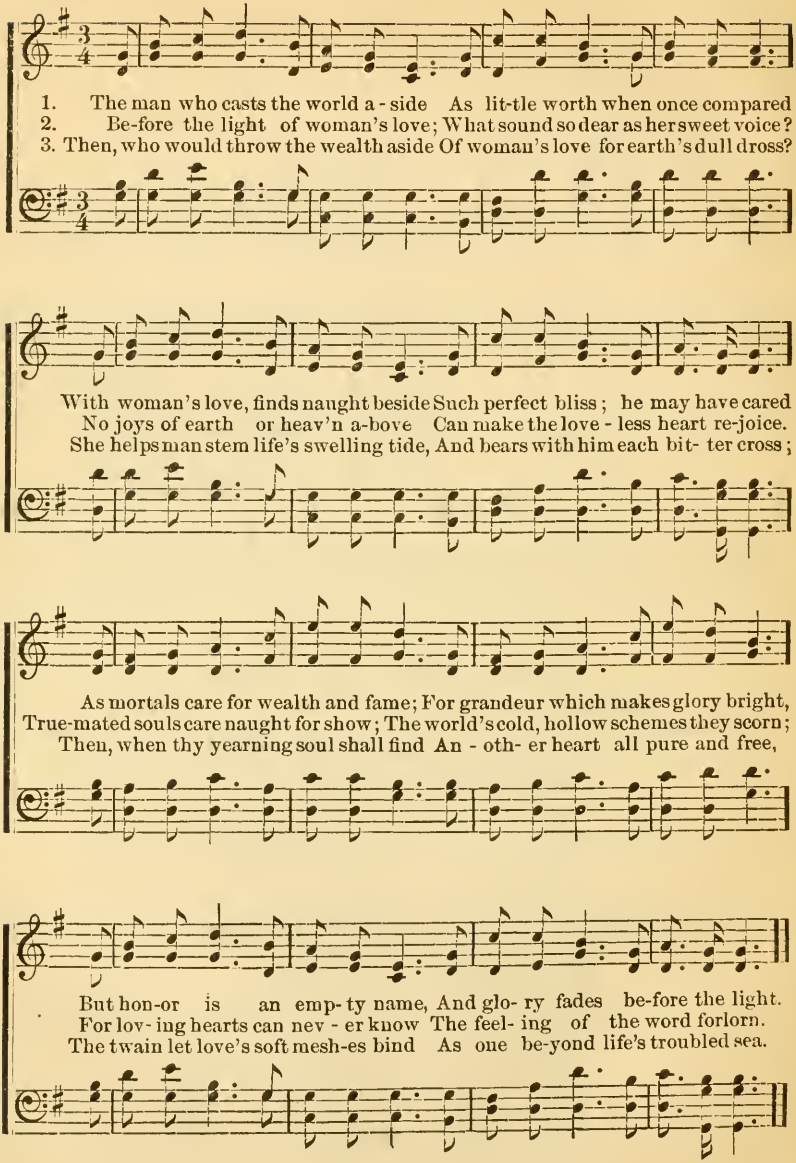
2 "Sometimes in paths of grief and gloom,
Again where sweetest flowers bloom,
Where e'er thou art, on land or sea,
An angel-hand still leadeth thee.—CHO.

3 "What joy to clasp their hands in thine,
To see their blissful faces shine;
They hear thy prayers and grant thy plea,
Sweet spirit-friends now come to thee.—CHO.

4 "When earth-life ends, when thy last breath
Shall triumph over pain and death,
The grave will gain no victory,
For angels then will come to thee."—CHO.

Beyond Life's Troubled Sea.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.

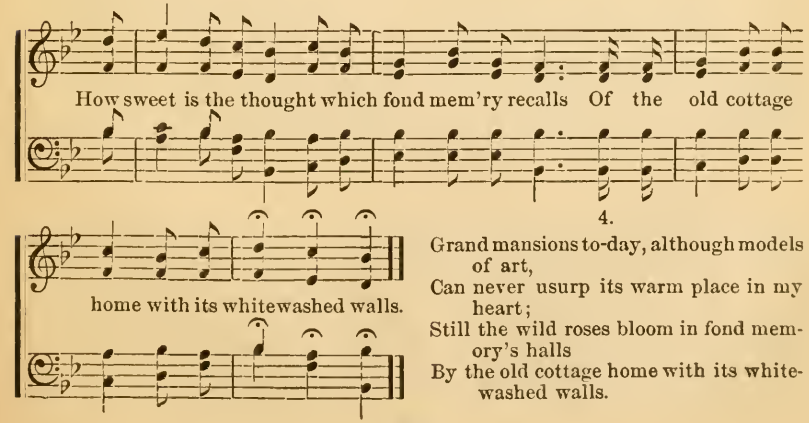

1. The man who casts the world a - side As lit-tle worth when once compared
2. Be-fore the light of woman's love; What sound so dear as her sweet voice?
3. Then, who would throw the wealth aside Of woman's love for earth's dull dross?
With woman's love, finds naught beside Such perfect bliss; he may have cared
No joys of earth or heav'n a-bove Can make the love - less heart re-joice.
She helps man stem life's swelling tide, And bears with him each bit- ter cross;
As mortals care for wealth and fame; For grandeur which makes glory bright,
True-mated souls care naught for show; The world's cold, hollow schemes they scorn;
Then, when thy yearning soul shall find An - oth- er heart all pure and free,
But hon-or is an emp- ty name, And glo- ry fades be-fore the light.
For lov- ing hearts can nev - er know The feel- ing of the word forlorn.
The twain let love's soft mesh-es bind As one be-yond life's troubled sea.

The Old Home of my Childhood.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.

1. A-mong all the ten - der and hal - low- ed things That ev - er a -
2. How oft in the shade, a- down by the clear brook, For minnows we
3. That home made all welcome, this no one could doubt, The neighbors all
- non sweet- est mem - o - ry brings, There is nothing more dear which the
fished with a pin bent for hook, And with bare lit- tle feet how we
knew that the latch-string was out, And there many the pil-grims that
past now re- calls Than the old cottage home with its whitewashed walls.
loved to wade thro', And there each learned to paddle his own ca - noe.
supp'd at its board, While the blazing log- fire in the fire-place roar'd.

Chorus.



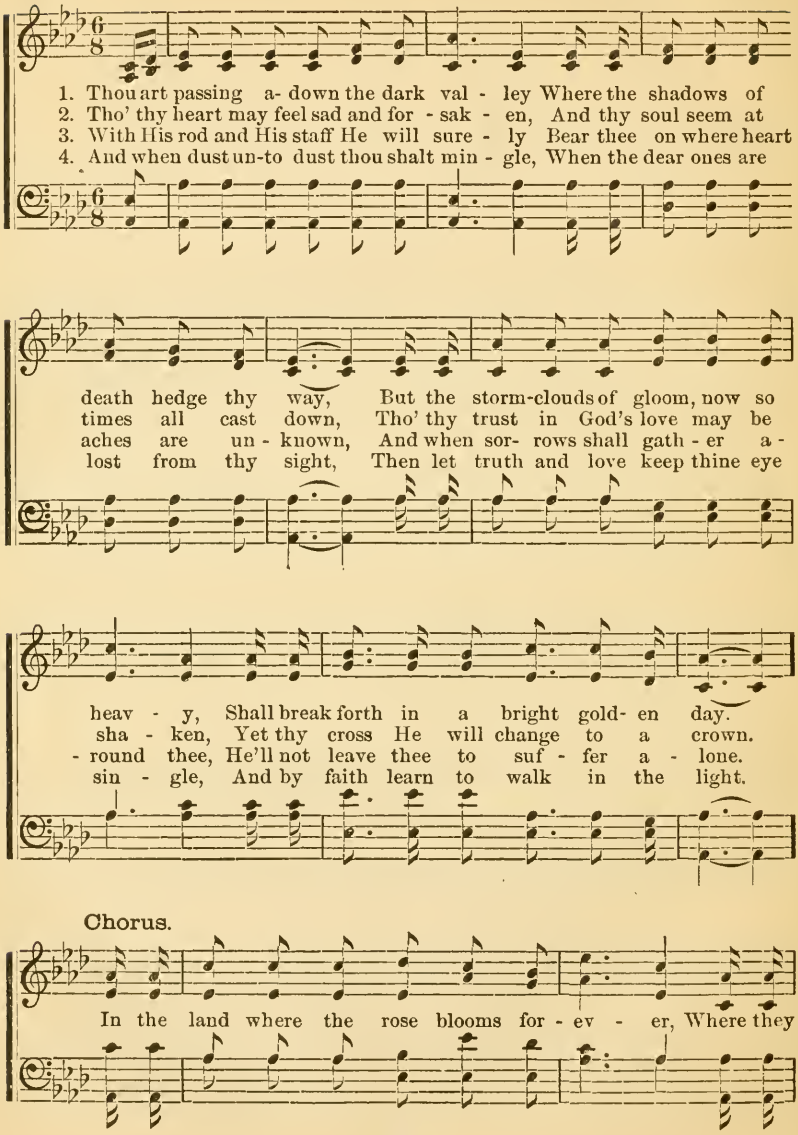
4.

Grand mansions to-day, although models of art,
Can never usurp its warm place in my heart;
Still the wild roses bloom in fond memory's halls
By the old cottage home with its whitewashed walls.

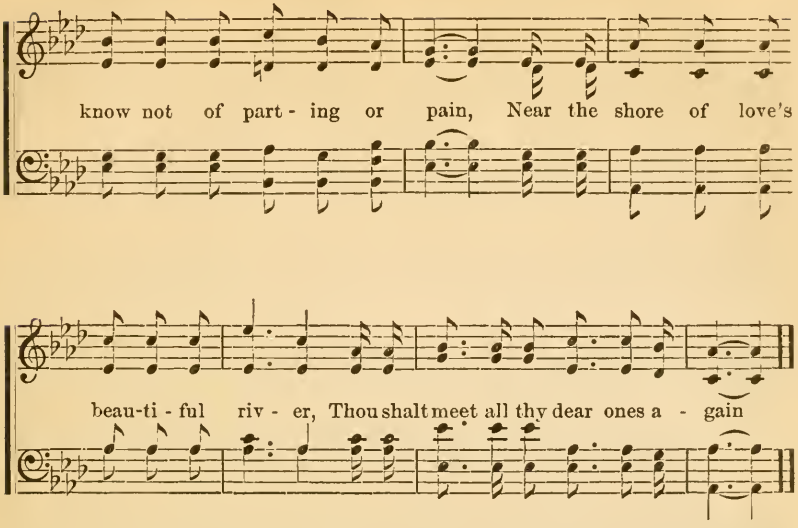
Walking Through the Valley.

To Miss M. W. M. on the loss of friends.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence.


1. Thou art passing a- down the dark val - ley Where the shadows of
2. Tho' thy heart may feel sad and for - sak - en, And thy soul seem at
3. With His rod and His staff He will sure - ly Bear thee on where heart
4. And when dust un-to dust thou shalt min - gle, When the dear ones are
death hedge thy way, But the storm-clouds of gloom, now so
times all cast down, Tho' thy trust in God's love may be
aches are un - known, And when sor- rows shall gath - er a -
lost from thy sight, Then let truth and love keep thine eye
heav - y, Shall break forth in a bright gold- en day.
sha - ken, Yet thy cross He will change to a crown.
- round thee, He'll not leave thee to suf - fer a - lone.
sin - gle, And by faith learn to walk in the light.
Chorus.
In the land where the rose blooms for - ev - er, Where they

Walking Through the Valley.—Concluded.



In the Sweet Bye and Bye.

"Great is your reward in heaven."—MATT. 5: 12

G. H. No. 7. B. M L.

1.

When we meet beyond the river,
In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall bless the Great Life-Giver
In the sweet bye and bye;
There our deeds will all be known
When our life-work here is done,
We shall reap what we have sown
In the sweet bye and bye.

2.

When we meet beyond the river,
In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall part no more for ever
In the sweet bye and bye;
There with rapture, oh, how sweet,
All our loved ones we shall greet,
Then our bliss will be complete
In the sweet bye and bye

3.

When we meet beyond the river,
In the sweet bye and bye,
Peace and joy will wed together,
In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall all be known above
By our works of truth and love,
Good deeds will a passport prove
In the sweet bye and bye.

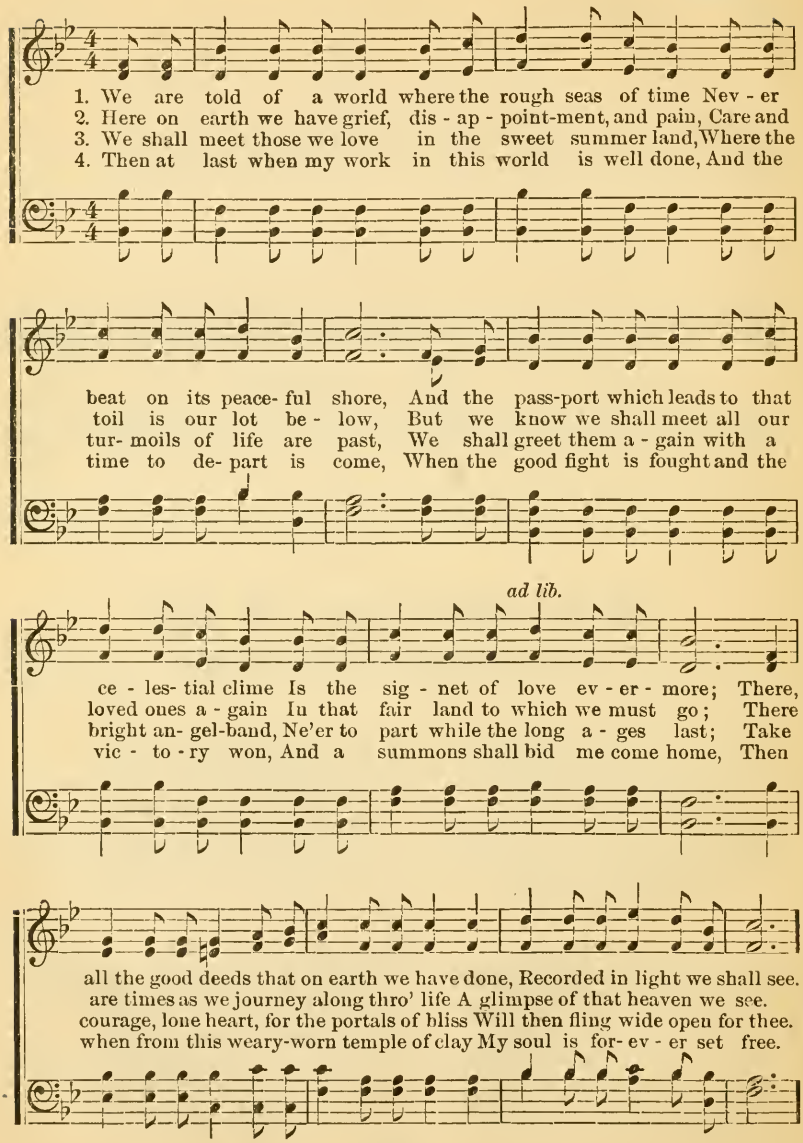
4

When we meet beyond the river,
In the sweet bye and bye,
Loving hearts no more shall sever
In the sweet bye and bye;
There the grave will loose its gloom,
Sorrow no more shroud the tomb,
Flowers there will ever bloom
In the sweet bye and bye.

Waiting in Heaven for Me.

"Every man that hath this hope purifieth himself."—1 JOHN 3: 3.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.


1. We are told of a world where the rough seas of time Nev - er
2. Here on earth we have grief, dis - ap - point-ment, and pain, Care and
3. We shall meet those we love in the sweet summer land, Where the
4. Then at last when my work in this world is well done, And the
beat on its peace- ful shore, And the pass-port which leads to that
toil is our lot be - low, But we know we shall meet all our
tur- moils of life are past, We shall greet them a - gain with a
time to de- part is come, When the good fight is fought and the
ad lib.
ce - les- tial clime Is the sig - net of love ev - er - more; There,
loved ones a - gain In that fair land to which we must go; There
bright an- gel-band, Ne'er to part while the long a - ges last; Take
vic - to - ry won, And a summons shall bid me come home, Then
all the good deeds that on earth we have done, Recorded in light we shall see.
are times as we journey along thro' life A glimpse of that heaven we see.
courage, lone heart, for the portals of bliss Will then fling wide open for thee.
when from this weary-worn temple of clay My soul is for- ev - er set free.

Waiting in Heaven for Me.—Concluded.

Chorus.

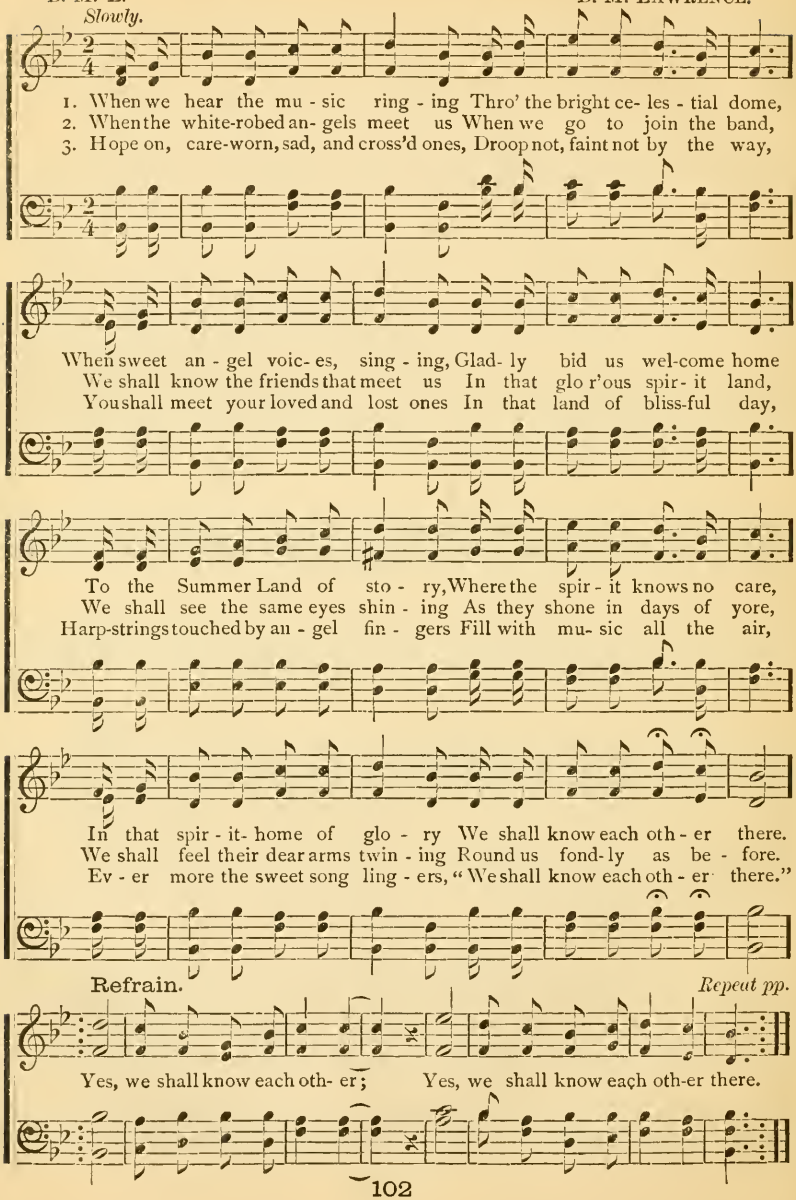
Oh, some one I know at the beau - ti - ful gate
Will in heav - en be wait - ing for me! Yes, some one I
know at the beau - ti - ful gate Will in heav - en be
wait - ing for me, In heav - en be wait - ing, In
heav- en be wait- ing, In heav- en be wait - ing for me.

We Shall Know Each Other There.

"Behold, I send an angel before thee."—Ex. 23: 20.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence.

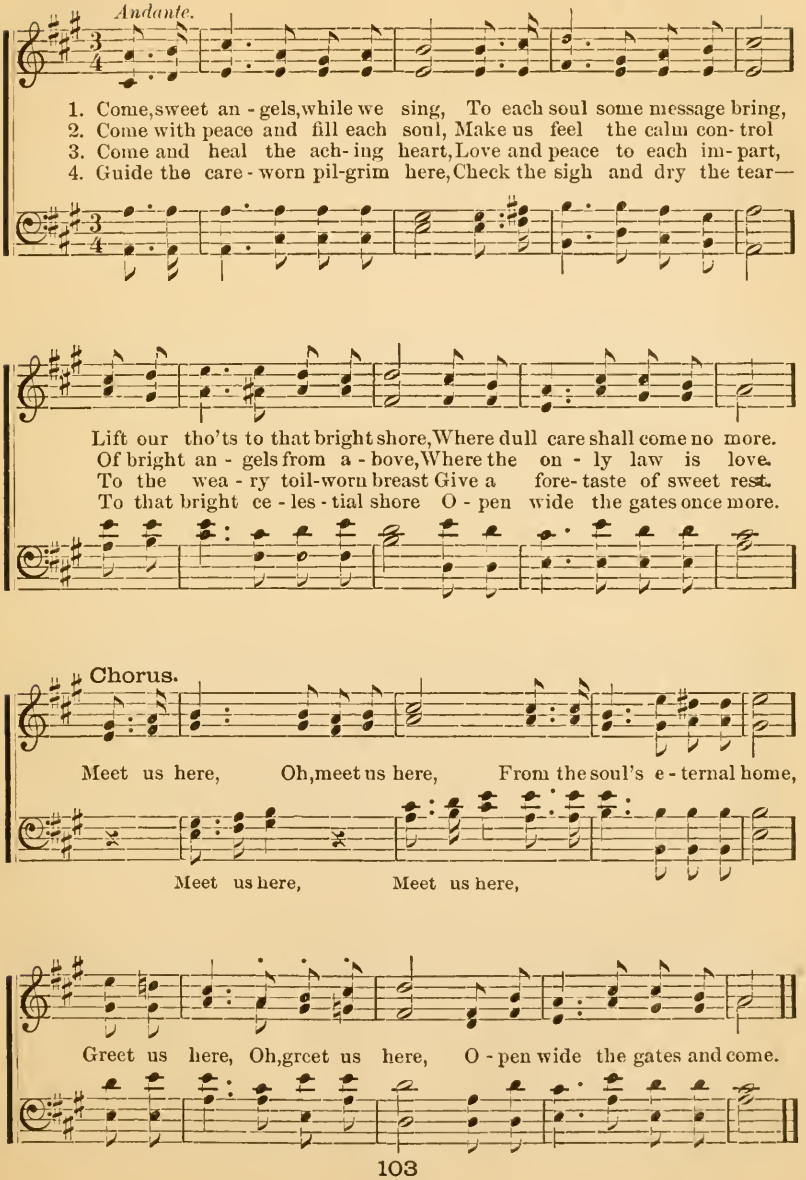
Slowly.


1. When we hear the mu - sic ring - ing Thro' the bright ce- les - tial dome,
2. When the white-robed an- gels meet us When we go to join the band,
3. Hope on, care-worn, sad, and cross'd ones, Droop not, faint not by the way,
When sweet an - gel voic- es, sing - ing, Glad- ly bid us wel-come home
We shall know the friends that meet us In that glo r'ous spir- it land,
You shall meet your loved and lost ones In that land of bliss-ful day,
To the Summer Land of sto - ry, Where the spir - it knows no care,
We shall see the same eyes shin - ing As they shone in days of yore,
Harp-strings touched by an - gel fin - gers Fill with mu- sic all the air,
In that spir - it- home of glo - ry We shall know each oth - er there.
We shall feel their dear arms twin - ing Round us fond- ly as be - fore.
Ev - er more the sweet song ling - ers, "We shall know each oth - er there."
Refrain.
Repeat pp.
Yes, we shall know each oth- er; Yes, we shall know each oth-er there.

Open Wide the Gates.

"Thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren."—Rev. 22 : 9.

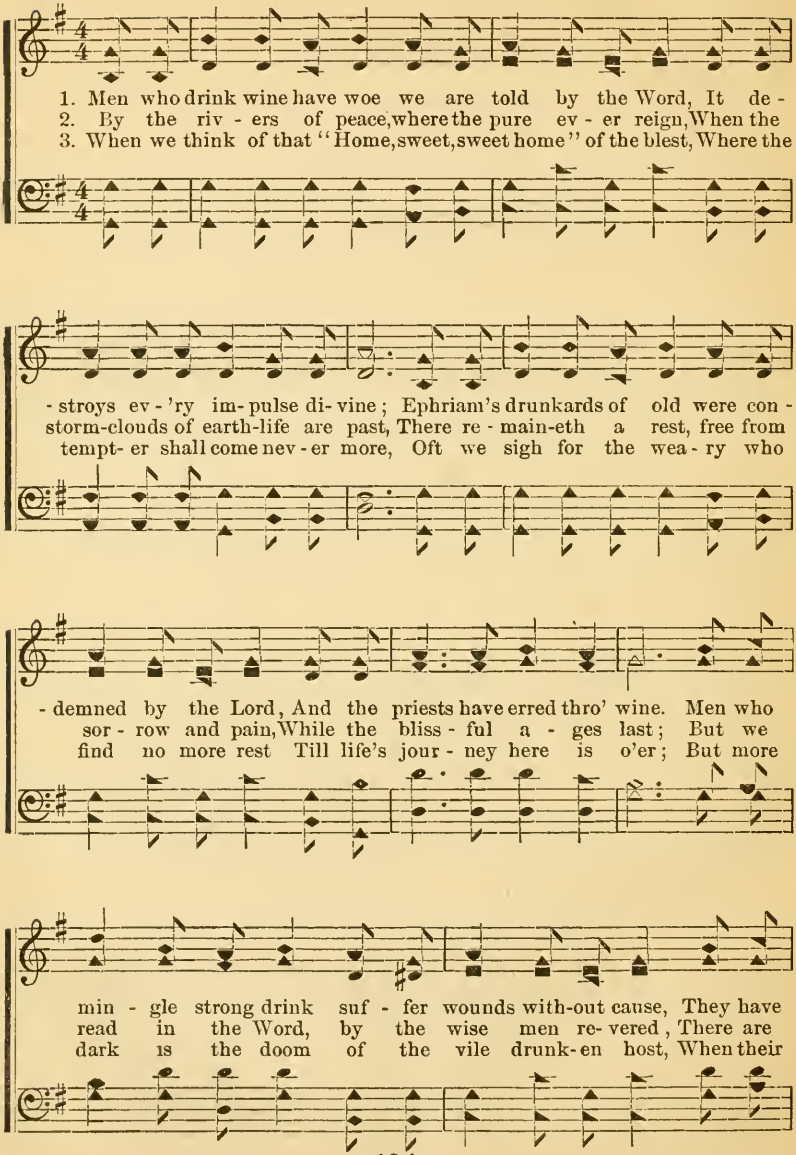
B. M. L. Miss M. W. M.


Andante.
1. Come, sweet an - gels, while we sing, To each soul some message bring,
2. Come with peace and fill each soul, Make us feel the calm con- trol
3. Come and heal the ach- ing heart, Love and peace to each im- part,
4. Guide the care - worn pil-grim here, Check the sigh and dry the tear—
Lift our tho'ts to that bright shore, Where dull care shall come no more.
Of bright an - gels from a - bove, Where the on - ly law is love.
To the wea - ry toil-worn breast Give a fore- taste of sweet rest.
To that bright ce - les - tial shore O - pen wide the gates once more.
Chorus.
Meet us here, Oh, meet us here, From the soul's e - ternal home,
Meet us here, Meet us here,
Greet us here, Oh, greet us here, O - pen wide the gates and come.

On the Evergreen Hills.

"Look not thou upon the wine."—PROV. 23: 31.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.


1. Men who drink wine have woe we are told by the Word, It de-
- stroys ev-'ry im-pulse di-vine; Ephriam's drunkards of old were con-
- demned by the Lord, And the priests have erred thro' wine. Men who
min - gle strong drink suf - fer wounds with-out cause, They have
2. By the riv - ers of peace, where the pure ev - er reign, When the
storm-clouds of earth-life are past, There re - main-eth a rest, free from
sor - row and pain, While the bliss - ful a - ges last; But we
read in the Word, by the wise men re- vered, There are
3. When we think of that "Home, sweet, sweet home" of the blest, Where the
tempt- er shall come nev - er more, Oft we sigh for the wea - ry who
find no more rest Till life's jour - ney here is o'er; But more
dark is the doom of the vile drunk- en host, When their

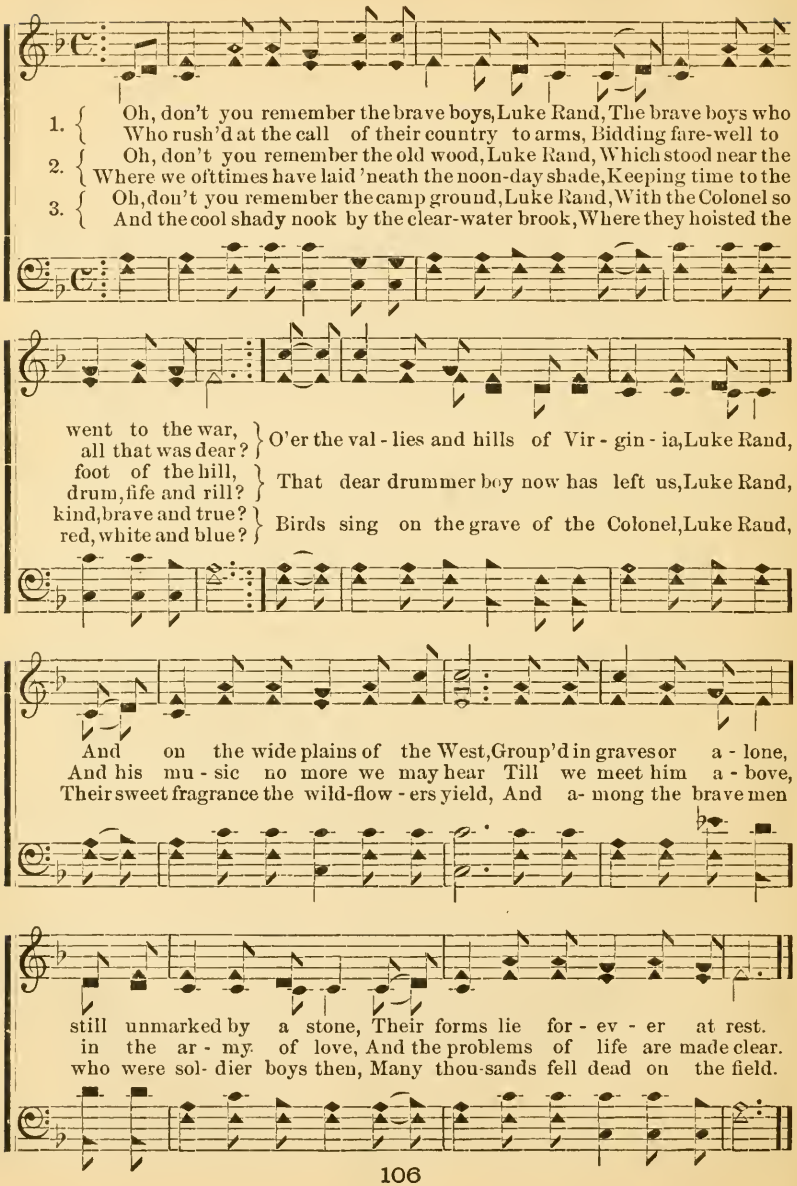
On the Evergreen Hills.—Concluded.

sor - row and red-ness of eyes, For they live in de - fi - ance of
joys drunken men nev - er know, While their souls by the base love of
lives by strong drink are cut down; Then, a - rouse to their res- cue, help
Nat - ure's great laws, And they die as the fool - ish man dies.
strong drink are seared, For at last all must reap what they sow.
re - claim the lost, And thy cross will at last prove a crown.
Chorus.
Then... shun the foul poi - son that fills Jails and
Then... shun the foul poi - son that kills Soul and
Oh,..... check the chief cause of life's ills, Save the
pris - ons by the ten thousands score, Oh, drink from the
bod - y by the ten thousands score; Oh, drink from the
fal - len by the ten thousands score, And at last, on the
pure liv - ing rills, And thy spir - it shall thirst no more.
pure liv - ing rills, Then thy spir - it shall thirst no more.
ev - er - green hills, Thy free spir - it shall thirst no more,

Remember the Brave Boys.

"Neither shall they learn war any more."—Isa. 2: 4.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence.


1. Oh, don't you remember the brave boys, Luke Rand, The brave boys who
Who rush'd at the call of their country to arms, Bidding fare-well to
2. Oh, don't you remember the old wood, Luke Rand, Which stood near the
Where we ofttimes have laid 'neath the noon-day shade, Keeping time to the
3. Oh, don't you remember the camp ground, Luke Rand, With the Colonel so
And the cool shady nook by the clear-water brook, Where they hoisted the
went to the war, all that was dear?
O'er the val - lies and hills of Vir - gin - ia, Luke Rand,
foot of the hill, drum, fife and rill?
That dear drummer boy now has left us, Luke Rand,
kind, brave and true? red, white and blue?
Birds sing on the grave of the Colonel, Luke Rand,
And on the wide plains of the West, Group'd in graves or a - lone,
And his mu - sic no more we may hear Till we meet him a - bove,
Their sweet fragrance the wild-flow - ers yield, And a- mong the brave men
still unmarked by a stone, Their forms lie for - ev - er at rest.
in the ar - my. of love, And the problems of life are made clear.
who were sol- dier boys then, Many thou-sands fell dead on the field.

Remember the Brave Boys.—Concluded.

4 'Twas the fierce lust for gold wrought this ruin, Luke Rand,
For it roused up the people to fight,
And it brought on defeat, both by sea and by land,
To the brave men who fought with such might.
Mammon robs men of reason and love, Luke Rand,
Makes a brother combat with his kin,
Turns a saint to a knave, makes the free man a slave,
And is father to all forms of sin.

5 But a change in the land we have loved, Luke Rand,
A change from the false to the true,
Brings to labor a hope that the time is at hand
When the old shall give place to the new.
Then the right evermore shall prevail, Luke Rand,
"Peace on earth" once again as of yore,
With a shout will ring forth, east and west, south and north,
"Then the nations shall learn war no more."

The Mandate of Labor.

Air.—*The Star-Spangled Banner.* B. M. L.

1 The Banner of Truth to the breeze is unfurled,
And the Nations of earth against wrong are contending,
The Mandates of Labor have 'wakened the world,
While the rights of all men her strong arm is defending.
Her brave, gallant band
Now make this demand:
That Robbers of Labor shall not rule the land.

Chorus.

For the wealth made by toiling the Toilers must own,
And no man shall reap what another hath sown;
Yes, the wealth made by toiling the Toilers must own,
For no man should reap what his brother hath sown.

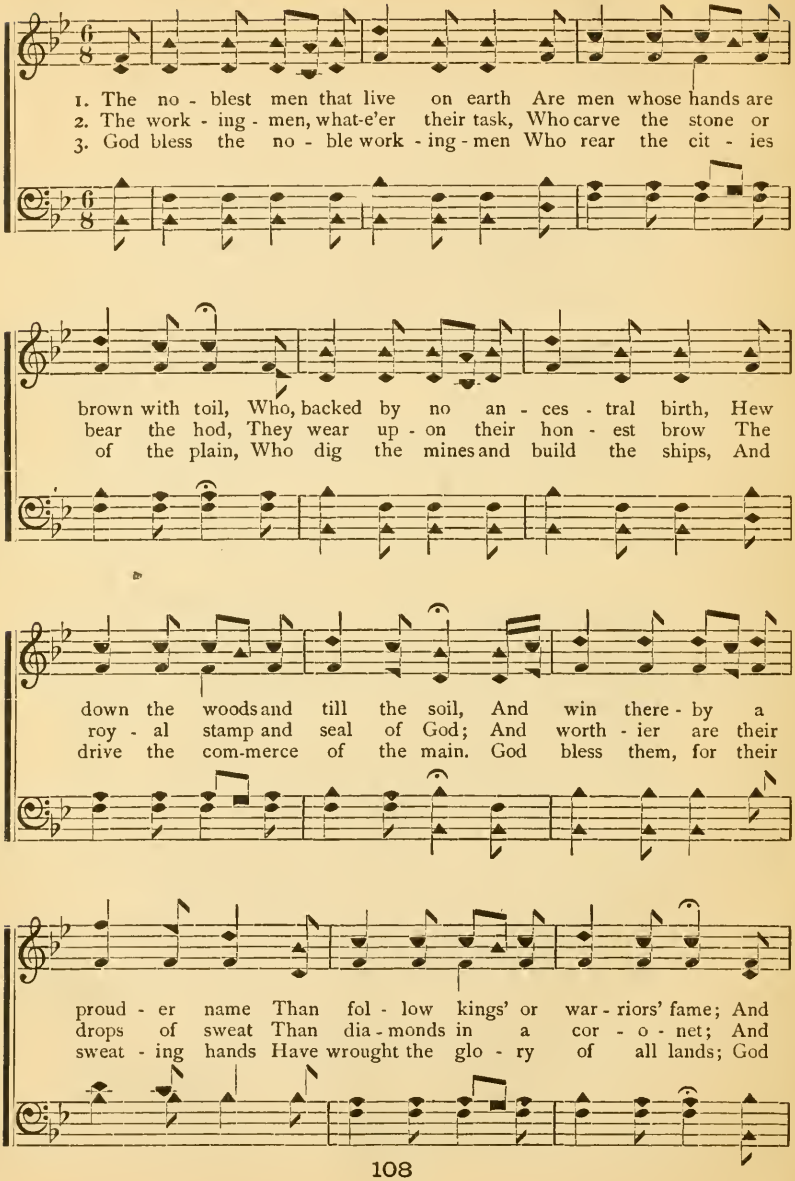
2 The people must learn that we all own the land,
Then will they resolve these great wrongs shall be righted,
The right will succeed, for the time is at hand
When the true friends of labor stand firmly united.
Then thieves who by stealth
Have secured boundless wealth,
Will all learn that labor is good for their health.—CHO.

3 Land, water, and air, which the whole nation owns,
Are products of nature which God made free for all men,
And they must not be held by the great, idle drones,
For the earth is the Lord's, made for all of His children.
Brave men, true as steel,
Must make robbers feel
The force of God's law which says, "Thou shalt not steal."—CHO.

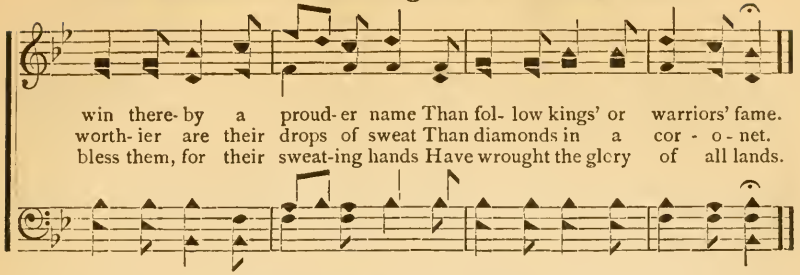
4 The battle has come and oppression must fall,
By soldiers of peace bearing banners of Labor,
"With malice toward none," but with justice to all,
Comes the reign of "good-will" to man and his neighbor.
For truth cannot fail;
The right will prevail,
And the demon of fraud is beginning to quail.—CHO.

The Noble Workingman.

Arr. by B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.

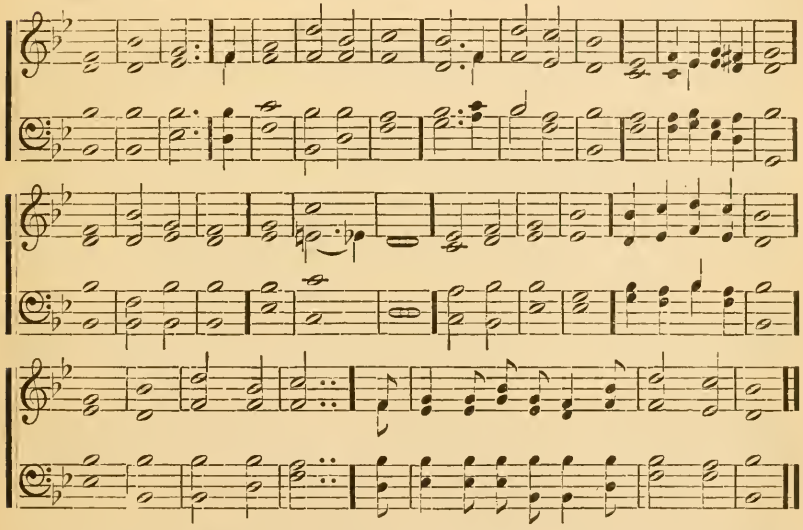

1. The no - blest men that live on earth Are men whose hands are
2. The work - ing - men, what-e'er their task, Who carve the stone or
3. God bless the no - ble work - ing - men Who rear the cit - ies
brown with toil, Who, backed by no an - ces - tral birth, Hew
bear the hod, They wear up - on their hon - est brow The
of the plain, Who dig the mines and build the ships, And
down the woods and till the soil, And win there - by a
roy - al stamp and seal of God; And worth - ier are their
drive the com-merce of the main. God bless them, for their
proud - er name Than fol - low kings' or war - riors' fame; And
drops of sweat Than dia - monds in a cor - o - net; And
sweat - ing hands Have wrought the glo - ry of all lands; God

The Noble Workingman.—Concluded.


win there- by a proud- er name Than fol- low kings' or warriors' fame.
worth- ier are their drops of sweat Than diamonds in a cor - o - net.
bless them, for their sweat-ing hands Have wrought the glory of all lands.

Abou Ben Adhem.

LEIGH HUNT. B. M. LAWRENCE.



ABOU BEN ADHEM, may his tribe increase! Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, And | saw within the moonlight of his room, | Making it light, and like the lily in bloom, ‖

An | angel, writing in a | book of | gold. ‖

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold, And to the presence in his room, he said: What | writest | thou?" ‖

The vision raised its head, And with a look, made | all of sweet ac- | cord, ‖

Answered, "The names of those that | love the | Lord. ‖

"And is mine one?" said Abou. | "Nay, not so," Replied the angel. | Abou spoke more low, But cheerily ‖

Still, and | said, | "I pray thee, then, Write me as one that ‖

Loves his fellow | men." ‖

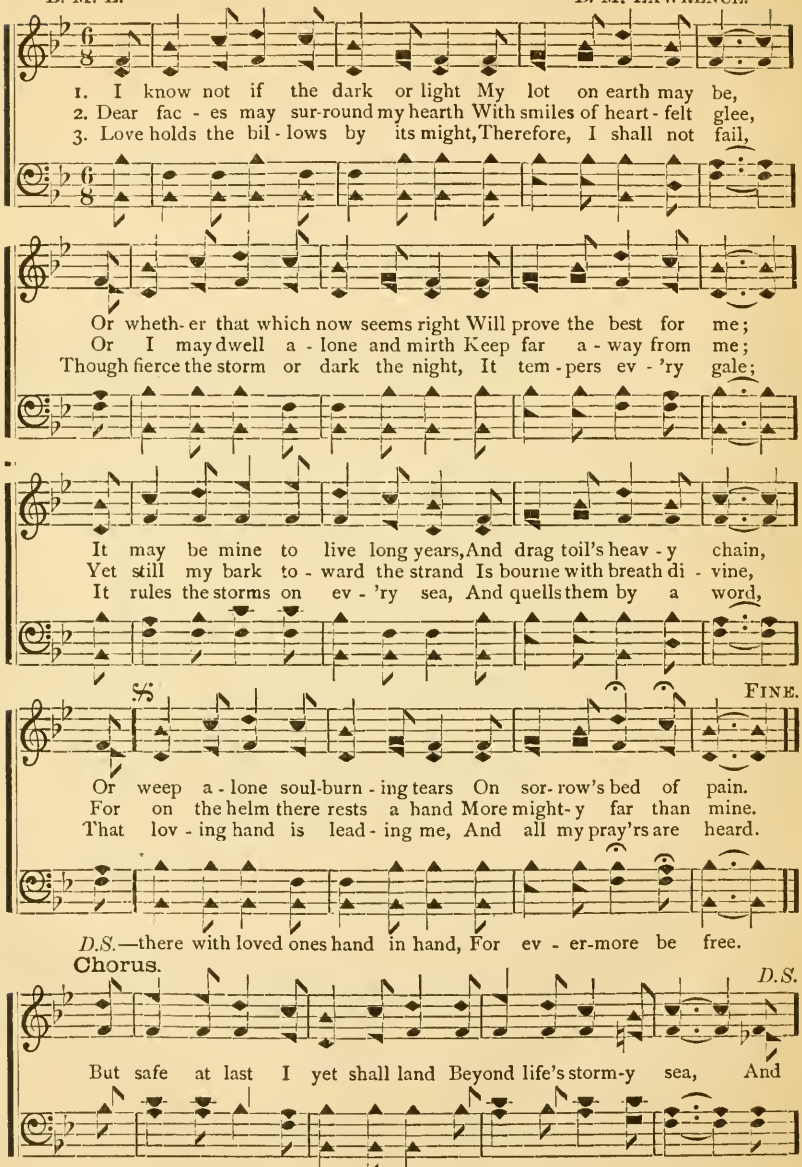
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night He came again with great awakening light, | And showed the names whom love of | God had | blest, ‖

When | lo! Ben Adhem's name led | all the | rest. ‖

That Loving Hand is Leading Me.

"For mine angel shall go before thee."—Ex. 23: 24.

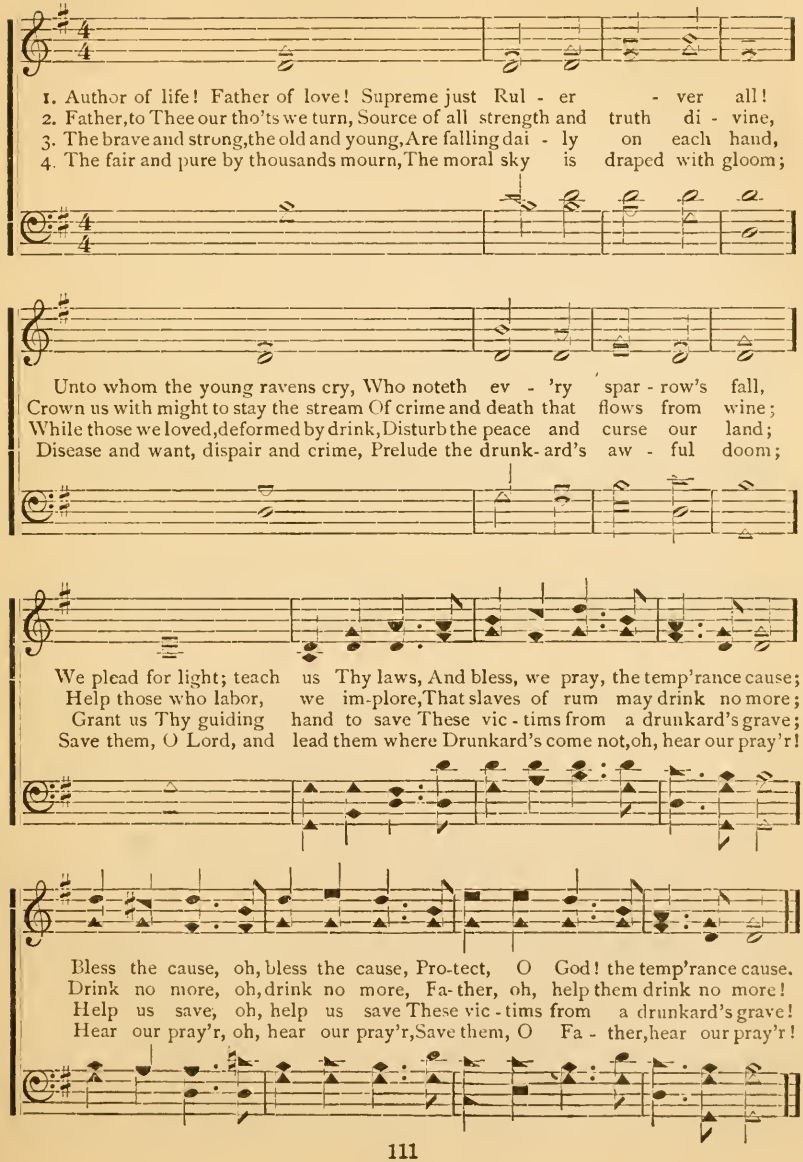
B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.


1. I know not if the dark or light My lot on earth may be,
2. Dear fac - es may sur-round my hearth With smiles of heart - felt glee,
3. Love holds the bil - lows by its might, Therefore, I shall not fail,
Or wheth- er that which now seems right Will prove the best for me;
Or I may dwell a - lone and mirth Keep far a - way from me;
Though fierce the storm or dark the night, It tem - pers ev - 'ry gale;
It may be mine to live long years, And drag toil's heav - y chain,
Yet still my bark to - ward the strand Is bourne with breath di - vine,
It rules the storms on ev - 'ry sea, And quells them by a word,
FINE.
Or weep a - lone soul-burn - ing tears On sor- row's bed of pain.
For on the helm there rests a hand More might- y far than mine.
That lov - ing hand is lead - ing me, And all my pray'rs are heard.
D.S.—there with loved ones hand in hand, For ev - er-more be free.
Chorus.
D.S.
But safe at last I yet shall land Beyond life's storm-y sea, And

The Temperance Invocation.

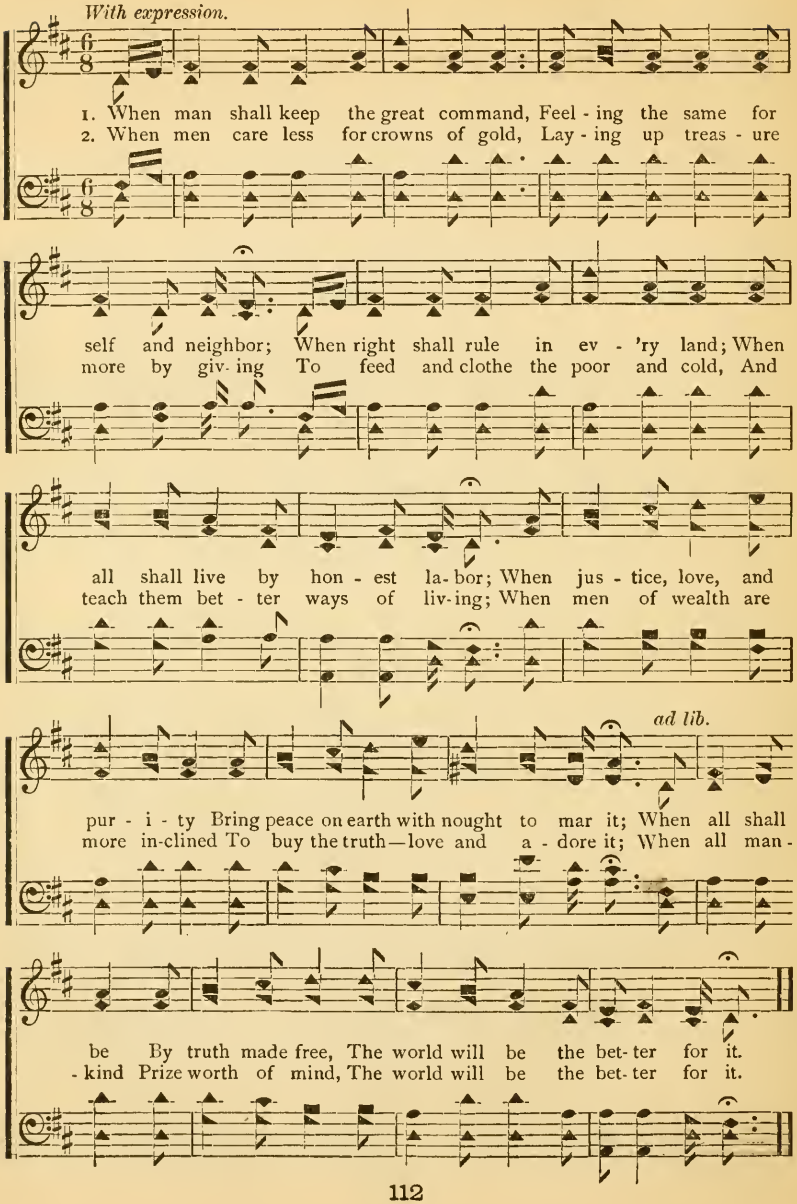
"At the last it biteth like a serpent."—Prov. 23-32.

B. M. L. B. M. Lawrence.


1. Author of life! Father of love! Supreme just Rul - er - ver all!
2. Father, to Thee our tho'ts we turn, Source of all strength and truth di - vine,
3. The brave and strong, the old and young, Are falling dai - ly on each hand,
4. The fair and pure by thousands mourn, The moral sky is draped with gloom;
Unto whom the young ravens cry, Who noteth ev - 'ry spar - row's fall,
Crown us with might to stay the stream Of crime and death that flows from wine;
While those we loved, deformed by drink, Disturb the peace and curse our land;
Disease and want, dispair and crime, Prelude the drunk- ard's aw - ful doom;
We plead for light; teach us Thy laws, And bless, we pray, the temp'rance cause;
Help those who labor, we im-plore, That slaves of rum may drink no more;
Grant us Thy guiding hand to save These vic - tims from a drunkard's grave;
Save them, O Lord, and lead them where Drunkard's come not, oh, hear our pray'r!
Bless the cause, oh, bless the cause, Pro-tect, O God! the temp'rance cause.
Drink no more, oh, drink no more, Fa- ther, oh, help them drink no more!
Help us save, oh, help us save These vic - tims from a drunkard's grave!
Hear our pray'r, oh, hear our pray'r, Save them, O Fa - ther, hear our pray'r!

The World Will be the Better for it.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.


With expression.
1. When man shall keep the great command, Feel - ing the same for
2. When men care less for crowns of gold, Lay - ing up treas - ure
self and neighbor; When right shall rule in ev - 'ry land; When
more by giv - ing To feed and clothe the poor and cold, And
all shall live by hon - est la - bor; When jus - tice, love, and
teach them bet - ter ways of liv - ing; When men of wealth are
ad lib.
pur - i - ty Bring peace on earth with nought to mar it; When all shall
more in - clined To buy the truth—love and a - dore it; When all man -
be By truth made free, The world will be the bet - ter for it.
- kind Prize worth of mind, The world will be the bet - ter for it.

The World Will be, Etc.—Concluded.

3.

When men care less for what folks say,
And take more care to curb their passions;
When women shall refuse to pay
Allegiance unto useless fashions;
When she shall never more compress
Her form divine, nor dare to mar it;
When all care less
For show and dress,
The world will be the better for it.

4.

When men care less for gin and rum,
And less for wine, ale, beer and brandy,
For nostrums which the nerves benumb,
For poison drugs or pills of candy;
When men shall eat the purest food,
Refuse tobacco and abhor it;
When reason's ken
Shall govern men,
The world will be the better for it

5.

When men care less for forms and creeds,
And more for apostolic preaching;
When men serve Christ by noble deeds,
And hearken to the Spirit's teaching;
When men will not deny the truth,
Nor by wrong-doing pierce and scar it;
When all shall know
A heaven below,
The world will be the better for it.

6.

When paradise on earth is found,
And converse held with seraph wardens;
When Eden homes for all abound,
Where pure love dwells in peaceful gardens;
When all may own and dress the earth,
Till golden grain and fruits bend o'er it;
From want secure;
None rich—none poor,
The world will be the better for it.

The World Would be the Better for it.

1.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-fields and glory;
If writ in human hearts a name
Seemed better than in song or story;
If men, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate it and abhor it;
If more relied
On love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

2.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it;
If yours and mine
Would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

3.

If more would act the play of life,
And fewer spoil it in rehersal;
If bigotry would sheath its knife,
Till good became more universal;
If custom, gay with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it;
If talent shone
In Truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

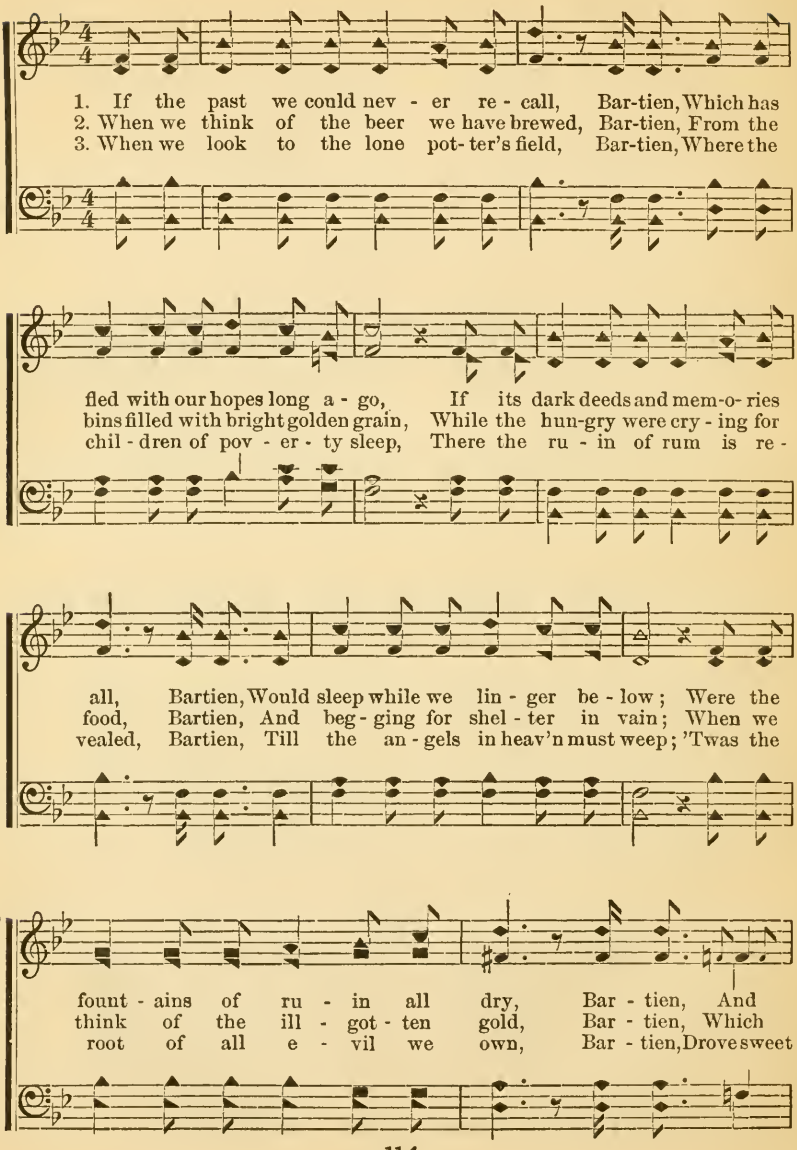
4.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings;
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings;
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it;
If right made might
In every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

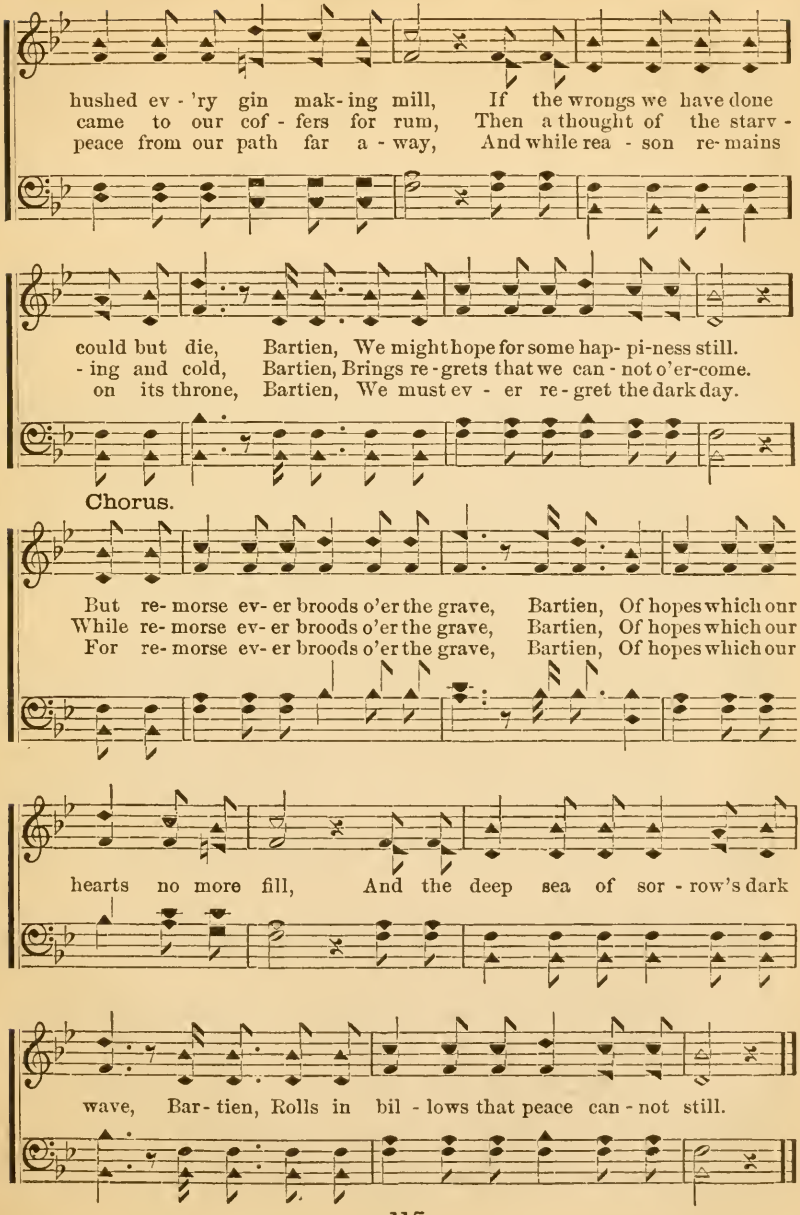
The Rum Maker's Remorse.

"Woe unto the men of strength who mingle strong drink."—ISA. 5: 22.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.


1. If the past we could nev - er re - call, Bar-tien, Which has
2. When we think of the beer we have brewed, Bar-tien, From the
3. When we look to the lone pot- ter's field, Bar-tien, Where the
fled with our hopes long a - go, If its dark deeds and mem-o- ries
bins filled with bright golden grain, While the hun-gry were cry - ing for
chil - dren of pov - er - ty sleep, There the ru - in of rum is re -
all, Bartien, Would sleep while we lin - ger be - low; Were the
food, Bartien, And beg - ging for shel - ter in vain; When we
vealed, Bartien, Till the an - gels in heav'n must weep; 'Twas the
fount - ains of ru - in all dry, Bar - tien, And
think of the ill - got - ten gold, Bar - tien, Which
root of all e - vil we own, Bar - tien, Drove sweet

The Rum Maker's Remorse.—Concluded.


hushed ev - 'ry gin mak- ing mill, If the wrongs we have done
came to our cof - fers for rum, Then a thought of the starv -
peace from our path far a - way, And while rea - son re- mains
could but die, Bartien, We might hope for some hap- pi-ness still.
- ing and cold, Bartien, Brings re - grets that we can - not o'er-come.
on its throne, Bartien, We must ev - er re - gret the dark day.
Chorus.
But re- morse ev- er broods o'er the grave, Bartien, Of hopes which our
While re- morse ev- er broods o'er the grave, Bartien, Of hopes which our
For re- morse ev- er broods o'er the grave, Bartien, Of hopes which our
hearts no more fill, And the deep sea of sor - row's dark
wave, Bar- tien, Rolls in bil - lows that peace can - not still.

The Heaving Sea.

B. M. L. B. M. LAWRENCE.

Moderato.

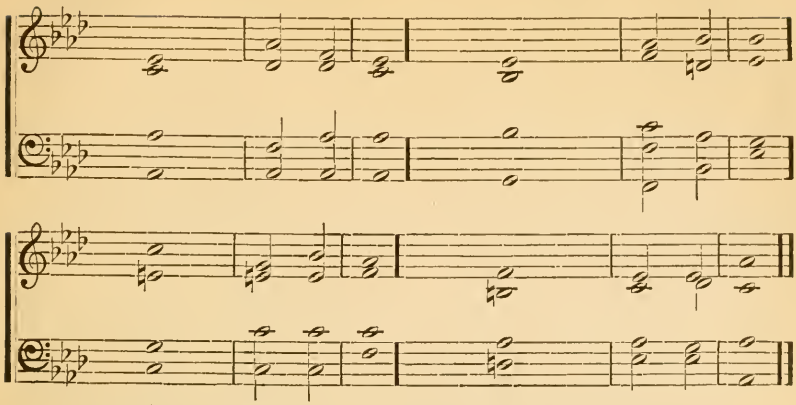
1. Say, heav - ing sea, hast thou a heart Like some lorn sail - or with his crew?
2. Say, heav - ing sea, hast thou a heart Like some true sol - dier, young and brave,
3. Say, heav - ing sea, hast thou a heart Like some sweet maid - en, pure and fair,
4. Say, heav - ing sea, hast thou a heart Like some poor, grief-worn moth - er wild,
5. Oh, say, great sea, to each sad heart, "Sweet peace will come like an - gels bright,
A-wreck! he doomed with life to part, His wind - ing sheet the dark deep blue.
Whom coun - try calls from love to part, Per - haps, to fill an unknown grave?
When forced from her true love to part, And wed for life with black de- spair?
When death or- dains that she must part To meet no more her dar - ling child?
Life storms will cease, dark clouds de - part When love lets down her gold - en light.
Faster.
Wild waves, are thy rip - ples turn - ing Up- ward as they strike the strand?
Wild waves, are thy cease- less rag - ing, Thy bold, free and fear - less strife,
Wild waves, are thy swells e - mo - tion, And thy ebb deep sighs of woe,
Wild waves, why thy rest - less leap- ing? Why thy plain-tive sea - shell roar?
White waves then will chant un - end - ing Strains of bliss with joy com-bined,
rit. ad lib.
Sym- bols of some dark soul yearn- ing For the light of sum - mer land.
Like the sword of jus - tice wag - ing War a - gainst the wrongs of life?
Chased by gales on life's great o - cean, Where love ship-wrecked long a - go?
Ra- chael like art thou still weep- ing For thy dead be - yond life's shore.
While pure souls from heav'n de - scend- ing, Will re - turn and bless man-kind.

* Words and music were written impromptu before sunrise the first morning the writer heard the breakers roar; the great ocean seemed a thing of life, its throbbing heart, "The Heaving Sea."

Who Hath Woe?

"Woe unto them that follow strong drink."—Isa. 5: 11.

B. M. L. F. L. Armstrong.



1 Woe unto them that rise up early | in the | morning, ||
That they may follow after strong fer- | mented | wine; ||
Who disregard the inspired prophet's | faithful | warning, ||
And prostitute the wholesome product | of the | vine; ||

2 Who mar the music of the social | feast by | drinking ||
That which defiles the body and de- | stroys the | brain; ||
Which captivates and kills the noblest | powers of | thinking, ||
Enthroning selfish lusts with beastly | greed of | grain. ||

3 Woe to the mighty multitude, dried | up with | thirsting, ||
Hungering for that which fails to nourish | and sus- | tain;
Which call for more while maddened brain with | wine is | bursting, ||
And nature's still small voice calls out for | help in | vain. ||

4 Shame on the men of honor! legal | men of | learning, ||
False teachers who, for lack of knowledge, | lead a- | stray ||
The toiling masses who are wildly | pleading, | yearning ||
For light to guide their weary feet in | wisdom's | way. ||

5 Woe unto them that call good evil, | who de- | filing ||
God's dwelling-place, the temple made for | His a- | bode; ||
Who break the law, pervert the sense, the | taste be- | guiling ||
With bitter things which all the baser | feelings | goad. ||

6 Woe to the mighty men of strength, who | strong drink | mingle, ||
Inflamed by wine, they live to grati- | fy their | lust; ||
Devoid of love, like sounding brass or | tinkling | cymbal, ||
Their root shall die, their blossom shall go | up as | dust. ||

7 Therefore, as the burning fire shall de- | stroy the | stubble, ||
And as the flame consumeth chaff be- | fore the | wind, ||
So shall wine drinkers find reward in | woe and | trouble, ||
But temperance and purity brings | peace of | mind. ||

8 Their sons shall walk and not be weary, | shall not | stumble, ||
Nor shall they slumber as the stupid | drunkards' | sleep; ||
They shall be fed with bounty, filled with | spirits | humble; ||
"With love for all" malice for none, God's | laws they | keep. ||

Parting Song, Good Night.

B. M. L. W. E. Barker.

1. With heav - ing sigh and swell - ing heart We sing this fare - well strain,
2. How sweet the hours have passed a - way Since we have gath - ered here,
3. While with dear friends the flight of time Seems like a bliss - ful dream,
4. Since com - ing here our hearts have grown, We feel our souls ex - pand,
For soon the time will come to part, Yet we shall meet a - gain;
Bright sun - shine from love's gold - en day Has filled our souls with cheer,
When souls we love from some fair clime Float with us down life's stream,
Since now we know we still are known And loved in an - gel land,
Meet here or on some bright - er shore, Where part - ing songs
And though we now are forced to part, We shall re - main
The vis - ion fades and breaks the spell, With fond re - gret,
Where part - ing scenes no more shall come, Safe in the soul's
are sung no more.
but one in heart.
we say "fare-well!"
sweet Sum - mer Home.
Good night, good night, good night!

Peace on Earth Once More.

No. 1. Tune—G. H., No. 14.

"And there shall be no more death."—*Rev.* xxi. 4.

1 Earth and Heaven now are blending,
Light at last appears,
Angels from above descending,
Come to quell our fears.

CHORUS.

Hail the truth, a light is shining
From the other shore,
While the loved ones are returning
Back to earth once more.

2 They have come, the grave defeating,
Making death our friend,
And they sing these words, repeating,
"Life will never end." *Cho.*

3 Truth will triumph, right ordains it,
And the time draws nigh;
Peace and progress both proclaim it,
"Souls can never die." *Cho.*

4 Earth, long years in sorrow wailing,
Finds relief from woe,
Deeds of love to man prevailing,
Will bring Heav'n below. *Cho.*

5 Hark, the hosts on high are singing,
"Good will to all men,
Souls still live"—the chorus ringing,
"Peace on earth shall reign." *Cho.*

B. M. L.

The Soul's Sweet Home.

No. 2. Tune—G. H., No. 84, Vol. III.

"Ye shall see heaven open, and the angels."—*John* i. 51.

1 There is a land of fruits and vines,
Of golden grains and living wines,
Where night and death have passed away,
And life is one long blissful day.

CHORUS.

Sweet summer land, sweet summer land,
Sometimes in dreams I seem to stand,
And look beyond life's stormy sea,
Where mansions bright are made for me,
And view with joy the shining shore,
The soul's sweet home forevermore.

2 Bright angels come and greet us here;
With them we hold communion dear,
They come and clasp us by the hand,
And point us to that better land.

3 Ofttimes they come with words of love,
And tell us of their home above;
Again they bring a sweet perfume,
With brightest flowers in full bloom.

4 They chant sweet music over there,
The songs of love float on the air,
Where jarring discords never come,
There we shall find the soul's sweet home.

B. M. L.

That Valley of Peace.

No. 3. Tune—G. H., No. 62, Vol. III.

"And there shall be no night there."—*Rev.* xxii. 5.

1 We sing of that valley of peace,
With rivers of pleasure so rare,
Where sunlight and love never cease;—
Oh, what must it be to be there!

CHORUS.

To be there, to be there,
The joys of the angels to share;
To be there, to be there,
Oh, what must it be to be there!

2 We sing of the mansions above,
The robes of pure white we shall wear,
The music and harps made of love;—
Oh, what must it be to be there!

3 We sing of our friends in that home
Beyond earthly sorrow and care,
And think of the sweet joys to come;—
Oh, what must it be to be there!

4 We sing of that soul-world sublime,
With skies ever cloudless and fair;
We dream of that beautiful clime;—
Oh, what must it be to be there!

5 We sing of that immortal shore,
With which there is nought to compare,
There loved ones will part nevermore;—
Oh, what must it be to be there!

B. M. L.

Where Flowers Ever Bloom.

No. 4. Tune—G. H., No. 40, Vol. III.

"A new heaven and a new earth."—*Rev.* xxi. 1.

1 We have heard of a world far away,
Where they know not of sorrow or care;
Where the sunlight of love makes it day,
And they have no more night over there.

CHORUS.

Over there, over there, over there,
We shall meet on that ever-green shore;
Over there, over there, over there,
We shall meet there to part never-more.

2 We have heard that our friends who pass on
Are asleep in the dark silent tomb;
But we know that they only have gone
To that land where the flow'rs ever bloom. *Cho.*

3 We have heard when they go to that bourne,
They remain there in torment or bliss;
But the trav'ler we know can return,
For they come back from that land to this. *Cho.*

4 Oh, we know there is peace, joy and rest,
And a home for the pilgrim above;
Yet to gain that bright land of the blest,
We must purchase our passport with love. *Cho.*

B. M. L.

The Gates Ajar For All.

No. 5. Tune—G. H., No. 15.

"The gates of it shall not be shut."—*Rev.* xxi. 25.

1 The gates of glory stand ajar,
And through the portals gleaming
Sweet angel friends come from afar,
With love their faces beaming.

CHORUS.

The pearly gates, what joy to see,
Are left ajar for you and me,
For you and me,
For all by truth made free.

2 The gates are open wide for all,
From every tribe and nation,
For rich or poor, for great or small,
From every rank and station. *Cho.*

3 Proclaim the truth and gain a crown,
This gospel must be spoken, [frown,
Press onward, then, though foes may
And win love's royal token. *Cho.*

4 Beyond the river's brink once more,
Friends that to death were given
Will meet us on the other shore,
And love us still in heaven. *Cho.*

5 The gates of glory, oh, how grand!
Across the mystic river,
They open to the summer land,
Where we shall live forever. *Cho.*

B. M. L.

Death to Alcohol.

No. 6. Tune—G. H., No. 14.

"Wine is a mocker."—*Prov.* xx. 1.

1 Friends of temp'rance, take fresh courage,
Right will gain the day;
True reform is now the watchword,
Wisdom leads the way.

CHORUS.

Join the ranks, uphold the banner,
Old King Rum must fall,
Join the ranks and give no quarter;
Death to Alcohol!

2 Now the temp'rance host is marching,
Wrong must surely fail;
Long or short though fierce the conflict,
Right will yet prevail. *Cho.*

3 Brave young men are daily falling—
See this deadly foe,
Filling all the land with mourning,
Hear the wail of woe! *Cho.*

4 When the temp'rance cause shall triumph,
Woman can proclaim
To the captives of the wine cup,
Freedom in Christ's name. *Cho.*

5 Onward, then, ye hosts of true men;
Cheer, brave comrades, cheer;
By the help of God and woman,
Victory is near. *Cho.* B. M. L.

Lead Us in the Light.

No. 7. Tune—G. H., No. 99, Vol. II.

"They shall bear thee up."—*Ps.* xci. 12.

1 Come, angels, lead us in the light,
Come, prove that life can never cease,
With wisdom guide our ways aright,
And lead our feet in paths of peace.

CHORUS.

Come, angels, come, and guide our feet
In paths of peace to that bright shore
Beyond the tide; there may we meet
With those we love, to part no more.

2 Lift up our thoughts from earthly care,
Away to that bright world above,
And make us feel that over there
Rewards will come for works of love.

3 Though oft mid daily scenes of life,
With toil and care we must contend,
Secure us from turmoil and strife,
And prove to each a constant friend.

4 Help us to share our brother's grief,
The goodness in his heart to see,
Sad, gloomy souls to give relief,
And make men peaceful, pure and free.

5 When from this earth we pass away,
To live with loved ones gone before,
Then may we hear the angels say,
Sweet peace is thine forevermore.

B. M. L.

We Shall Meet By and By.

No. 8. Tune—G. H., No. 85.

"Wherefore comfort yourselves together."—*I Thess.* v. 11.

1 Wondrous truth, what joy to know
Souls who leave this world below,
When they reach the other shore,
Can return to earth once more.

CHORUS.

We shall meet them by and by,
Meet them on that peaceful shore,
We shall meet them by and by,
Meet them there, to part no more.

2 We shall meet them over there,
Far beyond this world of care;
In that blissful home above,
We shall meet all those we love. *Cho.*

3 We shall know and there be known,
Where all reap what they have sown,
And when earth's work is well done,
Life will seem but just begun. *Cho.*

4 We shall mingle with the blest,
In that land of peace and rest,
Gaining still a strength of soul,
While the ceaseless ages roll. *Cho.*

5 We shall chant songs new and old,
And our lives will still unfold,
On that bright, immortal shore,
Upward still forevermore. *Cho.*

B. M. L.

Safe at Home, from Sorrow Free.

No. 9. Tune—G. H., No. 87, Vol. III.

"In my Father's house."—*John* xiv. 2.

1 There, safe at home, from all sorrow set free,
When we join the blest angels above,
What a blissful band of saints we shall see,
In that sweet land of sunshine and love.
Disease and woe, disappointment and pain,
Will come in that pure world no more,
For grief and care, with dark clouds of despair,
Are unknown on that beautiful shore

CHORUS.

Safe, safe at home, our own sweet, sweet home,
Forever on that shore,
We'll sing of love in that home above,
Where grief and care shall come no more

2 There safe at home, in that pure land of light,
We shall rest when our race here is run;
There to meet with loved ones enrobed in white,
Will be heaven indeed begun;
Chanting sweet notes, which the choristers swell,
With anthems that never seem old,
Songs of pure love will re-echo above,
With a rapture that cannot be told.

B. M. L.

Touch Not, Taste Not, Handle Not.

No. 10. Tune—G. H., No. 35, Vol. III.

"Which all are to perish."—*Col.* ii. 22.

1 Then touch not thou the unclean thing,
Preserve thy temple undefiled,
Make it the home—fit dwelling place
For a chaste spirit—meek and mild.
No longer be the slave of vice;
Henceforth be free—break every bond;
Let not base loves and sordid aims
Dwarf and deform thy soul beyond.

2 Then taste not thou the unclean thing,
It will but lure thy soul to death,
Defile the body, cloud the mind,
Polluting both thy thoughts and breath.
Inhale pure air, not poison fumes,
Reject whatever leads to crime,
To idle thoughts, foul words and deeds,
Which stain the soul throughout all time.

3 Then handle not the unclean thing;
This law divine was made for all;
"Obey the perfect rules of health."
Nature proclaims as well as Paul:
"The filthy shall be filthy still,"
For death does not transform the soul,
Then break the yoke, throw off the spell,
Ere appetite gains full control. B. M. L.

Beyond the Beautiful River.

No. 11. Tune—Key of Eb.

"A pure river of water of life."—*Rev.* xxii. 1.

1 We shall meet beyond the river,
In our glorious home above,
There with dearest friends forever
Live in perfect peace and love.

CHORUS.

We shall meet beyond the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with our friends at the river
Which flows by the soul's sweet home.

2 On the bright shores of the river,
With its silver-gleaming spray,
Gems of beauty we shall gather,
Through the endless June-clad day.

3 Close beside the shining river,
With dear loved ones we shall roam,
When we meet no more to sever
In the soul's sweet summer home.

4 When we reach the peaceful river
We shall lay our burdens down,
There with true souls we shall ever
Wear a white robe and a crown.

5 When at last we cross the river,
All our anxious cares will cease,
While we bless the Great Life-Giver
Through the endless years of peace.

B. M. L

Angels Whisper They Can Come.

No. 12. Tune—G. H., No 69.

"Thy dead shall live awake and sing."—*Is.* xxvi. 19.

1 They can come—oh, blessed thought—
Words with so much rapture fraught.
Now the veil is rent between
This world and the world unseen.
From the bright supernal home
Angels whisper, "They can come."

2 They can come—souls that we love—
From their peaceful homes above;
And their words of hope and cheer
Fall in rapture on my ear.
For the regal guests make room;
Bid them welcome—they can come.

3 They can come when sorrows press,
Come and make our trials less;
Come and banish doubts and fears,
Swell our joys and dry our tears,
Conquer death, and, from the tomb,
Take all terror—they can come.

4 They can come—they are not dead;
Let the feast of love be spread.
They have only gone before
To the blest, immortal shore.
Mansions there for us have room,
With the angels. They can come.

B. M. L.

We Know it Must be True.

No. 13. Tune—G. H., No. 53.

"Work out your own salvat.on."—*Phil.* ii. 12.

1 Must we place on the lowly,
The well-beloved Son,
Whose life was pure and holy,
The wrong deeds we have done?

CHORUS.

Then "work out your own salvation
With fear and trembling," too;
Says the voice of inspiration,
We know it must be true.

2 Whoso the wrong act doeth
Should suffer for the deed;
Thus saith the law and gospel,
And thus should say the creed. *Cho.*

3 Each for himself must suffer,
For every crime atone;
And here, or else hereafter,
All reap what they have sown. *Cho.*

4 The heathen have their scapegoats,
With sins away they flee;
But will God punish goodness,
And leave the guilty free? *Cho.*

5 To lay our sins on Jesus,
And make him bear the blame,
Would surely be injustice,
An outrage and a shame. *Cho.*

6 Nothing but truth will free us,
From guilt and sin we know;
For endless peace prepare us,
And wash us white as snow. *Cho.*

B. M. L.

The Golden Age Draws Nigh.

No. 14. Tune—G. H., No. 110.

"They sung as it were a new song before the throne."—*Rev.* xiv. 3.

1 Joy to the world, for Light is come;
Again bright angels bring
Good will to souls in every home,
Then let all nations sing.

2 Joy to the world, for Wisdom reigns,
Let men her ways approve;
While seraphs, with celestial strains,
Repeat our songs of love.

3 Joy to the world, for Truth appears
To make all nations free;
While angels, from the highest spheres,
Proclaim earth's jubilee.

4 Joy to the world, for Love is king,
Endowed with power and grace,
Let peace and progress join and sing:
He reigns with righteousness.

5 Joy to the world and heaven above,
Old dogmas now must die;
Right comes to rule men's lives with love;
The golden age draws nigh. B. M. L.

There to Part no More.

No. 15. Tune—G. H., No. 38, Vol. III.

"Which hope we have as an anchor."—*Heb.* vi. 19.

1 When all the chords of earth-life shall sever,
And the boatman pale shall come,
Then we shall cross o'er the lone dark river,
There to meet with friends at home.

CHORUS.

Safe over there will the dear ones greet us,
On that bright eternal shore,
With joyful songs they will come to meet us,
Meet us, meet us there to part no more.

2 When we have gained that bright world of flowers,
Where the fruits immortal grow,
There, 'mid the peaceful, love-blooming bowers,
We shall find release from woe.

3 With perfect love and good-will to neighbor,
When at last our course is run,
Then we shall look back on life's past labor,
And a voice will say, "Well done!"

4 Friends that we love over there will greet us,
All arrayed in robes of white, [us,
With joyful songs will the angels meet
Meet us in that land of light.

B. M. L.

Going Home To-morrow.

No. 16. Tune—G. H, No. 22.

"A house eternal in the heavens."—*2 Cor.* 5 1.

1 We're going home where angels roam,
Beyond the reach of sorrow,
Where none shall wear the brow of care,
We're going home to-morrow.

CHORUS.

We're going home away from care and sorrow,
We're going home, we're going home to-morrow.

2 Here weary feet oft press the street,
There all is bright and golden,
Here hearts will ache, there angels wake
Long-lost loves sweet and olden. *Cho.*

3 Then do not weep for those who sleep
Within the grave so narrow,
Beyond the skies their spirits rise,—
We're going home to-morrow. *Cho.*

4 With endless joy without alloy,
Where death no more shall sever,
There we shall see our friends and be
At home with them forever. *Cho.*

B. M. L.

The Voice of Truth.

No. 17. Tune—G. H , No. 35.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—*Eph.* v. 7.

1 The voice of Truth doth say,
"However great or small,
Each his own debts must pay—
One should not pay for all."

CHORUS.

The voice of Truth revere:
"Pay all the debts you owe;
This will make thy conscience clear,
And wash thee white as snow."

2 His burden each should bear,
Not load down one alone;
So great a wrong would sear
A heart as hard as stone. *Cho.*

3 All men still love the right,
And none are free from blame;
Can blood wash dark souls white,
While sin remains the same? *Cho.*

4 When from a dying bed
Thy spirit shall arise,
Each debt must then be paid,
For justice never dies. *Cho.*

5 Before a righteous Lord
The soul will then be brought,
To answer for each word,
For every deed and thought. *Cho.*

6 Reward will then be given
For all that thou hast done;
There at the court of heaven
All reap what they have sown. *Cho.*

B. M. L.

The Pilgrim Going Home.

No. 18. Tune—G. H., No. 49, Vol. II.

"Shall inherit all things."—*Rev.* xxi. 7.

1 Pilgrims of progress here,
While going home;
Ofttimes our way is drear, etc.;
Strife, care and sorrow stand
Round us on every hand,
But in the Summer Land,
There is our home.

2 What though our feet grow sore,
While going home,
Joys we shall find in store, etc.;
Clouds may our skies o'ercast,
Rudely may blow the blast,
Yet when the storm is past,
We shall go home.

3 Sweet spirit friends we know,
While going home,
Come to us here below, etc.;
Among the pure and blest,
With those we love the best,
We all at last shall rest,
Safe, safe at home. B. M. L.

Hear the Voice of Truth.

No. 19. Tune—G. H., No. 40, Vol. II.

"The truth shall make you free."—*John* viii. 32.

1 The voice of truth supreme
Proclaims through all the land,
That wrong must vanish like a dream,
But right shall ever stand.

CHORUS.

Hear the still, small voice
Calling unto thee:
Choose the truth; take wisdom's choice;
The truth will make thee free.

2 The voice of truth speaks clear
To every list'ning heart,
If men would only pause to hear,
Wise lore it will impart. *Cho.*

3 The voice of truth has power
To crumble thrones to dust;
Before it kings and pontiffs cower,
The sword and scepter rust. *Cho.*

4 The voice of truth confirms
What seers of old have seen,
And tells us now in plainer terms
What ancient scriptures mean. *Cho.*

5 The voice of truth and love
Would lead away from vice,
And make this world, like heaven above,
A peaceful paradise. *Cho.*

6 Then hail the voice of truth;
All hail from shore to shore.
More dear than everlasting youth;
All hail, forevermore! *Cho.* B. M. L.

Heaven Is Our Home.

No. 20. Tune—G. H., No. 49, Vol. II.

"An house not made with hands."—*II Cor.* v. 1.

1 When all our work is done,
Heaven is our home;
When life's short race is run,
Heaven is our home.
Here we have trials sore,
But on a brighter shore,
Where pain shall come no more—
Heaven is our home.

2 Here sorrow clouds our way—
Heaven is our home;
Where there is endless day—
Heaven is our home.
There all is peace and love,
In that blest world above,
Where friends all faithful prove,
Heaven is our home.

3 Beyond the reach of care—
Heaven is our home;
Dear friends await us there—
Heaven is our home.
Then welcome to the tomb,
Farewell to want and gloom.
Where flowers ever bloom—
Heaven is our home. B. M. L.

Lay Up Treasure in Heaven.

No. 21. Tune—G. H., No. 11.

"Lay not up treasures on earth."—*Matt.* vi. 19.

1 Wayfaring pilgrims on earth among strangers, [pursue;
The long, weary journey of life we
Our pathway is daily surmounted with dangers, [view.
Then let us forever keep heaven in

CHORUS.

Oh, there lay up treasures,
Oh, there lay up treasures,
Where love, peace and pleasure
Will reign evermore.

2 Each day with kind deeds of love lay up treasures
Above, where bold robbers break not through and steal, [measure
And mete to thy brother exactly the
We wish him to give us when with him we deal. *Cho.*

3 Seek out the poor, who are weighed down with sadness, [disgrace;
Stark poverty ofttimes is free from
The joy will rebound which brings thy brother gladness,
Then think what would please thee wert thou in his place. *Cho.*

4 Eyes that we see not forever are keeping
A record in heaven of all deeds that we do; [long be reaping,
Each seed sown on earth we shall ere
Then we shall rejoice if our lives have been true. *Cho.*

B. M. L.

The Light of That Land is Love.

No. 22. Tune—G. H., No. 22, vol. III.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard."—*I Cor.* ii. 9.

1 Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Of the bliss in store above,
No mortal can speak the wonderful word,
For the light of that land is love.

CHORUS.

There is no more night in that world of light,
That glorious home above,
There all join and sing, till the echoes ring,
"Oh, the light of that land is love."

2 We have heard from lips of humble seers,
And their words our hearts approve,
That loved ones who come from those bright spheres,
Say "the light of that world is love."

3 Sometimes while in dreams our souls will flee,
As on wings of homing dove,
That peaceful rest then we seem to see,
And the light of that land is love.

B. M. L.

Sweet Home of the Soul.

No. 23. Tune—G. H., No. 20.

"I will sing with the spirit."—*I Cor.*, xiv. 15.

1 I will sing the glad song
Of that ever green shore,
That sweet summer home of the soul,
Where the storms never beat
Nor the dark billows roar,
While the years of eternity roll,
While the years of eternity roll;
Where the storms never beat
Nor the dark billows roar,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 In that home of the soul,
While in visions and dreams,
No tongue can describe what I see,
And at times there is only
A thin veil, it seems,
Between that fair country and me,
Between that fair country and me;
And at times, etc.

3 Oh, that beautiful home
Is for you and for me,
For all have dear friends on that shore;
When life's work is done,
And the soul shall go home,
We'll meet them to part nevermore,
We'll meet them to part nevermore;
When life's work, etc.

4 Oh, how blest we shall be
In that glorious land,
When free from all sorrow and pain,
There with harps and white robes
We shall join the bright band,
And meet all our loved ones again,
And meet all our loved ones again;
There with harps, etc. B. M. L.

Nearer, My God, To Thee.

No. 24. Tune—G. H., No. 118.

"Draw near to God."—*Ps.* lxxiii. 28.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee;
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be, etc.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be, etc.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me, etc.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be, etc.

The Pilgrim's Plea for Prayer.

No. 25. Tune—G. H., No. 29

"The prayer of the righteous man."—*Jas.* v. 16.

1 Pilgrims on life's thorny pathway,
Needless burdens we must bear,
When by faith we fail to carry
All our wants to heaven in prayer.
Life is full of sore temptations,
Trials meet us everywhere,
But we ever must remember
We can find relief in prayer.

2 Angel friends are ever near us,
All our joys and griefs to share,
And they never fail to hear us
When our hearts pour out in prayer.
They are always true and faithful,
Guarding us with tender care,
And they long to heal our heartaches,
When we go to them in prayer.

3 When the soul is sorrow-laden,
Overcome with grief and care,
Unseen hands will bring us comfort,
If we plead for help in prayer.
Sho ld all earthly friends forsake thee,
Seek for solace over there,
Loving angel arms will shield thee,
Only look to them in prayer.

4 When the voyage of life is ended,
Then, in mansions bright and fair,
We shall meet the blessed angels
Who have heard and answered prayer.
Then with songs of peace and gladness,
All arrayed in vestments rare,
We shall sing celestial sonnets,
Praising Him who hears all prayer.

B. M. L.

The Sands of Time are Flowing.

No. 26. Tune—G. H., No. 61, Vol. II.

"To be absent from the body."—*II Cor.* v. 8.

1 The sands of time are flowing fast,
The race will soon be run,
Our work on earth will then be past,
And rest in heaven begun.

CHORUS.

Then come, angels, come,
Oh, come and take us home,
Come, bear us away on your wings of love,
To that immortal shore,
To meet once again with dear ones above,
Where parting comes no more.

2 Beyond the realm of grief and gloom,
We then shall rest at home,
Where flowers will forever bloom,
And storm clouds never come. *Cho.*

3 True worth of soul will there be known,
Then let us now prepare
To reap what we on earth have sown
In that bright world so fair. *Cho.*

B. M. L.

When We Meet Among the Angels.

No. 27. Tune—G. H., No. 74, Vol. III.

"The spirits of just m n."—*Heb.* xii. 23.

1 When we meet among the angels,
Safe upon the other shore,
In that fair land of to-morrow,
Free from worldly care and sorrow,
‖Parting there will come no more‖

CHORUS.

We shall meet, yes, we shall meet,
Meet upon the peaceful shore;
When we cross the mystic river,
We shall meet to part no more.

2 When we meet among the angels,
We shall find our loved ones there.
Joyful then will be the meeting;
Blest indeed will be the greeting
‖In that world so bright and fair,‖ *Cho.*

3 When we meet among the angels,
We shall chant sweet lays of love,
Where all sing the song of gladness,
Shedding no more tears of sadness,
‖In that blessed home above,‖ *Cho.*

4 When we meet among the angels,
With a conscience clear and fair,
Having well done all life's labor,
Loved ourselves no more than neighbor,
‖We shall find a welcome there,‖ *Cho.*

B. M. L.

The True Plan of Salvation.

No. 28. Tune—G. H., No. 28.

"Work out your own."—*Phil.* ii.2.

1 Work out your own salvation
With fear and trembling too;
Truth will shine clearer, heaven will seem nearer,
For each kind deed you do. [skies.
Good never dies; it lives beyond the

CHORUS.

Work out your own salvation,
No matter what your station;
Work out your own salvation,
By living just and true.

2 Work out your own salvation;
No greater joy is known
Than doing duty. Angels of beauty,
Who worship 'round the throne,
Rejoice to see a soul all pure and free.

3 Work out your own salvation;
Your life will light the way,
A shining taper unto your neighbor,
Lest he should go astray; [you take.
Then, for his sake, take care what road

4 Work out your own salvation
By helping those in need;
Love one another as friend and brother,
Without respect to creed.
The reign of love is what makes heaven above. B. M. L.

The Right Shall Prevail.

No. 29. Tune—G. H., No. 80, Vol. II.

"On earth, peace."—*Luke* ii. 14.

1 When the right over wrong shall prevail,
When the woe of wine drinking shall cease;
Then all nations and people will hail,
With a shout, the glad tidings of peace.

CHORUS.

It will come by and by,
When the reign of the rum fiend is o'er.
It will come by and by;
Then the people will make rum no more.

2 Right ordains that the old wrong must die,
And make way for the growth of reform;
Truth and wisdom proclaim from on high
That the triumph of Temp'rance must come. *Cho.*

3 To the bountiful Father of Love
We will pray that the time soon may come
When the light, as revealed from above,
Stops the making and drinking of rum.

4 Peace on earth evermore then shall reign,
And the angels will sing once again,
While the nations all join the refrain:
"Peace on earth and good will to all men!" B. M. L.

We'll Drink no More.

No. 30. Tune—G. H., No. 22.

"Keep thyself pure"—*Tim.* v. 2.

1 Drink wine no more, men by the score
To graves go down in sorrow;
Be free to-day, young man it may
Be too late e'er to-morrow.

CHORUS.

Drink wine no more, drink wine no more,
Drink wine no more, no, never,
Drink wine no more, drink wine no more,
Drink wine no more forever. *Cho.*

2 Drink wine no more, life soon is o'er,
Death may come in youth's morning;
We sojourn here for one brief year,
Oh! heed the drunkard's warning. *Cho.*

3 Drink wine no more, beyond the shore
Free from all sin and sorrow;
None there will say, in that great day,
We waited for the morrow. *Cho.*

4 We'll drink no more, the spell is o'er,
By grace divine we'll sever
The demon's chain, henceforth the brain
From wine is free forever.

CHORUS.

We'll drink no more, we'll drink no more,
We'll drink no more, no, never;
We'll drink no more, we'll drink no more,
We'll drink no more forever. B. M. L.

Angels Bring Us Peace.

No. 31. Tune—G. H., No. 23.

"Some have entertained angels."—*Heb.* xiii. 1.

1 Come and rejoice that our Father in heav'n
Unto His angels a mission hath given,
Bidding them bear these glad tidings again,
Peace and good-will to the children of [men.

CHORUS.

Come and rejoice that the angels above,
Angels above, angels of love,
Come and rejoice that the angels above
Bring us sweet peace and love.

2 Loved ones, though gone now, we know are not dead,
When their cold forms in the grave we have laid,
For they still live, and they love us the same,
Coming again this grand truth to proclaim. *Cho.*

3 What bliss to know that the beautiful gate
Stands open wide for the small and the great;
All who have friends still in earth life below,
Gladly return and their blessings bestow. *Cho.*

4 When we are done with the trials of earth,
We shall receive a reward for our worth;
Then may we meet, on that ever green shore,
Those that we love, there to part nevermore. *Cho.* B. M. L.

The Parting Prayer.

No. 32. Tune—G. H., No. 96, Vol. III.

"Pray with the spirit."—*I Cor.* xiv. 15.

1 Supreme Ruler, we implore thee,
Ere we part a blessing send;
Henceforth let thy angels lead us,
Till our lives on earth shall end.

CHORUS.

May the truth that has been spoken
Find a place in every heart,
And to each soul give some token
Of thy love before we part.

2 All-wise Author, grant that wisdom
May direct our thoughts each day,
And protect us from all evil
As we journey on life's way. *Cho.*

3 Grant that we again may gather,
Here as one unbroken band,
And that each may prove more worthy
Of sweet friends in Summer Land. *Cho.*

4 Loving Father, let thy angels
Now unite our hearts as one,
And as with pure souls in heaven,
May thy will on earth be done. *Cho.*
B. M. L.

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